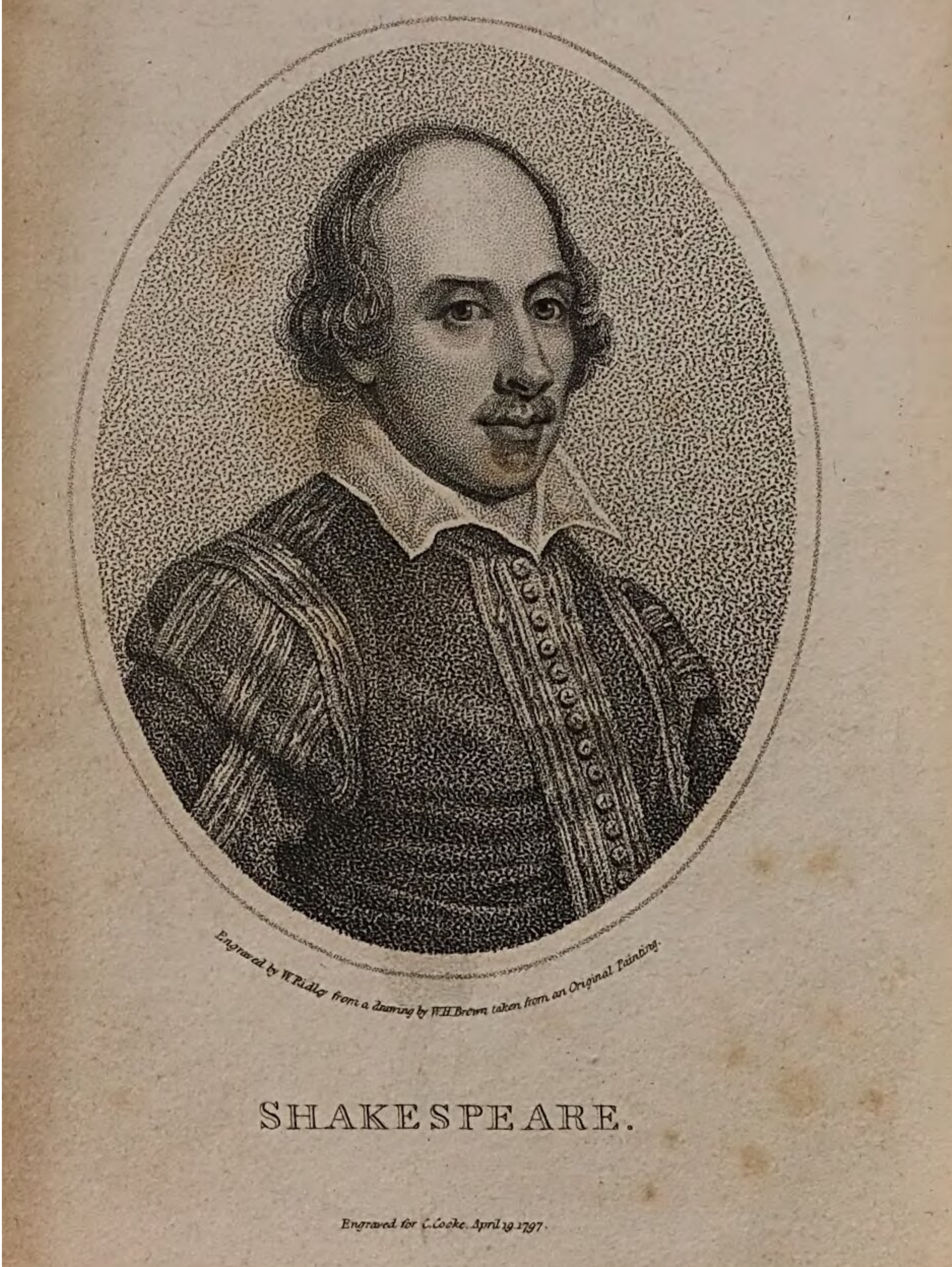

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SHAKESPEARE.

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Cupid Lay'd by his Brand and fell asleep. Vide Sonnet 93. page 190.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SHAKSPEARE.

WITH

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

Pride of his own, and wonder of this age,
Who firſt created, and yet rules the ſtage,
Bold to deſign, all pow'rful to expreſs,
Shakſpeare each paſſion drew in ev'ry dreſs:
Great above rule, and imitating none,
Rich without borrowing, Nature was his own.

Mallet.

Oh, where's the bard, who at one view
Could look the whole creation through,
Who traverſed all the human heart,
Without recourſe to Grecian art?
He ſcorn'd the modes of imitation,
Of altering, pilfering, and tranſlation,
Nor painted horror, grief, or rage,
From models of a former age;
The bright original he took,
And tore the leaf from nature's book.
'Tis Shakſpeare, thus, who ſtands alone---

Lloyd.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

CONTAINING HIS

VENUS AND ADONIS,	PASSIONATE PILGRIM,
RAPE OF LUCRECE,	AND
SONNETS,	A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

In the firſt ſeat, in robe of various dyes,
A noble wildneſs flaſhing from his eyes,
Sat Shakſpeare. In one hand a wand he bore,
For mighty wonders fam'd in days of yore;
The other held a globe, which to his will
Obedient turn'd, and own'd the maſter's ſkill:
Things of the nobleſt kind his genius drew,
And look'd through nature at a ſingle view:
A looſe he gave to his unbounded ſoul,
And taught new lands to riſe, new ſeas to roll;
Call'd into being ſcenes unknown before,
And, paſſing nature's bounds, was ſomething more.

Churchill.

London:
PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED
Under the Direction of
C. COOKE.

LIFE OF SHAKSPEARE.

THe immortal Shakſpeare roſe in the auſpicious reign of Queen Elizabeth, an æra favourable to genius and learning, when liberty began to dawn, and diſpel the miſts of Gothic ignorance, and its puny nurſling, Superſtition.—Reaſon having now aſſumed its empire, over the human mind, the mantle of myſtery, which had veiled both religion and literature, was removed; mankind began to exerciſe their intellectual powers, and aſſert their right to think for themſelves.

At this juncture appeared the greateſt genius that ever graced this or any other country. He appeared, as is very forcibly expreſſed by one of his biographers, "to ſilence the legendary tales of the bard and the minſtrel, to regulate the wildneſs of romantic fiction, to put to flight the phantoms of allegory, and to advance original poetry almoſt to the ſummit of perfection."

Dr. Johnſon deſcribes the appearance of this extraordinary genius at a period when mankind were ſtruggling to emerge from barbarity with an energy of diction ſcarcely to be equalled in the whole compaſs of poetic compoſition. The lines alluded to are as follow:

"When learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
"First rear'd the ſtage, immortal Shakſpeare roſe;
"Each ſcene of many-colour'd life he drew,
"Exhauſted worlds, and then imagin'd new;
"Exiſtence ſaw him ſpurn her bounded reign
"And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.
"His powerful ſtrokes preſiding truth impreſs'd,
"And unreſiſting paſſion ſtorm'd the breaſt."

Very few particulars reſpecting the life of this aſtoniſhing genius, who advanced the reputation of dramatic poetry ſo far beyond the attainments of his age, have deſcended to poſterity. Though his extraordinary talents excited the wonder and admiration of the age in which he flouriſhed, yet, as he moved within a contracted ſphere, the occurrences of his life were neither various nor important. Rowe, who publiſhed an edition of his works, has collected what incidents of his life were known in his time, which,

with ſome additional anecdotes and obſervations of others of his learned commentators, will form the baſis of theſe memoirs.

William Shakſpeare was born at Stratford upon Avon, in the year 1564. His father lived in repute, and carried on a conſiderable woollen manufactory in that town, but being encumbered with a family of ten children, had not the means of giving our author a very liberal education. He was ſent to the Free-School, where he acquired all the claſſical learning he poſſeſſed; but what proficiency he made at ſchool, and to what degree of eminence he attained afterwards in literary purſuits, has been a ſubject of diſpute, nor can it be preciſely aſcertained. It is admitted, however, that he was deprived of the opportunity of proſecuting his learning at ſchool, as the narrow circumſtances of his father reduced him to the neceſſity of calling him home at an early age to aſſiſt him in his ordinary employment, for the ſupport of a young and numerous family.

He paſſed ſome years of his life in this kind of domeſtic obſcurity, till a ſingular circumſtance occurred that brought forth the firſt dawn of his genius. The practice of deer-ſtealing being very prevalent at that time, he was ſeduced by ſome profligate companions to join them as an accomplice in robbing the park of a neighbouring Baronet, Sir William Lucy, who proſecuted him with ſuch rigour as compelled him to quit his native country. This gave birth to a ballad, written by him, in which the Baronet was lampooned with ſuch ſeverity, that in revenge for the conceived inſult offered to his dignity, he redoubled his proſecution of the author, who was thereby reduced to the neceſſity of withdrawing precipitately from Stratford, and in order to evade apprehenſion, of taking ſhelter in London.

On his arrival in the metropolis, he had recourſe, for the means of ſupport, to an expedient as ſingular as the circumſtance which brought him there. Hired coaches not being then in uſe, it was cuſtomary for

perſons of ſuperior rank, who lived at any conſiderable diſtance from the play-houſes, to ride thither on horſeback, ſo that men were employed to hold the horſes till the cloſe of the performance.

Our author, then unconſcious of a genius which afterwards ſoared above all competitors, condeſcended to take upon him that ſervile office, and acquired ſuch a reputation for vigilance and punctuality, that, in a ſhort time, a greater number of horſes being committed to his care than he could manage himſelf, he hired boys under him, who retained the appellation of Shakſpeare's boys, as long as the cuſtom of riding on horſeback to the play-houſe continued.

From the ſituation in which he was placed, he attracted the notice of the comedians, who recommended him to the manager. He was at firſt only admitted to the humble ſtation of what is termed *call boy*, or, in other words, prompter's attendant, whoſe buſineſs it is to warn the performers to be ready as often as the ſeveral ſcenes of the drama in which they are engaged require their appearance on the ſtage.

Having remained ſome time in this humble ſtation, he at length became an actor: and we find his name inſerted in the liſt with the other performers, as was the cuſtom in thoſe days, without ſpecifying the particular part allotted to each; ſo that we cannot aſcertain the caſt he filled in the drama. From the minuteſt inveſtigation it only appears that the principal character he performed was the Ghoſt in his own tragedy of Hamlet. From this lowly beginning, to the aſtoniſhment of his contemporaries, and the admiration of poſterity, he became, in proceſs of time, if not the greateſt actor of his day, the paragon of dramatic writers; as he ſeemed to have had all nature within his graſp, and to have been a perfect maſter in the diſplay of the human paſſions. It is ſuppoſed that there are no traces to be found of the gradations by which this extraordinary genius roſe from a degree of mediocrity, to the very ſummit of excellence, in dramatic writing. As there

there is no accurate chronology of his writings, ſome have been induced, and indeed with reaſon, to ſuppoſe that a proper idea had not for a great length of time been formed of their ſuperior merit. Till within the preſent century no attempt of the kind appears to have been made. Pope, to his honour, applied himſelf to reſearches for that purpoſe, and the higheſt date he was able to trace, after exploring with the utmoſt diligence, was *Romeo* and *Juliet* in 1597, when Shakſpeare was thirty three years old. Mr. Malone, by a moſt aſſiduous inveſtigation, has traced the appearance of that play back to 1595, and by ſome inferences, rendered it probable that Shakſpeare commenced dramatic writer in 1591, when he was about twenty ſeven years of age.—All his plays, from the moſt authentic accounts that can be obtained, appear to have been performed either at the theatre in Southwark, or in Black-friars, in which is a place that ſtill retains the name of Play-houſe Yard. Shakſpeare had a property in both thoſe theatres.

By the excellence of his dramatic productions, he obtained the patronage of Queen Elizabeth, who honoured him with many diſtinguiſhing marks of favour, and commanded ſeveral of his plays to be acted at court. Her Majeſty was ſo highly delighted with his admirable character of Falſtaff, in the two parts of Henry the Fourth, that ſhe commanded him to continue it for one play more, and to exhibit the doughty knight in the character of a lover. This is ſaid to have been the occaſion of his writing "The Merry "Wives of Windſor." How well he executed the taſk impoſed by the Queen, that admirable comedy fully diſplays. Upon this occaſion it may not be improper to obſerve, that this part of Falſtaff is ſaid to have been written originally under the name of *Oldcaſtle*; but that, as ſome of the family were then living, her Majeſty very candidly commanded the author to affix ſome other name to the part; upon which he adopted that of Falſtaff. Shakſpeare has incurred

cenſure

cenſure on that account, as it is certain, from hiſtory, that Sir John Falſtaff, who was a knight of the garter, and a lieutenant general, was a name of diſtinguiſhed merit in the wars in France in the reigns of Henry the fifth and ſixth.*

Our author likewiſe, by his tranſcendant abilities, obtained ſingular marks of favour and friendſhip from the Earl of Southampton, famous in the hiſtory of that time, for his attachment to the unfortunate Earl of Eſſex.†

All who have mentioned Shakſpeare, concur in ſpeaking of him, as poſſeſſing not only "remarkable readineſs of wit, but gentleneſs of manners: as he was an happy imitator of nature," ſay his fellow comedians, "ſo he was a moſt gentle expreſſer of it. His mind and hand went together." Ben Jonſon, Dryden, and other contemporary writers, commended his admirable wit, and amiable manners, in the moſt exalted ſtrain of panegyric; and it is mentioned, as highly redounding to his praiſe, that "unaſſuming himſelf, the honours he received were unſought, and accompanied with the rare felicity of being enjoyed without envy."

The period of life at which he retired from the ſtage, cannot be aſcertained. His name appears in the liſt of the drama of Jonſon's Sejanus, in 1603,

* It is obſerved by Mr. Rowe, that "amongſt other extravagances which our author has given to his Sir John Falſtaff, in the Merry Wives of Windſor, he has made him a deer-ſtealer, and that he might at the ſame time remember the Warwickſhire baronet, his proſecutor, he has given him very near the ſame coat of arms, which Dugdale, in his Antiquities of that Country, has given to a family there. There are two coats in Dugdale, where three ſilver fiſhes are borne in the name of Lucy, ſon of Sir William Lucy, in which are quartered, in four ſeveral diviſions, twelve little fiſhes, three in each diviſion, probably *Luces*. This very coat, indeed, ſeems alluded to in Shallow's giving the *dozen* white *Luces*, and in Slender's ſaying *he may quarter*. This humorous piece of ſatire at his proſecutor, at leaſt twenty years after the provocation given, muſt have been owing to an unforgiving rancour on the part of the baronet; and if this was really the caſe, it is juſt that the diſgrace of ſuch inveteracy ſhould remain as a laſting reproach, and Shallow ſtand as a mark of ridicule to ſtigmatize his malice."

† It is aſſerted, upon the authority of Sir William Davenant, that the Earl of Southampton gave him at one time a thouſand pounds, to make a purchaſe which he was extremely deſirous of accompliſhing.

This, conſidering the value of money at that time, was an inſtance of generoſity hardly to be equalled, and as a token of gratitude, the bard dedicated to his noble patron, "the firſt heir of his invention."

and

and the ſame year King James I. granted him a licence, together with Burbage and others, to exerciſe the art (as then expreſſed) of playing comedies, tragedies, &c. At that time he was ſo deeply engaged in dramatic concerns, that it cannot be reaſonably ſuppoſed he entertained any deſign of retiring: and it is farther to be obſerved, that his tragedy of *Macbeth* was not written till after the acceſſion of James I. at which period the abſurd doctrine of witches became ſo prevalent.

The latter part of his life, as appear from the moſt authentic accounts that can be obtained, he ſpent in eaſe and retirement at Stratford, the place of his nativity; having acquired, by his dramatic purſuits, as author, manager, and actor, a property of about 200l. a year.—That he became a private gentleman, at leaſt three years before his death, is obvious from the following remarkable ſtory, related by Mr. Rowe: "Shakſpeare had a particular intimacy with a Mr. Combe, an old gentleman, noted thereabouts for his wealth and uſury: it happened that in a pleaſant converſation amongſt their common friends, Mr. Combe told Shakſpeare, in a laughing manner, that he fancied he intended to write his epitaph, if he happened to outlive him, ſince he could not know what muſt be ſaid of him when he was dead, he deſired it might be done immediately, upon which Shakeſpeare gave him the four following lines:

"Ten in the hundred lies here engrav'd,
"'Tis a hundred to ten his ſoul is not ſav'd;
"If any man aſk who lies in this tomb,
"Oh! oh! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe."

But the ſharpneſs of the ſatire is ſaid to have ſtung the man ſo ſeverely that he never forgave it."

This John Combe is ſuppoſed to be the ſame who, by Dugdale, in his *Antiquities of Warwickſhire*, is ſaid to have died in 1614, and for whom, at the upper end of the choir of the Guild of the Holy Croſs at Stratford, a fair monument is erected, having a ſtatue therein

therein cut in alabaſter and in a gown with this epitaph.

" Here lieth interred the body of John Combe, Eſq. who died the 10th of July 1614, who bequeathed ſeveral annual charities to the pariſh of Stratford, and an hundred pounds to be lent to fifteen poor tradeſmen from three years to three years, changing the parties every third year, at the rate of fifty ſhillings per annum; the intereſt to be diſtributed to the alms poor there."—The donation has all the air of a rich and ſagacious uſurer.

Shakeſpeare himſelf did not ſurvive Mr. Combe long; for he died in 1616, on the 23d of April, his birth-day. He was interred on the north ſide of the chancel in the great church at Stratford, where a monument, decent enough for the time, is erected to him, and placed againſt the wall. He is repreſented under an arch, in a ſitting poſture, a cuſhion ſpread before him, with a pen in his right hand, and his left reſted on a ſcroll of paper.

The Latin diſtich, which is placed under the cuſhion has been given us by Mr. Pope in this manner.

INGENIO *Pylium, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,*
Terra tegit, populus mæret, Olympus habet.

We cannot diſcern the difference betwixt *ingenio* and *genio*, in the firſt line, the terms having been ever conſidered entirely ſynonymous.

Dugdale, in his *Antiquities of Warwickſhire*, has copied this diſtich with a diſtinction which Mr. Rowe has followed, and which certainly reſtores us the true meaning of the epitaph.

Judicio Pylium, genio Socratem, &c.

The following lines are inſcribed, under the Latin verſes, on his monument.

" Stay paſſenger, why doſt thou go ſo faſt?
" Read, if thou canſt, whom envious death hath plac'd
" Within this monument. Shakſpeare, with whom
" Quick nature dy'd, whoſe name doth deck the tomb
" Far more than coſt; ſince all that he hath writ
" Leaves living art, but page to ſerve his wit."

Again,

Again, near the wall on which this monument is erected, is a plain free ſtone, under which his body is buried, with another epitaph, expreſſed in an uncouth jumble of ſmall and capital letters.

" Good friend for Ieſus SAKE forbeare
To digg T-E duſt EncloAſed HERe
Bleſe be T-E Man $\overset{T}{y}$ ſpares TEs Stones,
And curſt be he $\overset{T}{y}$ moves my bones.

In 1741 a monument was raiſed to him in Weſtminſter Abbey, among the worthies of his country. But he left behind him, in his works, a monument more durable than can be compoſed of periſhable materials. The expreſſion of the renowned bard of Rome may be with equal juſtice applied to the immortal bard of England.

" *Exegi monumentum ære perennius.*"

His dramatic works were firſt collected and publiſhed together, by his fellow comedians, in 1623, ſeven years after his death; but they have ſince undergone a number of republications, by Rowe, Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, Capel, Johnſon, Steevens, Reed, and Malone. The ſeveral editors have diſplayed, in their comments and illuſtrations, much critical diſcernment and philological learning; and as a proof of th eeſtimation in which they held the dramatic writings of this ſuperior genius, they have inveſtigated the moſt intricate paſſages in his works with a greater degree of pains and deciſion than were beſtowed upon the illuſtration of any of the ancient claſſic writers either of Greece or of Rome *.

From the conſiderable interval between the period of Shakſpeare's producing his dramatic works, and the appearance of any notes for illuſtrations of them, it may juſtly be inferred, that, at that time, the taſte for ſtage exhibitions was not ſo prevalent as it became after the lapſe of a century and a half. In confirma-

* The complete dramatic works of this incomparable genius will be included in our POCKET LIBRARY.

tion

tion of this remark, it is obſerved, that Shakeſpeare, in the early part of life, acquired more reputation by his poems than his plays—indeed they are more frequently and more expreſſively alluded to by contemporary writers. Meres, in his *Wit's Treaſury*, publiſhed in 1598, has the following obſervation. "As the ſoul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, ſo the ſweet witty ſoul of Ovid lives in the mellifluous honey-tongued Shakſpeare: witneſs his Venus and Adonis; his Lucrece; his ſacred ſonnets among his private friends." In his dedication to the Earl of Southampton, he calls his poem of "Venus and Adonis," as before obſerved, the firſt heir of his invention;" or, in other words, his firſt poetical production. It was printed in 1693, and ſo univerſally approved in his life-time, that, in the courſe of thirteen years from the firſt publication, it underwent ſix impreſſions.

Some are of opinion that the ſubject of Venus and Adonis was ſuggeſted to our author by Spenſer's ſtriking deſcription of the hangings in the *Lady of Delight's Caſtle*, in the third book of the *Faery Queene*; or by a ſhort poem, entitled, *The Shepherds Song of Venus and Adonis*, written by Henry Conſtable. He did not found the baſis of his poem on the mythological ſtory introduced in Spenſer's *Faery Queene*, but rather followed the model of another poem, which repreſents Adonis as inſenſible to the charms and careſſes of tranſcendent beauties.

His poem entitled *The Rape of Lucrece*, was publiſhed in 1594, the year after the firſt appearance of *Venus and Adonis*; and ſuch was its eſtimation, that it went through four more editions, having been reprinted in 1598, 1600, 1607, and 1616. The Roman ſtory, on which the Rape of Lucrere is founded, is detailed at large in the argument prefixed to the poem. Lucretia, the grand ſubject of it, was celebrated for conjugal fidelity throughout the Gothic ages: and as the legend is to be found amongſt the writings of

Chaucer and other bards of antiquity, Mr. Wharton is of opinion, that the perusal of some of these works suggested to Shakspeare the plan of his poem.

These two poems were the only works Shakspeare published himself.—Their reputation in his day is evident, from the numerous impressions they underwent in the course of a short time. But the author, having adopted his composition to the taste of the times, when prolixity and circumlocution, even on trivial subjects, were not merely dispensed with, but approved; they are not read, perhaps, with the same pleasure in modern as in former days, being deemed too long, and therefore tedious. They evince great force of genius, and are acknowledged by the best critics to be superior to the productions of any contemporary authors in the line of what is called narrative poetry. The preference is given to *Venus* and *Adonis*. Fenton observes that "the passion of Venus for Adonis, is described, by our admirable Shakspeare, in language only inferior to the finest writers of antiquity."

The Sonnets first appeared in 1609, and were republished in 1640.—They amount in the whole to the number of one hundred and fifty four. Many of them are written with perspicuity and energy; some are less forcible and expressive, and most of them want the charm of variety to recommend them.

The poem entitled *A Lover's Complaint*, first published in 1609, possesses great merit; the commencement is beautifully descriptive, and the piece in general bears a greater resemblance to the lighter productions of Spenser, in simplicity and pathos, than any of the works of contemporary writers, bearing anology to the ancient ballad, described by himself in his comedy of *Twelfth Night*:

---------- It is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of youth,
Like the old age.

As the style and manner of writing has been progressively improving during the long series of time

which has elapſed from the days of Shakſpeare to the preſent period, it would be highly illiberal and diſingenuous to place his poems in a comparative view with the poliſhed and refined productions of more modern bards.

The merit of his writings can only be eſtimated by their conformity to thoſe rules which were preſcribed, as the poet's guide, in his own age; and if his poetical works are brought to this ſtandard, and in that view oppoſed to thoſe either of preceding or contemporary writers, we heſitate not in concurrence with the opinion of the moſt impartial and competent judges, to confirm his title to a decided ſuperiority, both with reſpect to comprehenſion of mind, and force of expreſſion.

If we bring our author's narrative poetry into compariſon with his dramatic, the tranſcendent excellence of the latter will be more conſpicuous, and it will evidently appear, that though his abilities for the one may not have been of the moſt ſplendid kind, his genius for the other has far ſurpaſſed that with which any other mortal has been endowed; and we may venture to pronounce, that in the delineation of men and manners, the grand deſign of the drama, he ſtands unrivalled and alone.

The ſeveral editors of the works of our immortal bard, have deſcanted on his genius and writings, conſidered as a dramatic poet; but Pope and Dr. Johnſon have chiefly diſtinguiſhed themſelves in that arduous, though pleaſing taſk; we ſhall therefore preſent our readers with ſuch extracts from their admirable compoſitions, as we preſume will beſt conduce to the explanation and illuſtration of productions which in their line ſurpaſs all other efforts of human genius, diſplayed in this or any other country throughout the

EXTRACTS FROM MR. POPE'S PREFACE.

" If ever any author deſerved the name of an *original*, it was Shakſpeare. Homer himſelf drew not his art ſo immediately from the fountains of nature; it proceeded through Egyptians ſtreams and channels, and came to him not without ſome tincture of the learning, or ſome caſt of the models, of thoſe before him. The poetry of Shakſpeare was inſpiration indeed: he is not ſo much an imitator, as an inſtrument of nature; and it is not ſo juſt to ſay, that he ſpeaks from her, as that ſhe ſpeaks through him. His *characters* are ſo much nature herſelf, that it is a ſort of injury to call them by ſo diſtant a name as copies from her. Thoſe of other poets have a conſtant reſemblance, which ſhews that they received them from one another, and were but multipliers of the ſame image: each picture, like a mock rainbow, is but the reflection of a reflection. But every ſingle character in Shakſpeare, is as much an individual as thoſe in life itſelf; it is as impoſſible to find any two alike; and ſuch as from their relation or affinity in any reſpect appear moſt to be twins, will, upon compariſon, be found remarkably diſtinct. To this life and variety of characters we muſt add the wonderful preſervation of it; which is ſuch throughout his plays, that had all the ſpeeches been printed without the very name of the perſons, I believe one might have applied them with certainty to every ſpeaker.

" The power of an author over our paſſions was never poſſeſſed in a more eminent degree, or diſplayed in ſuch different inſtances; yet all along there is ſeen no labour, no pains to raiſe them, no preparation to guide our gueſs to the effect, or be perceived to lead towards it; but the heart ſwells, and the tears burſt out, juſt at the proper places; we are ſurpriſed the moment we weep; and yet, upon reflection, find the paſſion ſo juſt, that we ſhould be ſurpriſed if we had not wept, and wept at that very moment. How aſtoniſhing is it again, that the paſſions directly oppoſite to thoſe

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laughter and ſpleen, are no leſs at his command; that he is not more a maſter of the *great* than of the *ridiculous* in human nature; of our nobleſt tenderneſſes, than of our vaineſt foibles; of our ſtrongeſt emotions, than of our idleſt ſenſations.

" Nor does he only excel in the paſſions; in the coolneſs of reflection and reaſoning he is full as admirable. His *ſentiments* are not only in general the moſt pertinent and judicious upon every ſubject; but, by a talent very peculiar, ſomething between penetration and felicity, he hits upon that particular point on which the bent of each argument turns, or the force of each motive depends. This is perfectly amazing from a man of no education or experience in thoſe great and public ſcenes of life, which are uſually the ſubjects of his thoughts; ſo that he ſeems to have known the world by intuition, to have looked through human nature at one glance, and to be the only author that gives ground for a very new opinion, that the philoſopher, and even the man of the world, may be *born* as well as the poet.

" It muſt be owned, that with all theſe great excellencies, he had ſome defects: It muſt be allowed that ſtage poetry, of all other, is more particularly levelled to pleaſe the populace, and its ſucceſs more immediately depending upon the common ſuffrage. One cannot therefore wonder, if Shakſpeare, having at firſt no other aim in his writings than to procure a ſubſiſtence, directed his endeavours ſolely to hit the taſte and humour that then prevailed. The audience was generally compoſed of the meaner ſort of people, and therefore the images of life were to be drawn from thoſe of their own rank: accordingly we find that not only our author's, but all the old comedies, have their ſcences amongſt tradeſmen and mechanics; and even their hiſtorical plays ſtrictly follow the common old ſtories or vulgar traditions of that kind of people. In tragedy, nothing was ſo ſure to ſurpriſe and cauſe admiration, as the moſt ſtrange, unexpected, and conſequently

ſequently moſt unnatural events and incidents; the moſt exaggerated thoughts; the moſt verboſe and bombaſt expreſſion; the moſt pompous rhymes, and thundering verſification. In comedy, nothing was ſo ſure to pleaſe as mean buffoonery, vile ribaldry, and unmannerly jeſts of fools and clowns. Yet, even in theſe, our author's wit buoys up, and is borne above his ſubjects: his genius in thoſe low parts is like ſome prince of a romance in the diſguiſe of a ſhepherd or peaſant; a certain greatneſs and ſpirit now and then break out, which manifeſt his higher extraction and qualities. It may be added, that not only the common audience had not any notion of the rules of writing, but few even of the better ſort piqued themſelves upon any great degree of knowledge or nicety that way, till Ben Jonſon, getting poſſeſſion of the ſtage, brought critical learning into vogue; and that this was not done without difficulty, may appear from thoſe frequent leſſons, (and indeed almoſt all declamations) which he was forced to prefix to his firſt plays, and put into the mouths of his actors, the *grex*, *chorus*, &c. and to remove the prejudices and inform the judgment of his hearers. Till then our authors had no thoughts of writing on the model of the ancients: their tragedies were only hiſtories in dialogue; and their comedies followed the thread of any novel as they found it, no leſs implicitly than if it had been true hiſtory.

"To judge, therefore, of Shakſpeare by Ariſtotle's rules, is like trying a man by the laws of one country, who acted under thoſe of another. He wrote to the *people*, and wrote at firſt without patronage from the better ſort, and therefore without aims of pleaſing them; without aſſiſtance or advice from the learned, as without the advantage of education or acquaintance among them; without that knowledge of the beſt models, the ancients, to inſpire him with an emulation of them: in a word, without any views of reputation and of what poets are pleaſed to call immortality; ſome or all of which have encouraged the vanity, or animated the ambition of other writers. "Another

" Another cauſe, no leſs ſtrong than the former, may be deduced from our author's being a *player*, and forming himſelf firſt upon the judgments of that body of men whereof he was a member. They have ever had a ſtandard to themſelves, upon other principles than thoſe of Ariſtotle. As they live by the majority, they know no rule but that of pleaſing the preſent humour, and complying with the wit in faſhion; a conſideration which brings all their judgments to a ſhort point. And in this view, it will be but fair to allow, that moſt of our author's faults are leſs to be aſcribed to his wrong judgment as a poet, than to his right judgment as a player.

" By the actors of his day it was thought a praiſe to Shakſpeare that he ſcarce ever *blotted a line*. This they induſtriouſly propagated, as appears from what we are told by Ben Jonſon, in his *Diſcoveries*, and from the preface of *Heminge* and *Condell* to the firſt folio edition. But, in reality, there never was a more groundleſs report, or to the contrary of which there are more undeniable evidences; as the comedy of the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, which he entirely re-wrote; *The* Hiſtory of *Henry the Sixth*, which was firſt publiſhed under the title of *The Contention of York and Lancaſter*; and that of *Henry the Fifth*, extremely improved. That of *Hamlet*, enlarged to almoſt as much again as at firſt, and many others. I believe the common opinion of his want of learning proceeded from no better ground.

" With reſpect to our author's want of learning, it may be neceſſary to ſay ſomething more. There is certainly a vaſt difference between *learning* and *languages*. How far he was ignorant of the latter, I cannot determine; but it is plain he had much reading, at leaſt, if they will not call it learning. Nor is it any great matter, if a man has knowledge, whether he has it from one language or another. Nothing is more evident, than that he had a taſte for natural philoſophy,

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mechanics, ancient and modern hiſtory, poetical learning, and mythology. We find him very knowing in the cuſtoms, rules, and manners of antiquity. In *Coriolanus* and *Julius Cæſar*, not only the ſpirit but manners of the Romans are exactly known; and ſtill a nicer diſtinction is drawn between the manners of the Romans in the time of the former and of the latter. His reading in the ancient hiſtorians is no leſs conſpicuous, in many references to particular paſſages; and the ſpeeches copied from Plutarch in *Coriolanus*, may, I think, as well be made an inſtance of his learning, as thoſe copied from Cicero in the *Catiline* of Ben Jonſon. The manners of other nations, in general, the Egyptians, Venetians, French, &c. are drawn with equal propriety. Whatever objects of nature, or branch of ſcience, he either ſpeaks of, or deſcribes, it is always with competent, if not extenſive knowledge; his deſcriptions are ſtill exact; all his metaphors appropriated, and remarkably drawn from the true nature and inherent qualities of each ſubject: where he treats of ethics or politics, we may conſtantly obſerve a wonderful juſtneſs of diſtinction, as well as extent of comprehenſion. No one is more a maſter of the poetical ſtory, or has more frequent alluſions to the various parts of it. The modern Italian writers of novels he was manifeſtly acquainted with: and we may conclude him to be no leſs converſant with the ancients of his own country, from the uſe he has made of Chaucer in *Troilus* and *Creſſida*.

" I am inclined to think that the opinion of Shakſpeare's want of learning proceeded originally from the zeal of the partizans of our author and Ben Jonſon. It is ever the nature of parties to be in extremes; and nothing is ſo probable, as that, becauſe Ben Jonſon had much the more learning, it was ſaid, on the one hand, that Shakſpeare had none at all; and becauſe Shakſpeare borrowed nothing, it was ſaid that Ben Jonſon borrowed every thing. Becauſe Ben Jonſon did not write extempore, he was reproached with

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being a year about every piece; and becauſe Shakſpeare wrote with eaſe and rapidity, they cried he never once made a blot. Nay, the ſpirit of oppoſition ran ſo high, that whatever thoſe of the one ſide objected to the other, was taken at the rebound, and turned into praiſes, as injudiciouſly, as their antagoniſts before had made them objections.

"I will conclude by ſaying of Shakſpeare, that, with all his faults, and with all the irregularity of his drama, one may look upon his works, in compariſon of thoſe that are more finiſhed and regular, as upon an ancient majeſtic piece of Gothic architecture, compared with a neat modern building: the latter is more elegant and glaring, but the former is more ſtrong and more ſolemn. It muſt be allowed, that in one of theſe there are materials enough to make many of the other. It has much the greater variety, and much the nobler apartments; though we are conducted to them, by dark, odd, and uncouth paſſages. Nor does the whole fail to ſtrike us with greater reverence, though many of the parts are childiſh, ill-placed, and unequal to its grandeur."

EXTRACTS

FROM DR. JOHNSON'S PREFACE.

"The poet, of whoſe works I have undertaken the reviſion, may now begin to aſſume the dignity of an ancient, and claim the privilege of eſtabliſhed fame, and preſcriptive veneration. He has long outlived his century, the term commonly fixed as the teſt of literary merit. Whatever advantages he might once derive from perſonal alluſions, local cuſtoms, or temporary opinions, have for many years been loſt; and every topic of merriment, or motive of ſorrow, which the modes of artificial life afforded him, now only obſcure the ſcenes which they once illuminated. The effects of favour and competition are at an end; the tradition of his friendſhip and his enmities has periſhed; his works ſupport no opinion with arguments, nor ſupply

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any faction with innovations; they can neither indulge vanity, nor gratify malignity; but are read without any other reaſon than the deſire of pleaſure, and are therefore praiſed only as pleaſure is obtained: yet, thus unaſſiſted by intereſt or paſſion, they have paſſed through variations of taſte, and change of manners, and as they devolved from one generation to another, have received new honours at every tranſmiſſion. But, becauſe human judgment, though it be gradually gaining upon certainty, never becomes infallible; and approbation, though long continued, may yet be only the approbation of prejudice or faſhion, it is proper to enquire, by what peculiarity of excellence Shakſpeare has gained, and kept, the favour of his countrymen.

"Shakſpeare is, above all writers, at leaſt above all modern writers, the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers, a faithful mirror of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the cuſtoms of particular places, unpractiſed by the reſt of the world; by the peculiarities of ſtudies or profeſſions, which can operate but upon ſmall numbers; or by the accidents of tranſient faſhions or temporary opinions; they are the genuine progeny of common humanity, ſuch as the world will always ſupply, and obſervation will always find. His perſons act and ſpeak by the influence of thoſe general paſſions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole ſyſtem of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets, a character is too often an individual; in thoſe of Shakſpeare, it is commonly a ſpecies.

"It is from this wide extenſion of deſign, that ſo much inſtruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of Shakſpeare with practical axioms, and domeſtic wiſdom. It was ſaid of Euripides, that every verſe was a precept; and it may be ſaid of Shakſpeare, that from his works may be collected a ſyſtem of civil and œconomical prudence. Yet his real power is not ſhewn in the ſplendour of particular paſſages, but by the progreſs of his fable, and the tenour of his dialogue

logue; and he that tries to recommend him by ſelect quotations, will ſucceed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his houſe to ſale, carried a brick in his pocket as a ſpecimen.

"It will not eaſily be imagined how much Shakſpeare excels in accommodating his ſentiments to real life, but by comparing him with other authors. It was obſerved by the ancient ſchools of declamation, that the more diligently they were frequented, the more was the ſtudent diſqualified for the world; becauſe he found nothing there which he ſhould ever meet in any other place. The ſame remark may be applied to every ſtage but that of Shakſpeare. The theatre, when it is under any other direction, is peopled by ſuch characters as were never ſeen, converſing in a language that was never heard, upon topics which will never ariſe in the commerce of mankind. But the dialogue of this author is often ſo evidently determined by the incident which produces it, and is purſued with ſo much eaſe and ſimplicity, that it ſeems ſcarcely to claim the merit of fiction, but to have been gleaned by diligent ſelection out of common converſation, and common occurrences.

"This, therefore, is the praiſe of Shakſpeare, that his drama is the mirror of life; that he who has mazed his imagination, in following the phantoms which other writers raiſe up before him, may here be cured of his delirious ecſtaſies, by reading human ſentiments in human language, by ſcenes from which a hermit may eſtimate the tranſactions of the world, and a confeſſor predict the progreſs of the paſſions.

"His adherence to general nature has expoſed him to the cenſure of critics, who form their judgments upon narrow principles. Dennis and Rymer think his Romans not ſufficiently Roman; and Voltaire cenſures his kings as not completely royal. Dennis is offended, that Menenius, a ſenator of Rome, ſhould play the buffoon; and Voltaire perhaps thinks decency violated, when the Daniſh uſurper is repreſented as a drunkard.

ard. But Shakſpeare always makes nature predominant over accident, and if he preſerves the eſſential character, is not very careful of diſtinctions, ſuperinduced and adventitious. His ſtory requires Romans, or kings, but he thinks only on men. He knew that Rome, like every other city, had men of all diſpoſitions; and wanting a buffoon, he went into the ſenate-houſe for that which the ſenate-houſe would certainly have afforded him. He was inclined to ſhew an uſurper and a murderer not only odious, but deſpicable; he therefore added drunkenneſs to his other qualities, knowing that kings love wine like other men, and that wine exerts its natural power upon kings. Theſe are the petty cavils of petty minds; a poet overlooks the caſual diſtinction of country and condition, as a painter, ſatisfied with the figure, neglects the drapery.

The cenſure which he has incurred by mixing comic and tragic ſcenes, as it extends to all his works, deſerves more conſideration. Let the facts be firſt ſtated, and then examined. Shakſpear's plays are not, in the rigorous ſenſe, either tragedies or comedies, but compoſitions of a diſtinct kind; exhibiting the real ſtate of ſublunary nature, which partakes of good and evil, joy and ſorrow, mingled with endleſs proportion, and innumerable modes of combination, and expreſſing the courſe of the world, in which the loſs of one is the gain of the other. But of this chaos of mingled purpoſes and caſualties, the ancient poets, according to the laws which cuſtom had preſcribed, ſelected ſome of the crimes of men, and ſome of their abſurdities; ſome the momentous viciſſitudes of life, and ſome the the lighter occurrences; ſome the terrors of diſtreſs, and ſome the gaieties of proſperity. Thus roſe the two modes of imitation, *tragedy* and *comedy*, compoſitions intended to promote different ends, by contrary means, and conſidered as ſo little allied, that I do not recollect among the Greeks and Romans, a ſingle writer that attempted both. Shakeſpeare has united the powers of exciting laughter and ſorrow, not only in one

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mind, but in one compoſition. Almoſt all his plays are divided between ſerious and ludicrous characters, and in the ſucceſſive evolutions of the deſign, ſometimes produce ſerioufneſs and ſorrow, and ſometimes levity and laughter.

" Through all the different denominations of the drama, Shakſpeare's mode of compoſition is the ſame; an interchange of ſerioufneſs and merriment, by which the mind is ſoftened at one time, and exhilarated at another. But whatever be his purpoſe, whether to gladden or depreſs, or to conduct the ſtory with vehemence or emotion, through tracts of eaſy and familiar dialogue, he never fails to attain his purpoſe; as he commands us, we laugh or mourn, or ſit ſilent with quiet expectation, in tranquillity, without indifference.

" When Shakſpeare's plan is underſtood, moſt of the criticiſms of Rhymer and Voltaire vaniſh away. The play of *Hamlet* is opened, without impropriety, by two centinels. Iago bellows at Brabantio's window without injury to the ſcheme of the play, though in terms which a modern audience would not eaſily endure. The character of Polonius is reaſonable and uſeful, and the Grave-diggers themſelves may be heard with applauſe.

" Shakſpeare engaged in dramatic poetry with the world open before him; the rules of the ancients were yet known to few; the public judgment was unformed; he had no example of ſuch fame as might force him upon imitation, nor critics of ſuch authority, as might reſtrain his extravagance. He therefore indulged his natural diſpoſition; and his diſpoſition, as Rymer has remarked, led him to comedy. Tragedy he often writes with great appearance of toil and ſtudy, what is written at laſt with little felicity; but in his comic ſcenes, he ſeems to produce, without labour, what no labour can improve. In tragedy he is always ſtruggling after ſome occaſion to be comic; but in comedy he ſeems to repoſe, or to luxuriate, as in a mode of thinking congenial to his nature. In his tra-

gic ſcenes there is always ſomething wanting; but his comedy often ſurpaſſes expectation or deſire. His comedy pleaſes by the thoughts and the language; and his tragedy, for the greater part, by incident and action. His tragedy ſeems to be ſkill, his comedy inſtinct. The force of his comic ſcenes has ſuffered little diminution from the change made by a century and an half in manners or in words. As his perſonages act upon principles ariſing from genuine paſſion, very little modified by particular forms, their pleaſures and vexations are communicable to all times, and to all places; they are natural, and therefore durable; the adventitious peculiarities of perſonable habits, are only ſuperficial dyes, bright and pleaſing for a little while, yet ſoon fading to a dim tinct, without any remains of former luſtre; but the diſcrimination of true paſſion are the colours of nature; they pervade the whole maſs, and can only periſh with the body that exhibits them. The accidental compoſitions of heterogeneous modes are diſſolved by the chance which combined them; but the uniform ſimplicity of primitive qualities neither admits nor ſuffers decay. The ſand heaped by one flood is ſcattered by another, but the rock always continues in its place. The ſtream of time, which is continually waſhing the diſſoluble fabrics of other poets, paſſes without injury by the adamant of Shakſpeare.

" Shakſpeare, with his excellencies, has likewiſe faults, and faults ſufficient to obſcure and overwhelm any other merit. I ſhall ſhew in the proportion in which they appear to me, without envious malignity, or ſuperſtitious veneration. No queſtion can be more innocently diſcuſſed, than a dead poet's pretenſions to renown; and little regard is due to that bigotry which ſets candour higher than truth.

" His firſt defect is that to which may be imputed moſt of the evil in books or in men. He ſacrifices virtue to convenience, and is ſo much more careful to pleaſe than to inſtruct, that he ſeems to write without

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any moral purpoſe. From his writings, indeed, a ſyſtem of ſocial duty may be ſelected, for he that thinks reaſonably muſt think morally, but his precepts and axioms drop caſually from him; he makes no juſt diſtribution of good or evil, nor is always careful to ſhew in the virtuous a diſapprobation of the wicked; he carries his perſons indifferently through right and wrong, and, at the cloſe, diſmiſſes them without further care, and leaves their examples to operate by chance. This fault the barbarity of his age cannot extenuate; for it is always a writer's duty to make the world better, and juſtice is a virtue independent on time and place.

"The plots are often ſo looſely formed, that a very ſlight conſideration may improve them; and ſo careleſſly purſued, that he ſeems not always fully to comprehend his own deſign. He omits opportunities of inſtructing or delighting, which the train of his ſtory ſeems to force upon him; and apparently rejects thoſe exhibitions which would be more affecting, for the ſake of thoſe which are more eaſy. It may be obſerved, in many of his plays, that the latter part is evidently neglected. When he found himſelf near the end of his work, and in view of his reward, he ſhortened the labour, to ſnatch the profit. He therefore remits his efforts, where he ſhould moſt vigorouſly exert them; and his cataſtrophe is improbably produced, or imperfectly repreſented.

"He had no regard to diſtinction of time or place, but gives to one age or nation, without ſcruple, the cuſtoms, inſtitutions, and opinions of another, at the expence not only of likelihood, but of poſſibility. Shakſpeare, indeed, was not the only violator of chronology; for in the ſame age, Sidney, who wanted not the advantages of learning, has, in his *Arcadia*, confounded the paſtoral with the feudal times; the days of innocence, quiet, and ſecurity, with thoſe of turbulence, violence and adventure.

"In his comic ſcenes he is ſeldom very ſucceſsful,

when he engages his characters in reciprocations of ſmartneſs, and conteſts of ſarcaſms; theſe jeſts are commonly groſs, and their pleaſantry licentious; neither his gentlemen nor his ladies have much delicacy, nor are ſufficiently diſtinguiſhed from his clowns, by any appearance of refined manners.

"In tragedy his performance ſeems conſtantly to be worſe, as his labour is more. The effuſions of paſſion which exigence forces out, are for the moſt part ſtriking and energetic; but whenever he ſolicits his invention, or ſtrains his faculties, the effect of his throes is tumour, meanneſs, tediouſneſs, and obſcurity.

"In narration he affects a diſproportionate pomp of diction and a weariſome train of circumlocution, and tells the incident imperfectly in many words, which might have been more plainly delivered in few. Narration, in dramatic poetry, is naturally tedious, as it is unanimated and inactive, and obſtructs the progreſs of the action, it ſhould therefore always be rapid, and enlivened by frequent interruption. Shakſpeare found its incumbrance, and inſtead of lightening it by brevity, endeavoured to recommend it by dignity and ſplendour.

"But the admirers of this great poet have moſt reaſon to complain when he approaches neareſt to his higheſt excellence, and ſeems fully reſolved to ſink them into dejection, and mollify them with tender emotions by the fall of greatneſs, the danger of innocence, or the croſſes of love. What he does beſt, he ſoon ceaſes to do. He is not long ſoft and pathetic without ſome idle conceit or contemptible equivocation. He no ſooner begins to move, than he counteracts himſelf; and terror and pity, as they are riſing in the mind, are checked and blaſted by ſudden frigidity.

A quibble is, to Shakſpeare, what luminous vapours are to the traveller; he follows it at all adventures: it is ſure to lead him out of his way, and ſure

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to engulph him in the mire. It has ſome malignant power over his mind, and its faſcinations are irreſiſtible. Whatever be the dignity or profundity of his diſquiſition, whether he be enlarging knowledge, or exalting affection; whether he be amuſing attention with incidents or enchaining it in ſuſpenſe, let but a quibble ſpring up before him, and he leaves his work unfiniſhed. A quibble is the golden apple for which he will always turn aſide from his career, or ſtoop from his elevation. A quibble, poor and barren as it is, gave him ſuch delight, that he was content to purchaſe it by the ſacrifice of reaſon, propriety and truth. A quibble was to him the fatal Cleopatra, for which he loſt the world, and was content to loſe it.

" It will be thought ſtrange, that in enumerating the defects of this writer, I have not yet mentioned his neglect of the unities, his violation of thoſe laws which have been inſtituted and eſtabliſhed by the joint authority of poets and critics.

" For his other deviations from the art of writing, I reſign him to critical juſtice, without making any other demand in his favour, than that which muſt be indulged to all human excellence, that his virtues be rated with his failings; but from the cenſure which this irregularity may bring upon him, I ſhall, with due reverence to that learning which I muſt oppoſe, adventure to try how I can defend him.

" To the unities of time and place he has ſhewn no regard; and perhaps a nearer view of the principles on which they ſtand will diminiſh their value, and withdraw from them the veneration which from the time of Corneille they have very generally received, by diſcovering that they have given more trouble to the poet, than pleaſure to the auditor.

" The neceſſity of preſerving the unities of time and place ariſes from the ſuppoſed neceſſity of making the drama credible. The critics hold it impoſſible that an action of months or years can be poſſibly believed to paſs in three hours; or that the ſpectator can

ſuppoſe himſelf to ſit in the theatre, while ambaſſadors go and return from diſtant kings; while armies are levied, and towns beſieged; while an exile wanders and returns, or till he whom they ſaw courting his miſtreſs ſhall lament the untimely fall of his ſon. The mind revolts from evident falſhood, and fiction loſes its force when it departs from the reſemblance of reality.

"From the narrow limitation of time neceſſarily ariſes the contraction of place. The ſpectator who knows that he ſaw the firſt act at Alexandria, cannot ſuppoſe that he ſees the next at Rome, at a diſtance to which not the dragons of Medea could in ſo ſhort a time have tranſported him, he knows with certainty that he has not changed his place, and he knows that place cannot change itſelf: that what was a houſe cannot become a plain; and that what was Thebes can never be Perſepolis.

"Such is the triumphant language with which a critic exults over the miſery of an irregular poet, and exults commonly without reſiſtance or reply. It is time therefore to tell him, by the authority of Shakſpeare, that he aſſumes, as an unqueſtionable principle, a poſition, which, while his breath is forming into words, his underſtanding pronounces to be falſe. It is falſe, that any repreſentation is taken for reality; that any dramatic fable, in its materiality, was ever credible, or for a ſingle moment was ever credited.

"It will be aſked how the drama moves, if it is not credited? It is credited with all the credit due to a drama. It is credited whenever it moves as a juſt picture of a real original, as repreſenting to the auditor what he would himſelf feel, if he were to do or ſuffer what is there feigned to be ſuffered or to be done. The reflection that ſtrikes the heart is not that the evils before us are real evils, but that they are evils to which we ourſelves may be expoſed. If there be any fallacy, it is not that we fancy the players, but that we fancy ourſelves, unhappy for the moment; but we rather lament the poſſibility, than ſuppoſe the preſence

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of miſery, as a mother weeps over her babe when ſhe remembers that death may take it from her. The delights of tragedy proceed from our conſciouſneſs of fiction; if we thought murders and treaſons real, they would pleaſe no more.

" Whether Shakſpeare knew the unities, and rejected them by deſign, or deviated from them by happy ignorance, it is, I think, impoſſible to decide, and uſeleſs to enquire. We may reaſonably ſuppoſe, that when he roſe to notice, he did not want the counſels and admonitions of ſcholars and critics, and that he at laſt deliberately perſiſted in a practice, which he might have begun by chance. As nothing is eſſential to the fable but unity of action, and as the unities of time and place ariſe evidently from falſe aſſumptions, and by circumſcribing the extent of the drama, leſſen its variety, I cannot think it much to be lamented, that they were unknown by him or not obſerved; nor, if ſuch another poet could ariſe, ſhould I very vehemently reproach him, that his firſt act paſſed at Venice, and his next in Cyprus. Such violations of rules, merely poſitive, become the comprehenſive genius of Shakſpeare, and ſuch cenſures are ſuitable to the minute and ſlender criticiſm of Voltaire.

" Voltaire expreſſes his wonder that our author's extravagancies are endured by a nation, which has ſeen the tragedy of *Cato*. Let him be anſwered that Addiſon ſpeaks the language of poets, and Shakſpeare of men. We find in *Cato* innumerable beauties, which enamour us of its author; but we ſee nothing that acquaints us with human ſentiments, or human actions; we place it with the faireſt and the nobleſt progeny which judgment propagates by conjunction with learning; but *Othello* is the vigorous and vivacious offspring of obſervation impregnated by genius. *Cato* affords a ſplendid exhibition of artificial and fictitious manners, and delivers juſt and noble ſentiments in diction eaſy, elevated and harmonious; but its

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hopes and fears cómmunicate no vibrations to the heart; the compoſition refers us only to the writer; we pronounce the name of *Cato*, but we think on *Addiſon*.

" The work of a correct and regular writer is a garden accurately formed and diligently planted, varied with ſhades and ſcented with flowers; the compoſition of Shakſpeare is a foreſt, in which oaks extend their branches, and pines tower in the air, interſperſed ſometimes with weeds and brambles, and ſometimes giving ſhelter to myrtles and roſes; filling the eye with awful pomp, and gratifying the mind with endleſs diverſity. Other poets diſplay cabinets of precious rarities, minutely finiſhed, wrought in ſhape, and poliſhed in brightneſs.—Shakſpeare opens a mine which contains gold and diamonds in inexhauſtible plenty, though clouded by incruſtations, debaſed by impurities, and mingled with a maſs of meaner minerals.

" It has been much diſputed, whether Shakſpeare owed his excellence to his own native force, or whether he had the common helps of ſcholaſtic education, the precepts of critical ſcience, and the examples of ancient authors. There has always prevailed a tradition that Shakſpeare wanted learning, that he had no regular education, nor much ſkill in the dead languages. Jonſon, his friend, affirms, that he " had ſmall Latin and leſs Greek;" who, beſides, that he had no imaginable temptation to falſhood, wrote at a time when the character and acquiſitions of Shakſpeare were known to multitudes. His evidence ought therefore to decide the controverſy, unleſs ſome teſtimony of equal force could be oppoſed.

" Some have imagined, that they have diſcovered deep learning in many imitations of old writers; but the examples which I have known urged, were drawn from books tranſlated in his time, or were ſuch eaſy coincidences of thought, as will happen to all who

conſider the ſame ſubjects; or ſuch remarks on life, or axioms of morality, as float in converſation, and are tranſmitted through the world in proverbial ſentences.

"Whether he knew the modern languages is uncertain. That his plays have ſome French ſcenes proves but little; he might eaſily procure them to be written; and probably, even though he had known the language in the common degree, he could not have written it without aſſiſtance. In the ſtory of *Romeo* and *Juliet*, he is obſerved to have followed the Engliſh tranſlation, where it deviates from the Italian; but this, on the other part, proves nothing againſt his knowledge of the original. He was to copy, not what he knew himſelf, but what was known to his audience.

"It is moſt likely that he had learned Latin ſufficiently to make him acquainted with conſtruction; but that he never advanced to an eaſy peruſal of the Roman authors. Concerning his ſkill in modern languages, I can find no ſufficient ground of determination; but as no intimations of French or Italian authors have been diſcovered, though the Italian poetry was then in high eſteem, I am inclined to believe, that he read little more than Engliſh, and choſe for his fables only ſuch tales as he found tranſlated.

"That much knowledge is ſcattered over his works is very juſtly obſerved by Pope; but it is often ſuch knowledge as books did not ſupply. He that will underſtand Shakſpeare, muſt not be content to ſtudy him in the cloſet; he muſt look for his meaning ſometimes among the ſports of the field, and ſometimes among the manufactures of the ſhop: there is, however, proof enough that he was a very diligent reader; nor was our language then ſo indigent of books, but that he might very liberally indulge his curioſity without excurſion into foreign literature. Many of the Roman authors were tranſlated, and ſome of the Greek. The Reformation had filled the kingdom with

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theological learning; moſt of the topics of human diſquiſition had found Engliſh writers; and poetry had been cultivated, not only with diligence, but ſucceſs. This was a ſtock of knowledge ſufficient for a mind ſo capable of appropriating and improving it.

"But the greater part of his excellence was the product of his own genius. He found the Engliſh ſtage in a ſtate of the utmoſt rudeneſs; no eſſays either in tragedy or comedy had appeared, from which it could be diſcovered to what degree of delight either one or the other might be carried. Neither character nor dialogue were yet underſtood. Shakſpeare may be truly ſaid to have introduced them among us, and in ſome of his happier ſcenes to have carried them both to the utmoſt height.

"There is a vigilance of obſervation, and accuracy of diſtinction, which books and precepts cannot confer; from this, almoſt all original and native excellence proceeds. Shakſpeare muſt have looked upon mankind with perſpicacity, in the higheſt degree curious and attentive. Other writers borrow their characters from preceding writers, and diverſify them only by the accidental appendages of preſent manners; the dreſs is a little varied, but the body is the ſame. Our author had both matter and form to provide; for, except the characters of Chaucer, to whom I think he is not much indebted, there were no writers in Engliſh, and perhaps not many in other modern languages, which ſhewed life in its native colours.

"Boyle congratulated himſelf upon his high birth, becauſe it favoured his curioſity, by facilitating his acceſs. Shakſpeare had no ſuch advantage; he came to London a needy adventurer, and lived for a time by very mean employments. Many works of genius and of learning have been performed in ſtates of life that appear very little favourable to thought or inquiry, ſo many, that he who conſiders them, is inclined to think that he ſees enterpriſe and perſeverance predominating over all external agency, and bidding help and hin-

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drance vaniſh before them. The genius of Shakſpeare was not to be depreſſed by the weight of poverty, nor limited by the narrow converſation, to which men in want are inevitably condemned; the incumbrances of his fortune was ſhaken from his mind, *as dew drops from a lion's mane*.

" Though he had ſo many difficulties to encounter, and ſo little aſſiſtance to ſurmount them, he has been able to obtain an exact knowledge of many modes of life, and many caſts of native diſpoſitions; to vary them with great multiplicity; to mark them by nice diſtinctions, and to ſhew them in full view by proper combinations. In this part of his performances he had more to imitate, but has been himſelf imitated by all ſucceeding writers; and it may be doubted, whether, from all his ſucceſſion, more maxims of theoretical knowledge, or more rules of practical prudence, can be collected, than he alone has given to his country.

To him we muſt aſcribe the praiſe, unleſs Spenſer may divide it with him, of having firſt diſcovered to how much ſmoothneſs and harmony the Engliſh language could be ſoftened. He has ſpeeches, ſometimes ſcenes, which have all the delicacy of Rowe, without his effeminacy. He endeavours, indeed, commonly to ſtrike by the force and vigour of his dialogue; but he never executes his purpoſe better, than when he tries to ſooth by ſoftneſs. Yet it muſt be at laſt confeſſed, that as we owe every thing to him, he owes ſomething to us; that if much of his praiſe is paid by perception and judgment, much is likewiſe given by cuſtom and veneration. I am indeed far from thinking, that his works were wrought to his own ideas of perfection; when they were ſuch as would ſatisfy the audience, they ſatisfied the writer. It is ſeldom that authors, though more ſtudious of fame than Shakſpeare, riſe much above the ſtandard of their own age: to add a little to what is beſt, will always be ſufficient for preſent praiſe; and thoſe who find themſelves exalted into

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fame, are willing to credit their encomiasts, and to ſpare the labour of contending with themſelves.

" It does not appear, that Shakſpeare thought his works worthy of poſterity; that he levied any ideal tribute upon future times, or had any future proſpects than of preſent popularity and preſent profits; when his plays had been acted, his hope was at an end; he ſolicited no addition of honour from the reader. He therefore made no ſcruple to repeat the ſame jeſts in many dialogues, or to entangle different plots by the ſame kind of perplexity, which may be at leaſt forgiven him, by thoſe who recollect, that of Congreve's four comedies, two are concluded by a marriage in a maſk, by a deception, which perhaps never happened, and which, whether likely or not, he did not invent.

" So careleſs was this great poet of future fame, that though he retired to eaſe and plenty, while he was yet little declined into the vale of years, before he could be diſguſted with fatigue, or diſabled by infirmity, he made no collection of his works, nor deſired to reſcue thoſe that had been already publiſhed from the depravations that obſcured them; or ſecure to the reſt a better deſtiny, by giving them to the world in their genuine ſtate."

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

ODE ON THE GENIUS OF SHAKSPEARE.

RAPT from the glance of mortal eye,
Say burſts thy Genius to the world of light?
Seeks it yon ſtar-beſpangled ſky?
Or ſkims it fields with rapid flight?
Or mid' yon plains where Fancy ſtrays,
Courts it the balmy-breathing gale?
Or where the violet pale
Droops o'er the green-embroider'd ſtream;
Or where young Zephyr ſtirs the ruſtling ſprays,
Lies all diſſolv'd in fairy dream.
O'er yon bleak deſerts unfrequented round
See'ſt thou where Nature treads the deepening gloom,
Sits on yon hoary tow'r with ivy crown'd,
Or wildly wails o'er thy lamented tomb;
Hear'ſt thou the ſolemn muſic wind along?
Or thrills the warbling note in thy melliſluous ſong?

Oft while on earth, 'twas thine to rove
Where'er the wild-ey'd Goddeſs lov'd to roam,
To trace ſerene the gloomy grove,
Or haunt meek Quiet's ſimple dome;
Still hovering round the nine appear,
That pour the ſoul-tranſporting ſtrain;
Join'd to the Loves' gay train,
The looſe-rob'd Graces crown'd with flow'rs,
The light wing'd gales that lead the vernal year,
And wake the roſy-featur'd hours.
O'er all bright Fancy's beamy radiance ſhone,
How flam'd thy boſom as her charms reveal!
Her fire-clad eye ſublime, her ſtarry zone,
Her treſſes looſe that wanton'd on the gale;
On thee the Goddeſs fix'd her ardent look,
Then from her glowing lips theſe melting accents broke.

" To Thee, my favourite ſon, belong
" The lays that ſteal the liſtening hour;
" To pour the rapture-darting ſong,
" To paint gay hope's elyſian bower.

" From Nature's hand to ſnatch the dart,
" To cleave with pangs the bleeding heart;
" Or lightly ſweep the trembling ſtring,
" And call the Loves with purple wing
" From the blue deep wherein they dwell
" With Naiads in the pearly cell,
" Soft on the ſea-born Goddeſs gaze;
" Or in the looſe robe's floating maze,
" Diſſolv'd in downy ſlumbers reſt;
" Or flutter o'er her panting breaſt,
" Or wild to melt the yielding ſoul,
" Let ſorrow clad in ſable ſtole
" Slow to thy muſing thought appear;
" Or penſive Pity pale;
" Or Love's deſponding tale
" Call from th' intender'd heart the ſmypathetic tear."

Say whence the magic of thy mind?
Why thrills thy muſic on the ſprings of thought?
Why, at thy pencil's touch refin'd
Starts into life the glowing draught?
On yonder fairy carpet laid,
Where beauty pours eternal bloom,
And Zephyr breathes perfume;
There nightly to the tranced eye
Profuſe the radiant goddeſs ſtood diſplay'd,
With all her ſmiling offspring nigh,
Sudden the mantling cliff, the arched wood,
The broider'd mead, the landſkip, and the grove,
Hills, vales, and ſky-dipt ſeas, and torrents rude,
Grots, rills, and ſhades, and bowers that breath'd of love
All burſt to ſight!—while glancing on the view,
Titania's ſporting train bruſh'd lightly o'er the dew.

The pale-eyed genius of the ſhade
Led thy bold ſtep to Proſper's magic bower;
Whoſe voice the howling winds obey'd;
Whoſe dark ſpell chain'd the rapid hour:
Then roſe ſerene the ſea-girt iſle;
Gay ſcenes by fancy's touch refin'd
Glow'd to the muſing mind:

Such viſions bleſs the hermit's dream,
When hovering angels prompt his placid ſmile,
Or paint ſome high ecſtatic theme.
Then flam'd Miranda on th' enraptur'd gaze,
Then ſail'd bright Ariel on the bat's fleet wing:
Or ſtarts the liſt'ning throng in ſtill amaze!
The wild note trembling on th' aerial ſtring!
The form in heav'ns reſplendent veſture gay
Floats on the mantling cloud, and pours the melting lay.

O lay me near yon limpid ſtream,
Whoſe murmur ſoothes the ear of woe!
There in ſome ſweet poetic dream
Let Fancy's bright Elyſium glow!
'Tis done:—o'er all the bluſhing mead
The dark wood ſhakes his cloudy head;
Below, the lily-fringed dale
Breathes its mild fragrance on the gale;
While in paſtime all unſeen,
Titania robed in mantle green
Sports on the moſſy bank:—her train
Skims light along the gleaming plain;
Or to the fluttering breeze unfold
The blue wing ſtreak'd with beamy gold,
Its pinions opening to the light!—
Say, burſts the viſion on my ſight?
Ah, no! by Shakſpeare's pencil drawn,
The beauteous ſhapes appear;
While meek-eyed Cynthia near
Illumes with ſtreamy ray the ſilver-mantled lawn.
But hark! the tempeſt howls afar!
Burſts the loud whirlwind o'er the pathleſs waſte!
What cherub blows the trump of war?
What Demon rides the ſtormy blaſt?
Red from the lightning's livid blaze,
The bleak heath ruſhes on the ſight;
Then wrapt in ſudden night
Diſſolves.—But ah! what kingly form
Roams the lone deſart's deſolated maze!
Unaw'd! nor heeds the ſweeping ſtorm.

Ye pale-eyed lightnings ſpare the cheek of age!
Vain wiſh;--tho' anguiſh heaves the burſting groan,
Deaf as the flint, the marble ear of rage
Hears not the mourner's unavailing moan:
Heart-pierc'd he bleeds, and ſtung with wild deſpair,
Bares his time-blaſted head, and tears his ſilver hair.

Lo! on yon long-reſounding ſhore,
Where the rock totters o'er the headlong deep,
What phantoms bath'd in infant gore
Stand muttering on the dizzy ſteep!
Their murmur ſhakes the zephyr's wing!
The ſtorm obeys their powerful ſpell;
See, from his gloomy cell
Fierce Winter ſtarts! his ſcowling eye,
Bloats the fair mantle of the breathing ſpring,
And lowers along the ruffled ſky.
To the deep vault the yelling harpies run,*
Its yawning mouth receives th' infernal crew.
Dim thro' the black gloom winks the glimmering ſun,
And the pale furnace gleams with brimſtone blue.
Hell howls: and fiends that join the dire acclaim
Dance on the bubbling tide, and point the livid flame.
But ah! on ſorrow's cypreſs bough
Can Beauty breath her genial bloom?
On Death's cold cheek will Paſſion glow?
Or Muſic warble from the tomb?
There ſleeps the bard, whoſe tuneful tongue
Pour'd the full ſtream of mazy ſong.
Young Spring with lip of ruby, here
Showers from her lap the bluſhing year;
While along the turf reclin'd,
The looſe wing ſwimming on the wind,
The Loves with forward geſture bold,
Sprinkling the ſod with ſpangling gold;
And oft the blue-eyed Graces trim,
Dance lightly round on downy limb;
Oft too, when Eve demure and ſtill
Chequers the green dale's purling rill,

* The witches in Macbeth.

Sweet Fancy pours th' plaintive ſtrain,
Or wrapt in ſoothing dream,
By Avon's ruffled ſtream,
Hears the low-murmuring gale that dies along the plain.

THE TOMB OF SHAKSPEARE,

A VISION,

By John Gilbert Cooper, Eſq.

WHAT time the jocund roſy-boſom'd hours
Led forth the train of Phœbus and the ſpring,
And Zephyr mild profuſely ſcatter'd flowers
On earth's green mantle from his muſky wing,

The morn unbarr'd th' ambroſial gates of light,
Weſtward the raven-pinnion'd darkneſs flew,
The landſcape ſmil'd in vernal beauty bright,
And to their graves the ſullen ghoſts withdrew.

The nightingale no longer ſwell'd her throat
With love-lorn plainings tremulous and ſlow,
And on the wings of ſilence ceas'd to float
The gargling notes of her melodious woe:

The god of ſleep myſterious viſions led
In gay proceſſion, 'fore the mental eye;
And my freed ſoul awhile her manſion fled,
To try her plumes for immortality.

Through fields of air, methought, I took my flight,
Through every clime, o'er every region paſs'd,
No Paradiſe or ruin 'ſcap'd my ſight,
Heſperian garden, or Cimmerian waſte.

On Avon's banks I lit, whoſe ſtreams appear
To wind with eddies find round Shakſpeare's tomb,
The year's firſt feath'ry ſongſters warble near,
And vi'lets breathe, and earlieſt roſes bloom.

Here Fancy ſat, (her dewy fingers cold,
Decking with flow'ret freſh th' unſullied ſod,)
And bath'd with tears the ſad ſepulchral mould,
Her fav'rite offspring's long and laſt abode.

" Ah! what avails," ſhe cry'd, " a poet's name?
" Ah! what avails th' immortalizing breath,
" To ſnatch from dumb oblivion others fame?
" My darling child here lies a prey to death!

" Let gentle Otway, white-rob'd Pity's prieſt,
" From grief domeſtic teach the tears to flow,
" Or Southern captivate th' impaſſion'd breaſt,
" With heart-felt ſighs and ſympathy of woe.

" For not to theſe *his* genius was confin'd,
" Nature and I each tuneful pow'r had given,
" Poetic tranſports of the madding mind,
" And the wing'd words that waft the ſoul to heaven.

" The fiery glance of th' intellectual eye,
" Piercing all objects of Creation's ſtore,
" Which in this world's extended ſurface lie;
" And plaſtic thought that ſtill created more."

" O grant," with eager rapture I reply'd,
" Grant me, great goddeſs of the changeful eye,
" To view each being in poetic pride,
" To whom thy ſon gave immortality."

Sweet Fancy ſmil'd, and wav'd her myſtic rod,
When ſtrait theſe viſions felt her powerful arm,
And one by one ſucceeded at her nod,
As valiant Sprites obey the wizard charm.

Firſt a celeſtial form (of azure hue
Whoſe mantle, bound with brede aetherial flow'd
To each ſoft breeze its balmy breath that drew)
Swift down the ſun-beams of the noon-tide rode.

Obedient to the necromantic ſway
Of an old ſage, to ſolitude reſign'd,
With fenny vapours he obſcur'd the day,
Launch'd the long lightning, and let looſe the wind.

He whirl'd the tempeſt through the howling air,
Rattled the dreadful thunder-clap on high,
And rais'd the roaring elemental war
Betwixt the ſea green waves and azure ſky.

Then, like heaven's mild embaſſador of love
To man repentant, bid the tumult ceaſe,
Smooth'd the blue boſom of the realms above,
And huſh'd the rebel elements to peace.

Unlike to this in ſpirit or in mien
Another form ſucceeded to my view;
A two-legg'd brute, which Nature made in ſpleen,
Or from the loathing womb unfiniſh'd drew.

Scarce could he ſyllable the curſe he thought,
Prone were his eyes to earth, his mind to evil,
A carnal fiend to imperfection wrought,
The mongrel offspring of a witch and devil.

Next bloom'd, upon an ancient foreſt's bound,
The flow'ry margin of a ſilent ſtream,
O'er-arch'd with oaks, with ivy mantled round,
And gilt by ſilver Cynthia's maiden beam.

On the green carpet of th' unbended graſs,
A dapper train of female fairies play'd,
And ey'd their gambols in the wat'ry glaſs,
That ſmoothly ſtole along the ſhad'wy glade.

Through theſe the queen Titania paſs'd ador'd,
Mounted aloft in her imperial car,
Journeying to ſee great Oberon her lord
Wage the mock battles of a ſportive war.

Arm'd cap-a-pee forth march'd the fairy king,
A ſtouter warrior never took the field,
His threat'ning lance a hornet's horrid ſting,
The ſharded beetle's ſcale his ſable ſhield.

Around their chief the elfin hoſt appear'd;
Each little helmet ſparkled like a ſtar,
And their ſharp ſpears in pierceleſs phalanx rear'd,
A grove of thiſtles, glitter'd in the air.

The ſcene then chang'd, from this romantic land,
To a bleak waſte by bound'ry unconfin'd,
Where three ſwart ſiſters of the *weïrd* band
Were mutt'ring curſes to the troublous wind.

Pale Want had wither'd every furrow'd face,
Bow'd was each carcaſe with the weight of years,
And each ſunk eye ball from its hollow caſe
Diſtill'd cold rheum's involuntary tears.

Hors'd on three ſtaves they poſted to the bourn
Of a drear iſland, where the pendant brow
Of a rough rock, ſhagg'd horribly with thorn,
Frown'd on the boiſt'rous waves which rag'd below.

Deep in a gloomy grot remote from day,
Where ſmiling Comfort never ſhew'd her face,
Where light ne'er enter'd, ſave one rueful ray
Diſcovering all the terrors of the place.

They held damn'd myſt'ries with infernal ſtate,
Whilſt ghaſtly ſpectres glided ſlowly by,
The ſcreech-owl ſcream'd the dying call of fate,
And ravens croak'd their baleful augury.

No human footſtep cheer'd the dread abode,
No ſign of living creature could be ſeen,
Save where the reptile ſnake, or ſullen toad,
The murky floor had ſoil'd with venom green.

Sudden I heard the whirlwind's hollow ſound,
Each *weïrd* ſiſter vaniſh'd into ſmoke,
Now a dire yell of ſpirits underground
Thro' troubled Earth's wide yawning ſurface broke;

When lo! each injur'd apparition roſe;
Aghaſt the murd'rer ſtarted from his bed;
Guilt's trembling breath his heart's red current froze,
And Horror's dew-drops bath'd his frantic head.

More had I ſeen—but now the god of day
O'er earth's broad breaſt his flood of light had ſpread,
When Morpheus call'd his fickle dreams away,
And on *their* wings each bright illuſion fled.

Yet ſtill the dear enchantreſs of the brain
My waking eyes with wiſhful wand'rings ſought,
Whoſe magic will controls th' ideal train,
The ever-reſtleſs progeny of Thought.

" Sweet power," I ſaid, " for others gild the ray
" Of Wealth, or Honour's folly-feather'd crown,
" Or lead the madding multitude aſtray,
" To graſp at air-blown bubbles of renown.

" Me (humbler lot!) let blameleſs bliſs engage,
" Free from the noble mob's ambitious ſtrife,
" Free from the muck-worm miſer's lucrous rage,
" In calm Contentment's cottage vale of life.

" If frailties there (for who from them is free?)
" Through Error's maze my devious footſteps lead,
" Let them be frailties of humanity,
" And my heart plead the pardon of my head.

" Let not my reaſon impiouſly require
" What heav'n has plac'd beyond its narrow ſpan,
" But teach it to ſubdue each fierce deſire,
" Which wars within its own ſmall empire, man.

" Teach me, what all believe, but few poſſeſs;
" That life's beſt ſcience is ourſelves to know,
" The firſt of human bleſſings is to bleſs,
" And happieſt he who feels another's woe.

" Thus cheaply wiſe, and innocently great,
" While Time's ſmooth ſand ſhall regularly paſs,
" Each deſtin'd atom's quiet courſe I'll wait,
" Nor raſhly break, nor wiſh to ſtop the glaſs.

" And when in death my peaceful aſhes lie,
" If e'er ſome tongue congenial ſpeaks my name,
" Friendſhip ſhall never bluſh to breathe a ſigh,
" And great ones envy ſuch an honeſt fame."

DEDICATION.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Caſtalia plena miniſtret aqua.
Ovid. Amor. l. 1 El. 15.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

Earl of Southampton and Baron of Tichfield.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I KNOW not how I ſhall offend, in dedicating my unpoliſhed lines to your Lordſhip; nor how the world will cenſure me, for chooſing ſo ſtrong a prop to ſupport ſo weak a burden: Only if your honour ſeem but pleaſed, I can account myſelf highly praiſed, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with ſome graver labour. But if the firſt heir of my invention prove deformed, I ſhall be ſorry it had ſo noble a godfather, and never after ear ſo barren a land, for fear it yield me ſtill ſo bad a harveſt. I leave it to your honourable ſurvey, and your honour to your heart's content; which I wiſh may always anſwer your own wiſh, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your honour's in all duty,

W. SHAKSPEARE.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

EVEN as the ſun, with purple colour'd face,
Had ta'en his laſt leave of the weeping morn,
Roſe-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chace:
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to ſcorn.
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-fac'd ſuitor 'gins to woo him.

"Thrice fairer than myſelf!" thus ſhe began,
"The field's chief flow'r! ſweet above compare!
"Stain to all nymphs! more lovely than a man!
"More white and red than doves and roſes are.
"Nature, that made thee, with herſelf at ſtrife,
"Saith, that the world hath ending with thy life.

"Vouchſafe thou wonder! to alight thy ſteed,
"And rein his proud head to the ſaddle bow;
"If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed,
"A thouſand honey ſecrets ſhalt thou know.
"Here come and ſit, where ſerpent never hiſſes,
"And being ſet, I'll ſmother thee with kiſſes.

"And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd ſatiety,
"But rather famiſh them amid their plenty;
"Making them red and pale with freſh variety;
"Ten kiſſes ſhort as one, one long as twenty.
"A ſummer's day will ſeem an hour but ſhort,
"Being waſted in ſuch time-beguiling ſport."

With this ſhe ſeizeth on his ſweating palm,
The preſident of pith and livelihood,
And trembling in her paſſion calls its balm,
Earth's ſovereign ſalve to do a goddeſs good.
Being ſo enrag'd, deſire doth lend her force,
Courageouſly to pluck him from his horſe.

Over one arm the luſty courſer's rein,
Under the other was the tender boy,
Who bluſh'd and pouted in a dull diſdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy.
She red and hot, as coals of glowing fire;
He red for ſhame, but froſty with deſire.

The ſtudded bridle, on a ragged bough,
Nimbly ſhe faſtens (O how quick is love!)
The ſteed is ſtalled up, and even now
To tie the rider ſhe begins to prove.
Backward ſhe puſh'd him, as ſhe would be thruſt,
And govern'd him in ſtrength, though not in luſt.

Soon was ſhe along, as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:
Now doth ſhe ſtroke his cheek, now doth ſhe frown,
And 'gins to chide, but ſoon ſhe ſtops his lips:
And kiſſing ſpeaks with luſtful language broken,
"If thou wilt chide, thy lips ſhall never open."

He burns with baſhful ſhame; ſhe with her tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks:
Then with her windy ſighs, and golden hairs,
To fan and blow them dry again ſhe ſeeks.
He ſays ſhe is immodeſt, blames her miſs;
What follows more, ſhe ſmothers with a kiſs.

Even as an empty eagle, ſharp by faſt,
Tires with her beak, on feathers, fleſh and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haſte,
Till either gorge be ſtuft, or prey be gone:
Even ſo ſhe kiſs'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where ſhe ends, ſhe doth anew begin.

Forc'd to conſent, but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breathing in her face:
She feedeth on the ſteam as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moiſture! air of grace!
Wiſhing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew'd with ſuch diſtilling ſhowers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So faſten'd in her arms Adonis lies:
Pure ſhame and aw'd reſiſtance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes.
Rain added to a river that is rank,
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still ſhe entreats, and prettily entreats:
For to a pretty ear ſhe tunes her tale.
Still he is ſullen, ſtill he lowers and frets,
'Twixt crimſon ſhame, and anger aſhy pale.
Being red ſhe loves him beſt, and being white,
Her breaſt is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, ſhe cannot chooſe but love,
And by her fair immortal hand ſhe ſwears,
From his ſoft boſom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears;
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet,
And one ſweet kiſs ſhall pay this countleſs debt.

Upon this promiſe did he raiſe his chin,
Like a Dive-dapper peering thro' a wave,
Who being look'd on, ducks as quickly in:
So offers he to give what ſhe did crave;
But when his lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did paſſenger, in ſummer's heat,
More thirſt for drink, than ſhe for this good turn,
Her help ſhe ſees, but help ſhe cannot get,
She baths in water, yet in fire muſt burn.
" Oh pity," gan ſhe cry, " flint-hearted boy!
" 'Tis but a kiſs I beg, why art thou coy?

" I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
" E'en by the ſtern and direful god of war,
" Whoſe ſinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
" Who conquers where he comes in every jar:
" Yet hath he been my captive and my ſlave,
" And begg'd for that which thou unaſk'd ſhalt have.

" Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
" His batter'd ſhield, his uncontrolled creſt;
" And for my ſake hath learn'd to ſport and dance,
" To coy, to wanton, dally, ſmile and jeſt:
" Scorning his churliſh drum, and enſign red,
" Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

" Thus him, that over-rul'd, I over-ſway'd;
" Leading him priſoner in a red-roſe chain.
" Strong temper'd ſteel, his ſtronger ſtrength obey'd,
" Yet was he ſervile to my coy diſdain.
" Oh be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
" For maſt'ring her, that foil'd the god of fight!

" Touch but my lips with thoſe fair lips of thine,
" (Tho' mine be not ſo fair, yet they are red)
" The kiſs ſhall be thine own, as well as mine;
" What ſeeſt thou on the ground? hold up thy head:
" Look in mine eye-balls, where thy beauty lies,
" Then why not lips on lips, ſince eyes on eyes?

" Art thou aſham'd to kiſs? Then wink again,
" And I will wink, ſo ſhall the day ſeem night,
" Love keeps his revels, where there be but twain;
" Be bold to play, our ſport is not in ſight.
" Theſe blue-vein'd violets, whereon we lean,
" Never can blab, nor know they what we mean.

" The tender ſpring upon thy tempting lip
" Shews thee unripe; yet may'ſt thou well be taſted;
" Make uſe of time, let not advantage ſlip,
" Beauty within itſelf ſhould not be waſted.
" Fair flowers, that are not gather'd in their prime,
" Rot and conſume themſelves in little time.

" Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled old,
" Ill-natur'd, crooked, churliſh, harſh in voice,
" O'erworn, deſpiſed, rheumatic and cold,
" Thick-ſighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice: [thee,
" Then might'ſt thou pauſe, for then I were not for
" But, having no defects, why doſt abhor me?

" Thou can'ſt not ſee one wrinkle in my brow,
" Mine eyes are grey, and bright, and quick in turning,
" My beauty, as the ſpring, doth yearly grow;
" My fleſh is ſoft and plump, my marrow burning;
" My ſmooth moiſt hand, were it with thy hand felt,
" Would in thy palm diſſolve, or ſeem to melt.

" Bid me diſcourſe, I will enchant thine ear,
" Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green ;
" Or, like a nymph, with long diſhevel'd hair,
" Dance on the ſands, and yet no footing ſeen.
" Love is a ſpirit all compact of fire,
" Not groſs to ſink, but light, and will aſpire.

" Witneſs this primroſe bank whereon I lie,
" Theſe forceleſs flowers, like ſturdy trees, ſupport me :
" Two ſtrengthleſs doves will draw me thro' the ſky
" From morn till night, ev'n where I liſt to ſport me.
" Is love ſo light, ſweet boy, and may it be,
" That thou ſhouldſt think it heavy unto thee ?

" Is thine own heart to thine own face affected ?
" Can thy right hand ſeize love upon thy left ?
" Then woo thy ſelf, be of thy ſelf rejected,
" Steal thine own freedom, and complain of theft.
" Narciſſus ſo himſelf, himſelf forſook,
" And dy'd to kiſs his ſhadow in the brook.

" Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
" Dainties to taſte, freſh beauty for the uſe,
" Herbs for their ſmell, and ſappy plants to bear ;
" Things growing to themſelves are growth's abuſe :
" Seeds ſpring from ſeeds, and beauty breedeth beauty ;
" Thou wert begot, to get it is thy duty.

" Upon the earth's increaſe why ſhouldſt thou feed,
" Unleſs the earth with thy increaſe be fed ?
" By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
" That thine may live, when thou thyſelf art dead :
" And ſo in ſpite of death, thou doſt ſurvive,
" In that thy likeneſs ſtill is left alive."

By this the love-ſick queen began to ſweat,
For where they lay, the ſhadow had forſook them :
And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them :
Wiſhing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him, and by Venus ſide.

And now Adonis, with a lazy ſpright,
And with a heavy, dark, diſliking eye,
His low'ring brows o'erwhelming his fair ſight,
Like miſty vapours, when they blot the ſky;
Souring his cheeks, cries " fie, no more of love,
" The ſun doth burn my face, I muſt remove."

" Ah me!" quoth Venus, " young, and ſo unkind!
" What bare excuſes mak'ſt thou to be gone?
" I'll ſigh celeſtial breath, whoſe gentle wind
" Shall cool the heat of this deſcending ſun.
" I'll make a ſhadow for thee of my hairs,
" If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

" The ſun that ſhines from heaven ſhines but warm,
" And lo, I lie between the ſun and thee!
" The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
" Thine eyes dart forth the fire that burneth me.
" And, were I not immortal, life were done,
" Between this heav'nly, and this earthly ſun.

" Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as ſteel?
" Nay more than flint, for ſtone at rain relenteth:
" Art thou a woman's ſon, and canſt not feel
" What 'tis to love, how want of love tormenteth?
" Oh! had thy mother borne ſo bad a mind,
" She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

" What am I, that thou ſhouldſt contemn me thus?
" Or what great danger dwells upon my ſuit?
" What were thy lips the worſe for one poor kiſs!
" Speak fair: but ſpeak fair words, or elſe be mute.
" Give me one kiſs, I'll give it thee again,
" And one for int'reſt, if thou wilt have twain.

" Fie, lifeleſs picture, cold and ſenſeleſs ſtone,
" Well-painted idol, image dull and dead;
" Statue contenting but the eye alone,
" Thing like a man, but of no woman bred.
" Thou art no man, tho' of a man's complexion
" For men will kiſs e'en by their own direction."

This ſaid, impatience choaks her pleading tongue,
And ſwelling paſſion doth provoke a pauſe;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong,
Being judge in love, ſhe cannot right her cauſe.
And now ſhe weeps, and now ſhe fain would ſpeak,
And now her ſobs do her intendments break.

Sometimes ſhe ſhakes her head, and then his hand:
Now gazeth ſhe on him, now on the ground;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band;
She would, he will not in her arms be bound;
And when from hence he ſtruggles to be gone,
She locks her lily fingers one in one.

"Fondling," ſaith ſhe, "ſince I have hemm'd thee here,
"Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
"I'll be the park, and thou ſhalt be my deer,
"Feed where thou wilt, on mountain, or in dale.
"Graze on my lips; and if thoſe hills be dry,
"Stray lower, where the pleaſant fountains lie.

"Within this limit is relief enough,
"Sweet bottom graſs, and high delightful plain,
"Round riſing hillocks, brakes obſcure and rough,
"To ſhelter thee from tempeſt and from rain.
"Then be my deer, ſince I am ſuch a park,
"No dog ſhall rouze thee, tho' a thouſand bark."

At this Adonis ſmiles, as in diſdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple;
Love made thoſe hollows, if himſelf were ſlain,
He might be buried in a tomb ſo ſimple:
Foreknowing well if there he came to lie,
Why there love liv'd, and there he could not die.

Theſe loving caves, theſe round enchanted pits,
Open'd their mouths to ſwallow Venus liking;
Being mad before, how doth ſhe now for wits?
Struck dead at firſt, what needs a ſecond ſtriking?
Poor Queen of Love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek, that ſmiles at thee in ſcorn.

Now which way ſhall ſhe turn? What ſhall ſhe ſay?
Her words are done, her woes the more increaſing:
The time is ſpent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releaſing:
"Pity," ſhe cries, "ſome favour, ſome remorſe!"
Away he ſprings, and haſteth to his horſe.

But, lo! from forth a copps that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, luſty, young, and proud,
Adonis' trampling courſer doth eſpy,
And forth ſhe ruſhes, ſnorts, and neighs aloud:
The ſtrong-neck'd ſteed, being ty'd unto a tree,
Breaketh his reign, and to her ſtrait goes he.

Imperiouſly he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girts he breaks aſunder;
The bearing earth, with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whoſe hollow womb reſounds like heaven's thunder;
The iron bit he cruſhes 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up-prick'd, his braided hanging mane
Upon his compaſs'd creſt now ſtands an end:
His noſtrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he ſend:
His eye, which gliſters ſcornfully like fire,
Shews his hot courage, and his high deſire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the ſteps,
With gentle majeſty, and modeſt pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who ſhould ſay, "lo! thus my ſtrength is try'd:
"And thus I do to captivate the eye
"Of the fair breeder that is ſtanding by."

What recketh he his rider's angry ſtir,
His flatt'ring *holla*, or *his ſtand I ſay?*
What cares he now for curb or pricking ſpur?
For rich capariſon's or trappings gay?
He ſees his love, and nothing elſe he ſees,
For nothing elſe with his proud ſight agrees.

Look when a painter would ſurpaſs the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd ſteed,
His art, with Nature's workmanſhip at ſtrife,
As if the dead the living ſhould exceed:
So did this horſe excel a common one
In ſhape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, ſhort-jointed, fetlocks ſhag and long,
Broad breaſt, full eyes, ſmall head, and noſtril wide,
High creſt, ſhort ears, ſtrait legs, and paſſing ſtrong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look what a horſe ſhould have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on ſo proud a back.

Sometimes he ſcuds far off, and there he ſtares;
Anon he ſtarts at ſtirring of a feather.
To bid the wind abaſe he now prepares,
And where he run, or fly, they know not whither.
For through his mane and tail the high wind ſings,
Fanning the hairs, which heave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her;
She anſwers him, as if ſhe knew his mind.
Being proud, as females are, to ſee him woo her,
She puts on outward ſtrangeneſs, ſeems unkind,
Spurns at his love, and ſcorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy male content,
He veils his tail; that like a falling plume
Cool ſhadow to his melting buttocks lent:
He ſtamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume:
His love perceiving how he is enrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his fury was aſſuag'd.

His teſty maſter goes about to take him,
When lo! the unback'd breeder full of fear,
Jealous of catching, ſwiftly doth forſake him,
With her the horſe, and left Adonis there.
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
Out-ſtripping crows, that ſtrive to over-fly them.

All ſwoln with chaſing, down Adonis ſits,
Banning his boiſt'rous and unruly beaſt.
And now the happy ſeaſon once more fits,
That love-ſick love, by pleading may be bleſt.
For lovers ſay, the heart hath treble wrong,
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is ſtopp'd, or river ſtaid,
Burneth more hotly, ſwelleth with more rage:
So of concealed ſorrow may be ſaid;
Free vent of words love's fire doth aſſuage:
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks, as deſperate in his ſuit.

He ſees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind;
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow,
Looks on the dull earth with diſturbed mind;
Taking no notice, that ſhe is ſo nigh,
For all aſkance he holds her in his eye.

O! what a ſight it was wiſtfully to view
How ſhe came ſtealing to the wayward boy;
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
How white and red each other did deſtroy!
But now her cheek was pale, and by and by,
It flaſh'd forth fire, as lightning from the ſky.

Now was ſhe juſt before him, as he ſat,
And like a lowly lover, down ſhe kneels;
With one fair hand ſhe heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheeks feels:
His tender cheeks, receive her ſoft hand's print,
As apt, as new-fall'n ſnow takes any dint.

O! what a war of looks was then between them!
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes ſuing:
His eyes ſaw her eyes, as they had not ſeen them;
Her eyes woo'd ſtill, his eyes diſdain'd the wooing:
And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
With tears, which chorus-like her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prison'd in a jail of snow;
Or ivory in an alabaster hand,
So white a friend ingirts so white a foe!
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Shew'd like to silver doves, that sit a billing.

Once more the engine of their thoughts began,
" O fairest mover on this mortal round?
" Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
" My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound.
" For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
" Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee."

" Give me my hand," saith he, " why dost thou feel it?"
" Give me my heart," saith she, " and thou shalt have it.
" O! give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it:
" And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it:
" Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
" Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard."

" For shame," he cries, " let go, and let me go,
" My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
" And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so:
" I pray you hence, and leave me here alone.
" For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
" Is how to get my palfrey from the mare."

Thus she replies: " Thy palfrey, as he should,
" Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire,
" Affection is a coal, that must be cool'd;
" Else suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire.
" The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none;
" Therefore no marvel, though thy horse be gone.

" How like a jade he stood, ty'd to a tree,
" Servilely mast'red with a leathern rein!
" But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
" He held such petty bondage in disdain;
" Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
" Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

" Who ſees his true love in her naked bed,
" Teaching the ſheets a whiter hue than white,
" But when his glutton eyes ſo full hath fed,
" His other agents aim at like delight?
" Who is ſo faint, that dare not be ſo bold
" To touch the fire, the weather being cold? 402

" Let me excuſe thy courſer, gentle boy,
" And learn of him, I heartily beſeech thee,
" To take advantage on preſented joy;
" Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee.
" O! learn to love, the leſſon is but plain,
" And once made perfect, never loſt again." 408

" I know not love," quoth he, " nor will I know it,
" Unleſs it be a boar, and then I chaſe it;
" 'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it,
" My love to love, is love but to diſgrace it;
" For I have heard it is a life in death, 413
" That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

" Who wears a garment ſhapeleſs and unfiniſh'd?
" Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
" If ſpringing things be any jot diminiſh'd,
" They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth.
" The colt that's back'd and burden'd, being young,
" Loſeth his pride, and never waxeth ſtrong. 420

" You hurt my hand with wringing. Let us part,
" And leave this idle theme, this bootleſs chat;
" Remove your ſiege from my unyielding heart,
" To love's alarms it will not ope the gate. 424
" Diſmiſs your vows, your feigned tears, your flatt'ry;
" For where a heart is hard, they make no batt'ry."

" What canſt thou talk?" quoth ſhe, " haſt thou a tongue?
" O! would thou had'ſt not, or I had no hearing! 428
" Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong?
" I had my load before, now preſs'd with bearing.
" Melodious diſcord, heavenly tune harſh-ſounding!
" Earth's deep ſweet muſic! and heart's deep ſore-
" wounding. 432

" Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love
" That inward beauty, and invisible:
" Or were I deaf, thou outward parts would move
" Each part in me, that were but sensible.
" Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
" Yet should I be in love, by touching thee.

" Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
" And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch:
" And nothing but the very smell were left me,
" Yet would my love to thee be still as much:
" For from the still'tory of thy face excelling [ing.
" Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth love by smell-

" But oh! what banquet wert thou to the taste,
" Being nurse and feeder of the other four!
" Would they not wish the feast should ever last,
" And bid suspicion double-lock the door?
" Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
" Should by his stealing in, disturb the feast."

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field.
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gust and foul flaws to herdmen, and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh,
E'en as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth;
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her, e'er his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down;
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth:
A smile recures the wounding of a frown,
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!
The silly boy believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red.

And in amaze break off his late intent,
For ſharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning Love did wittily prevent,
Fair fall the wit, that can ſo well defend her:
For on the graſs ſhe lies, as ſhe were ſlain,
Till his breath breatheth life in her again. 474

He wrings her noſe, he ſtrikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulſes hard.
He chafes her lips, a thouſand ways he ſeeks
To mend the hurt, that his unkindneſs marr'd;
He kiſſes her, and ſhe, by her good will,
Would never riſe, ſo would he kiſs her ſtill. 480

The night of ſorrow now is turn'd to day,
Her two blue windows faintly ſhe up-heaveth;
Like the fair ſun, when in his freſh array
He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth:
And as the bright ſun glorifies the ſky,
So is her face illumin'd with her eye. 486

Whoſe beams upon his hairleſs face are fixt,
As if from thence they borrow'd all their ſhine:
Were never four ſuch lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brows repine,
But hers, which thro' the cryſtal tears gave light,
Shone like the moon in water, ſeen by night. 492

"O! where am I!" quoth ſhe, "in earth or heaven!
"Or in the ocean drench'd! or in the fire!
"What hour is this? or morn, or weary even?
"Do I delight to die? or life deſire?
"But now I liv'd, and Life was Death's annoy:
"But now I dy'd, and death was lively joy. 498

"O! thou didſt kill me, kill me once again:
"Thy eyes, ſhrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine
"Hath taught them ſcornful tricks, and ſuch diſdain,
"That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine:
"And theſe mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
"But for thy piteous lips no more had ſeen. 504

" Long may they kiſs each other for this cure!
" O never let their crimſon liveries wear!
" And as they laſt, their verdure ſtill endure,
" To drive infection from the dangerous year!
" That the ſtar-gazers having written on death,
" May ſay, the Plague is baniſh'd by thy breath.

" Pure lips! ſweet ſeals! in my ſoft lips imprinted,
" What bargains may I make ſtill to be ſealing?
" To ſell myſelf, I can be well contented,
" So thou wilt buy, and pay, and uſe good dealing:
" Which purchaſe if thou make, for fear of ſlips,
" Set thy ſeal manual on my wax-red lips.

" A thouſand kiſſes buys my heart from me,
" And pay them at thy leiſure one by one.
" What is ten hundred kiſſes unto thee?
" Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?
" Say for non-payment that the debt ſhould double,
" Is twenty hundred kiſſes ſuch a trouble?"

" Fair queen," quoth he, " if any love you owe me,
" Meaſure my ſtrangeneſs with my unripe years,
" Before I know myſelf, ſeek not to know me.
" No fiſher but the ungrown fry forbears;
" The mellow plum doth fall, the green ſticks faſt,
" Or being early pluck'd, is ſour to taſte.

" Look, the world's comforter with weary gait,
" His day's hot taſk hath ended in the weſt!
" The owl (night herald) ſhrieks, 'tis very late,
" The ſheep are gone to fold, birds to their neſt:
" The cole-black clouds, that ſhadow heaven's light,
" Do ſummon us to part, and bid good night.

" Now let me ſay good night, and ſo ſay you:
" If you will ſay ſo, you ſhall have a kiſs."
" Good night," quoth ſhe, and e'er he ſays adieu,
The honey fee of parting tendred is.
Her arms to lend his neck a ſweet embrace,
Incorp'rate then they ſeem, face grows to face.

Till breathleſs he disjoin'd, and backward drew
The heavenly moiſture, that ſweet coral mouth,
Whoſe precious taſte her thirſty lips well knew,
Whereon they ſurfeit, yet complain on drowth:
He with her plenty preſs'd, ſhe faint with dearth,
Their lips together glu'd, fall to the earth.

Now quick deſire hath caught her yielding prey,
And glutton-like ſhe feeds, yet never filleth;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ranſom the inſulter willeth:
Whoſe vulture thought doth pitch the prize ſo high,
That ſhe will draw his lips rich treaſure dry.

And having felt the ſweetneſs of the ſpoil,
With blind-fold fury ſhe begins to forage;
Her face doth reek and ſmoke, her blood doth boil,
And careleſs luſt ſtirs up a deſperate courage:
Planting oblivion, beating reaſon back;
Forgetting ſhame's pure bluſh, and honour's wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot roe, that's tir'd with chaſing,
Or like the froward infant ſtill'd with dandling;
He now obeys, and now no more reſiſteth,
While ſhe takes all ſhe can, not all ſhe liſteth.

What wax ſo frozen, but diſſolves with temp'ring
And yields at laſt to every light impreſſion?
Things out of hope are compaſt oft with vent'ring,
Affection faints not, like a pale-fac'd coward,
But then who's beſt, when moſt his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O had ſhe then gave over!
Such Nectar from his lips ſhe had not ſuck'd:
Foul words and frowns muſt not repel a lover,
What though the roſe have pricks; yet it is pluck'd.
Were beauty under twenty locks kept faſt,
Yet love breaks thro', and picks them all at laſt.

For pity now ſhe can no more detain him ;
The poor fool prays her, that he may depart.
She is reſolv'd no longer to reſtrain him ;
Bids him farewel, and look well to her heart,
The which by Cupid's bow ſhe doth proteſt,
He carries thence incaged in his breaſt.

" Sweet boy," ſhe ſays, " this night I'll waſte in ſor-
" row,
" For my ſick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
" Tell me, love's maſter, ſhall we meet to-morrow ?
" Say, ſhall we, ſhall we, wilt thou make the match ?"
He tells her no, to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

" The boar," quoth ſhe, whereat a ſudden pale,
Like lawn being ſpread upon the bluſhing roſe,
Uſurps her cheeks, ſhe trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms ſhe throws,
She ſinketh down ſtill hanging on his neck,
He on her belly falls, ſhe on her back.

Now is ſhe in the very liſts of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter.
All is imagery, ſhe doth prove,
He will not manage her although he mount her :
The worſe than Tantalus is her annoy,
To clip Elyſium, and to lack her Joy.

E'en as poor birds deceiv'd with painted grapes,
Do ſurfeit by the eye, and pine the maw ;
E'en ſo ſhe languiſheth in her miſhaps,
As thoſe poor birds, that helpleſs berries ſaw,
The warm effects which ſhe in him finds miſſing,
She ſeeks to kindle with continual kiſſing.

But all in vain, good queen, it will not be,
She hath aſſay'd, as much as may be prov'd,
Her pleading hath deſerv'd a greater fee,
She's love, ſhe loves, and yet ſhe is not lov'd !
" Fie, fie," he ſays, " you cruſh me, let me go,
" You have no reaſon to with-hold me ſo."

" Thou hadſt gone," quoth ſhe, " ſweet boy, e'er this,
" But that thou told'ſt me thou would'ſt hunt the boar.
" O! be adviſed, thou know'ſt not what it is,
" With javelin's point a churliſh ſwine to gore,
" Whoſe tuſhes never ſheath'd, he witteth ſtill,
" Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.

" On his bow-back he hath a battle ſet
" Of briſtly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
" His eyes, like glow-worms, ſhine when he doth fret,
" His ſnout digs ſepulchres where'er it goes;
" Being mov'd, he ſtrikes whate'er is in his way,
" And whom he ſtrikes, his crooked tuſhes ſlay.

" His brawny ſide with hairy briſtles arm'd,
" Are better proof, than thy ſpears point can enter;
" His ſhort thick neck cannot be eaſily harm'd,
" Being ireful, on the lion he will venture.
" The thorny brambles and embracing buſhes,
" As fearful of him part, through whom he ruſhes.

" Alas! he nought eſteems that face of thine,
" To which love's eye pays tributary gazes:
" Nor thy ſoft hand, ſweet lips, and cryſtal eyne,
" Whoſe full perfection all the world amazes;
" But having thee at vantage (wondrous dread!)
" Would root theſe beauties, as he roots the mead.

" O! let him keep his loathſome cabin ſtill!
" Beauty hath nought to do with ſuch foul fiends.
" Come not within his danger by thy will,
" They, that thrive well, take counſel of their friends.
" When thou didſt name the boar, not to diſſemble,
" I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

" Didſt thou not mark my face? was it not white?
" Saw'ſt thou not the ſigns of fear lurk in mine eye?
" Grew I not faint? and fell I not downright?
" Within my boſom, whereon thou doſt lie,
" My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no reſt,
" But like an earthquake ſhakes thee on my breaſt.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Thou hadst gone quoth she sweet Boy ere this,
But that thou told'st me thou would'st hunt the boar,
O! be advised thou knowest not what it is
With javelins point a churlish swine to gore.

Vide Page 64 line 613.

Painted by T. Kirk. Engraved for C. Cooke. April 29. 1797. Engraved by C. Warrot.

" For where love reigns, diſturbing jealouſy
" Doth call himſelf affection's centinel;
" Give falſe alarms, ſuggeſteth mutiny,
" And in a peaceful hour doth cry kill, kill.
" Diſtemp'ring gentle love with his deſire,
" As air and water doth abate the fire. 654

" This ſour informer, this bate-breeding ſpy,
" This canker, that eats up love's tender ſpring,
" This carry-tale, diſſentious jealouſy,
" That ſometimes true news, ſometimes falſe doth bring,
" Knocks at my heart, and whiſpers in mine ear,
" That if I love thee, I thy death ſhould fear. 660

" And more than ſo, preſenteth to mine eye
" The picture of an angry chaſing boar,
" Under whoſe ſharp fangs, on his back doth lie
" An image like thyſelf, all ſtain'd with gore;
" Whoſe blood upon the freſh flowers being ſhed, 665
" Doth make 'em drop with grief, and hang the head.

" What ſhould I do? ſeeing thee ſo indeed?
" That trembling at th' imagination,
" The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
" And fear doth teach it divination.
" I propheſy thy death, my living ſorrow,
" If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow. 672

" But if thou needs will hunt, be rul'd by me,
" Uncouple at the timorous flying hare;
" Or at the fox, which lives by ſubtilty;
" Or at the roe, which no encounter dare,
" Purſue theſe fearful creatures o'er the downs,
" And on thy well-breath'd horſe keep with thy
" hounds. 678

" And when thou haſt on foot the purblind hare,
" Mark the poor wretch, to overſhut his troubles,
" How he outruns the wind, and with what care
" He cranks and croſſes with a thouſand doubles.
" The many muſits through the whichhe goes,
" Are like a labyrinth t'amaze his foes. 684

" Sometime he runs among the flocks of ſheep,
" To make the cunning hounds miſtake their ſmell:
" And ſometime, where earth-delving conies keep,
" To ſtop the loud purſuers in their yell;
" And ſometime ſorteth with a herd of deer:
" Danger deviſeth ſhifts, wit waits on fear.

" For there his ſmell with others being mingled,
" The hot-ſcent-ſnuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
" Ceaſing their clamorous city, till they have ſingled,
" With much ado, the cold fault cleanly out:
" Then do they ſpend their mouths; echo replies,
" As if another chaſe were in the ſkies.

" By this poor Watt far off, upon a hill,
" Stands on his hinder legs with liſt'ning ear,
" To hearken if his foes purſue him ſtill;
" Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;
" And now his grief may be compared well
" To one ſore ſick, that hears the paſſing bell.

" Then ſhalt thou ſee the dew-bedabbled wretch
" Turn and return, indenting with the way.
" Each envious brier his weary legs doth ſcratch,
" Each ſhadow makes him ſtop, each murmur ſtay.
" For miſery is trodden on by many;
" And being low, never reliev'd by any.

" Lie quietly and hear a little more,
" Nay, do not ſtruggle, for thou ſhalt not riſe:
" To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
" Unlike myſelf thou hear'ſt me moralize,
" Applying this to that, and ſo to ſo;
" For love can comment upon every woe.

" Where did I leave?" " No matter where," quoth he.
" Leave me, and then the ſtory aptly ends:
" The night is ſpent." " Why, what of that?" quoth ſhe,
" I am," quoth he, " expected of my friends.
" And now 'tis dark, and going I ſhall fall,
" In night," quoth ſhe, " Deſire ſees beſt of all.

" But if thou fall, Oh, then imagine this,
" The earth in love with thee thy footing trips,
" And all is but to rob thee of a kiſs,
" Rich preys make rich men thieves, ſo do thy lips
" Make modeſt Dian ſcornful and forlorn,
" Leſt ſhe ſhould ſteal a kiſs, and die forſworn.

" Now of this dark night I perceive the reaſon,
" Cynthia for ſhame obſcures her ſilver ſhine,
" Till forging Nature is condemned of treaſon,
" For ſtealing moulds from heaven, that were divine,
" Wherein ſhe fram'd thee high in heaven's deſpite,
" To ſhame the Sun by day, and her by night.

" And therefore hath ſhe brib'd the Deſtinies
" To croſs the curious workmanſhip of Nature;
" To mingle beauty with infirmities,
" And pure perfection with impure defeature;
" Making it ſubject to the tyranny
" Of ſad miſchances, and much miſery.

" As burning fever, agues pale and faint,
" Life-poiſoning peſtilence, and frenzies wood,
" The marrow-eating ſickneſs, whoſe attaint
" Diſorder breeds by heating of the blood:
" Surfeits, impoſthumes, grief, and damn'd deſpair,
" Swear Nature's death for framing thee ſo fair.

" And not the leaſt of all theſe maladies,
" But in one minute's fight brings beauty under:
" Both favour, ſavour, hue and qualities,
" Whereat the imperial gazer late did wonder,
" Are on a ſudden waſted, thaw'd, and done,
" As mountain-ſnow melts with the mid-day ſun.

" Therefore, deſpite of fruitleſs chaſtity,
" Love-lacking veſtals, and ſelf-loving nuns,
" That on the earth would breed a ſcarcity,
" And barren dearth of daughters and of ſons,
" Be prodigal. The lamp that burns by night,
" Dries up his oil, to lend the world his light.

" What is thy body but a ſwallowing grave,
" Seeming to bury that poſterity,
" Which by the rights of Time thou needs muſt have,
" If thou deſtroy them not in their obſcurity?
" If ſo, the world will hold thee in diſdain,
" Sith in thy pride ſo fair a hope is ſlain. 762

" So in thyſelf, thyſelf art made away,
" A miſchief worſe than civil home-bred ſtrife,
" Or theirs, whoſe deſperate hands themſelves do ſlay,
" Or butcher-fire, that raves his ſon of life.
" Foul-cankering ruſt the hidden treaſure frets;
" But gold, that's put to uſe, more gold begets. 768

" Now then," quoth Adon, " you will fall again
" Into your idle over-handled theme;
" The kiſs I gave you is beſtow'd in vain,
" And all in vain you ſtrive againſt the ſtream.
" For by this black-fac'd night, Deſire's foul nurſe,
" Your treatiſe makes me like you worſe and worſe.

" If Love hath lent you twenty thouſand tongues, 775
" And every tongue more moving than your own,
" Bewitching like the wanton mermaids ſongs,
" Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown.
" For know, my heart ſtands armed in my ear,
" And will not let a falſe ſound enter there: 780

" Leſt the deceiving harmony ſhould run
" Into the quiet cloſure of my breaſt;
" And then my little heart were quite undone,
" In his bed-chamber to be barr'd of reſt.
" No, lady, no, my heart longs not to groan,
" But ſoundly ſleeps, while now it ſleeps alone. 786

" What have you urg'd, that I cannot reprove?
" The path is ſmooth that leadeth unto danger.
" I hate not love, but your device in love,
" That lends embracements unto every ſtranger.
" You do it for increaſe. O ſtrange excuſe!
" When Reaſon is the bawd to Luſt's abuſe. 792

" Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled,
" Since ſweating Luſt on each uſurps his name;
" Under whoſe ſimple ſemblance he hath fed
" Upon freſh beauty, blotting it with blame:
" Which the hot tyrant ſtains, and ſoon bereaves,
" As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

" Love comforteth like ſun-ſhine after rain;
" But Luſt's effect is tempeſt after ſun:
" Love's gentle ſpring doth always freſh remain;
" Luſt's winter comes, e'er ſummer half be done.
" Love ſurfeits not; Luſt like a glutton dies:
" Love is all truth; Luſt full of forged lies.

" More I could tell, but more I dare not ſay:
" The text is old, the orator too green:
" Therefore in ſadneſs now I will away,
" My face is full of ſhame, my heart of teen:
" Mine ears that to your wanton talk attended,
" Do burn themſelves for having ſo offended."

With this he breaketh from the ſweet embrace
Of thoſe fair arms which bound him to her breaſt,
And homeward thro' the dark lawns run apace,
Leaves Love upon her back deeply diſtreſs'd.
Look how a bright ſtar ſhooteth from the ſky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye.

Which after him ſhe darts, as one on ſhore
Gazing upon a late embarked friend,
Till the wild waves will have him ſeen no more,
Whoſe ridges with the meeting clouds contend:
So did the mercileſs and pitchy night,
Fold in the object, that did feed her ſight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
Hath dropt a precious jewel in the flood;
Or ſtoniſh'd, as night wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in ſome miſtruſtful wood:
Even ſo confounded in the dark ſhe lay,
Having loſt the fair diſcovery of her way.

And now ſhe beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour caves, as ſeeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans:
Paſſion on paſſion deeply is redoubled. [Woe!"
"Aye me!" ſhe cries, and twenty times, "Woe!
And twenty echo's twenty times cry ſo.

She marking them, begins a wailing note
And ſings extemp'rally a woeful ditty:
How Love makes young men thrall, and old men dote:
How love is wiſe in folly, fooliſh witty:
Her heavy anthem ſtill concludes in woe!
And ſtill the choir of echo's anſwer ſo.

Her ſong was tedious and out-wore the night,
For lovers hours are long tho' ſeeming ſhort:
If pleas'd themſelves, others they think delight
In ſuch-like circumſtance, with ſuch-like ſport.
Their copious ſtories oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath ſhe to ſpend the night withal,
But idle ſounds, reſembling parafites?
Like ſhrill tongu'd tapſters anſwering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantaſtic wits.
She ſaid, "'tis ſo:" They anſwer all, "'tis ſo,"
And would ſay after her if ſhe ſaid no.

Lo! hear the gentle lark, weary of reſt,
From his moiſt cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whoſe ſilver breaſt
The ſun ariſeth in his majeſty:
Who doth the world ſo gloriouſly behold,
The cedar tops and hills ſeem burniſh'd gold.

Venus ſalutes him with this fair good-morrow:
"O! thou clear god, and patron of all light!
"From whom each lamp, and ſhining ſtar doth borrow,
"The beauteous influence, that makes him bright:
"There lives a ſon that ſuck'd an earthly mother,
"May lend thee light, as thou doſt lend to other."

This ſaid, ſhe haſted to a myrtle grove,
Muſing the morning is ſo much o'erworn;
And yet ſhe hears no tidings of her love:
She hearkens for his hounds, and for his horn,
Anon ſhe hears them chaunt it luſtily,
And all in haſte ſhe coaſteth to the cry.

And as ſhe runs, the buſhes in the way,
Some caught her by the neck, ſome kiſs her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her ſtay;
She wildly breaketh from their ſtrict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whoſe ſwelling dugs do ake,
Haſting to feed her fawn, hid in ſome brake.

By this, ſhe hears the hounds are at a bay,
Whereat ſhe ſtarts, like one that ſpies an adder,
Wreath'd up in fatal folds, juſt in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him ſhake and ſhudder:
E'en ſo the timorous yelping of the hounds,
Appals her ſenſes, and her ſp'rit confounds.

For now ſhe knows it is no gentle chaſe,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud;
Becauſe the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:
Finding their enemy to be ſo curſt,
They all ſtrain curt'ſy, who ſhall cope him firſt.

The diſmal cry rings ſadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to ſurpriſe her heart;
Who overcome by doubt and bloodleſs fear,
With cold pale weakneſs numbs each feeling part:
Like ſoldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They baſely fly, and dare not ſtay the field.

Thus ſtands ſhe in a trembling ecſtaſy,
Till cheering up her ſenſes ſore diſmay'd,
She tells them 'tis a cauſeleſs fantaſy:
And childiſh error, that they are afraid;
Bids them leave quaking, wills them fear no more:
And with that word, ſhe ſpy'd the hunted boar.

Whoſe frothy mouth bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A ſecond fear through all her ſinews ſpread,
Which madly hurries her ſhe knows not whither.
This way ſhe runs, and now ſhe will no further,
But back retires, to rate the boar for murder.

A thouſand ſpleens bear her a thouſand ways,
She treads the paths that ſhe untreads again;
Her more than haſte is marred with delays:
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,
Full of reſpect, yet not at all reſpecting;
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennel'd in a brake ſhe finds a hound,
And aſks the weary caitiff for his maſter;
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainſt venom'd ſores the only ſovereign plaiſter.
And here ſhe meets another ſadly ſcowling,
To whom ſhe ſpeaks, and he replies with howling.

When he had ceas'd his ill-reſounding noiſe,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Againſt the welkin vollies out his voice;
Another, and another, anſwers him,
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their ſcratcht ears, bleeding as they go.

Look! how the world's poor people are amaz'd
At apparitions, ſigns, and prodigies;
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gaz'd,
Infuſing them with dreadful prophecies:
So ſhe, at theſe ſad ſigns, draws up her breath,
And ſighing it again, exclaims on death.

"Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
"Hateful divorce of love," thus chides ſhe death,
"Grim-grinning ghoſt, earth's worm, what doſt thou
"mean?
"To ſtifle beauty, and to ſteal his breath?
"Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty ſet
"Gloſs on the roſe, ſmell to the violet.

" If he be dead, O no! it cannot be
" Seeing his beauty, thou ſhould'ſt ſtrike at it.
" O! yes, it may; thou haſt no eyes to ſee,
" But hatefully at random doſt thou hit.
" Thy mark is feeble age; but thy falſe dart
" Miſtakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

" Had'ſt thou but been aware, then he had ſpoke,
" And hearing him, thy power had loſt his power.
" The deſtinies will curſe thee for this ſtroke,
" They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'ſt a flower:
" Love's golden arrow at him ſhould have fled,
" And not death's ebon-dart, to ſtrike him dead.

" Doſt thou drink tears, that thou provok'ſt ſuch weep-
" What may a heavy groan advantage thee? [ing?
" Why haſt thou caſt into eternal ſleeping
" Thoſe eyes, that taught all other eyes to ſee?
" Now nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
" Since her beſt work is ruin'd with thy rigour."

Here, overcome, as one full of deſpair,
She veil'd her eye-lids, which like ſluices ſtopt
The cryſtal tide, that from her two cheeks fair
In the ſweet channel of her boſom drop'd.
But thro' the flood-gates breaks the ſilver rain,
And with his ſtrong courſe opens them again.

O! how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eyes ſeen in her tears, tears in her eye;
Both cryſtals, where they view'd each other's ſorrow:
Sorrow, that friendly ſighs ſought ſtill to dry.
But, like a ſtormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable paſſions throng her conſtant woe,
As ſtriving which ſhould beſt become her grief:
All entertain'd, each paſſion labours ſo,
That every preſent ſorrow ſeemeth chief.
But none is beſt, then join they altogether,
Like many clouds conſulting for foul weather.

By this, far off ſhe hears ſome huntſman hollow:
A nurſe's ſong ne'er plea:'d her babe ſo well.
The dire imagination ſhe did follow,
This ſound of hope doth labour to expel:
For now reviving Joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being priſon'd in her eye, like pearls in glaſs:
Yet ſometimes falls an orient drop beſide,
Which her cheek melts, as ſcorning it ſhould paſs,
To waſh the foul face of the ſluttiſh ground,
Who is but drunken, when ſhe ſeemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love! how ſtrange it ſeems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes,
Deſpair and hope make thee ridiculous!
The one doth flatter thee, in thoughts unlikely,
With likely thoughts, the other kills thee quickly.

Now ſhe unweaves the web that ſhe had wrought,
Adonis lives, and death is not to blame:
It was not ſhe that call'd him all to nought,
Now ſhe adds honour to his hateful name:
She 'cleeps him king of graves, and grave for kings,
Imperial ſupreme of all mortal things.

"No, no," quoth ſhe, "ſweet death! I did but jeſt;
"Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear,
"When as I met the boar, that bloody beaſt,
"Which knows no pity, but is ſtill ſevere.
"Then, gentle ſhadow! (truth I muſt confeſs)
"I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's deceaſe.

"'Tis not my fault: the boar provok'd my tongue:
"Be wreak'd on him (inviſible commander!)
"'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong,
"I did but act, he's author of thy ſlander.
"Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
"Could rule them both without ten women's wit."

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her raſh ſuſpect ſhe doth extenuate;
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With death ſhe humbly doth inſinuate:
Tells him of trophies, ſtatues, tombs, and ſtories,
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

"O Jove," quoth ſhe, "how much a fool was I,
"To be of ſuch a weak and ſilly mind?
"To wail his death, who lives, and muſt not die,
"Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
"For he being dead, with him is beauty ſlain,
"And beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

"Fie! fie! fond love, thou art ſo full of fear,
"As one with treaſure laden, hem'd with thieves:
"Triſles (unwitneſſed with eye or ear)
"Thy coward heart, with falſe bethinking grieves."
Even at this word ſhe hears a merry horn,
Whereat ſhe leaps, that was but late forlorn.

As faulcon to the lure, away ſhe flies:
The graſs ſtoops not, ſhe treads on it ſo light,
And in her haſte unfortunately ſpies
The foul boar's conqueſt on her fair delight.
Which ſeen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
Like ſtars aſham'd of day, themſelves withdrew.

Or as the ſnail, whoſe tender horns being hit,
Shrinks back into his ſhelly cave with pain,
And there, all ſmother'd up, in ſhade doth ſit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again:
So at his bloody view her eyes are fled,
Into the deep dark cabins of her head.

Where they reſign'd their office and their light
To the diſpoſing of her troubled brain:
Who bids them ſtill conſort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again:
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their ſuggeſtions gives a deadly groan.

Whereat each tributary ſubject quakes,
As when the wind impriſon'd in the ground,
Struggling for paſſage, earth's foundation ſhakes,
Which with cold terrors doth men's mind confound,
This mutiny each part doth ſo ſurpriſe,
That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes.

And, being open thro' unwilling ſight
Upon the wide wound, that the boar had trench'd
In his ſoft flank, whoſe wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd.
No flower was nigh, no graſs, herb, leaf, or weed,
But ſtole his blood, and ſeem'd with him to bleed.

This ſolemn ſympathy poor Venus noteth,
Over one ſhoulder doth ſhe hang her head;
Dumbly ſhe paſſions, franticklý ſhe doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead.
Her voice is ſtopp'd, her joints forget to bow,
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt ſhe looks ſo ſtedfaſtly,
That her ſight dazzling, makes the wound ſeem three;
And then ſhe reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gaſhes where no breach ſhould be:
His face ſeems twain, each ſeveral limb is doubled,
For oft the eye miſtakes, the brain being troubled.

"My tongue cannot expreſs my grief for one;
"And yet," quoth ſhe, "behold the two Adons dead!
"My ſighs are blown away, my ſalt tears gone,
"Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:
"Heavy heart's lead melt at mine eyes as fire,
"So ſhall I die by drops of hot deſire.

"Alas! poor World, what treaſure haſt thou loſt!
"What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
"Whoſe tongue is muſic now? what canſt thou boaſt
"Of things long ſince, or any thing enſuing?
"The flowers are ſweet, their colours freſh and trim,
"But true ſweet Beauty liv'd, and dy'd in him.

DEATH OF ADONIS.

This ſolemn ſympathy poor Venus noteth,
Over one ſhoulder doth ſhe hang her head:
Dumbly ſhe paſſions, franticly ſhe doteth:
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead.

Vide page 76 line 1057.

Painted by T. Kirk. *Printed for C. Cooke. March 14. 1797.* *Engraved by J. Neagle.*

" Bonnet, or veil, henceforth no creature wear;
" Nor ſun, nor wind will ever ſtrive to kiſs you:
" Having no fair to loſe, you need not fear;
" The ſun doth ſcorn you, and the wind doth hiſs you.
" But when Adonis liv'd, ſun and ſharp air
" Lurk'd, like two thieves, to rob him of his fair.

" And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
" Under whoſe brim the gaudy ſun would peep;
" The wind would blow it off, and being gone,
" Play with his locks, then would Adonis weep:
" And ſtrait in pity of his tender years,
" They both would ſtrive who firſt ſhould dry his tears.

" To ſee his face, the lion walk'd along
" Behind ſome hedge, becauſe he would not fear him;
" To recreate himſelf, when he hath ſung,
" The tiger would be tame, and gently hear him:
" If he had ſpoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
" And never fright the ſilly lamb that day.

" When he beheld his ſhadow in a brook,
" There fiſhes ſpread on it their golden gills:
" When he was by, the birds ſuch pleaſure took,
" That ſome would ſing, ſome other in their bills
" Would bring him mulberries, and ripe red cherries;
" He fed them with his ſight, they him with berries.

" But this foul, grim, and urchin-ſnouted boar,
" Whoſe downward eye ſtill looketh for a grave,
" Ne'er ſaw the beauteous livery that he wore;
" Witneſs the entertainment that he gave.
" If he did ſee his face, why then I know,
" He thought to kiſs him, and hath kill'd him ſo.

" 'Tis true, 'tis true, thus was Adonis ſlain,
" He ran upon the boar with his ſharp ſpear,
" Who would not whet his teeth at him again,
" But by a kiſs thought to perſuade him there:
" And nouſling in his flank, the loving ſwine
" Sheath'd unaware his tuſk in his ſoft groin.

" Had I been tooth'd like him, I muſt confeſs,
" With kiſſing him, I ſhould have kill'd him firſt.
" But he is dead, and never did he bleſs
" My mouth with his ; the more am I accurs'd."
With this ſhe falleth in the place ſhe ſtood,
And ſtains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale ;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold ;
She whiſpers in his ear a heavy tale,
As if he heard the woeful words ſhe told :
She lifts the coffer-lids that cloſe his eyes,
Where, lo ! two lamps, burnt out, in darkneſs lies.

Two glaſſes where herſelf herſelf beheld
A thouſand times, and now no more reflect ;
Their virtue loſt, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect.
" Wonder of time !" quoth ſhe, " this is my ſpight,
" That, you being dead, the day ſhould yet be light.

" Since thou art dead, lo ! here I propheſy,
" Sorrow, on love, hereafter ſhall attend ;
" It ſhall be waited on with jealouſy,
" Find ſweet beginning, but unſavoury end,
" Ne'er ſettled equally, too high, or low :
" That all love's pleaſures ſhall not match his woe.

" It ſhall be fickle, falſe, and full of fraud,
" And ſhall be blaſted in a breathing while,
" The bottom poiſon, and the top o'erſtraw'd
" With ſweats, that ſhall the ſharpeſt ſight beguile.
" The ſtrongeſt body ſhall it make moſt weak,
" Strike the wiſe dumb, and teach the fool to ſpeak.

" It ſhall be ſparing, and the fool of riot,
" Teaching decrepid age to tread the meaſures ;
" The ſtaring ruffian ſhall it keep in quiet,
" Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treaſures ;
" It ſhall be raging mad, and ſilly mild,
" Make the young old, the old become a child.

" It ſhall ſuſpect, where is no cauſe of fear;
" It ſhall not fear, where it ſhould moſt miſtruſt;
" It ſhall be merciful, and too ſevere,
" And moſt deceiving when it ſeems moſt juſt:
" Perverſe it ſhall be, when it ſeems moſt toward,
" Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

" It ſhall be the cauſe of war and dire events,
" And ſet diſſenſion 'twixt the ſon and ſire;
" Subject and ſervile to all diſcontents,
" As dry combuſtious matter is to fire.
" Sith in his prime, death doth my love deſtroy,
" They that love beſt, their love ſhall not enjoy.

By this, the boy that by her ſide lay kill'd,
Was melted like a vapour from her ſight,
And in his blood, that on the ground lay ſpill'd,
A purple flow'r ſprung up, chequer'd with white,
Reſembling well his pale cheeks and the blood,
Which in round drops upon their whiteneſs ſtood.

She bows her head, the new-ſprung flower to ſmell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath:
And ſays, within her boſom it ſhall dwell,
Since he himſelf is reft from her by death:
She crops the ſtalk, and in the breach appears
Green dropping ſap, which ſhe compares to tears.

" Poor flow'r!" quoth ſhe, " this was thy father's guiſe,
" (Sweet iſſue of a more ſweet-ſmelling ſire)
" For every little grief to wet his eyes,
" To grow unto himſelf was his deſire,
" And ſo 'tis thine; but know it is as good
" To wither in my breaſt, as in his blood.

" Here was thy father's bed, here is my breaſt,
" Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right;
" Lo, in this hollow cradle take thy reſt,
" My throbbing heart ſhall rock thee day and night:
" There ſhall not be one minute of an hour,
" Wherein I will not kiſs my ſweet love's flow'r.

Thus weary of the world, away ſhe hies,
And yokes her ſilver doves, by whoſe ſwift aid,
Their miſtreſs mounted, through the empty ſkies,
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd:
Holding their courſe to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure herſelf, and not be ſeen. 1194

DEDICATION.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

Earl of Southampton, and Baron Tichfield.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

THE love I dedicate to your Lordſhip, is without end: whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a ſuperfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable diſpoſition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it aſſured of acceptance. What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours, being part in all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty ſhould ſhew greater: mean time, as it is, it is bound to your Lordſhip: to whom I wiſh long life, ſtill lengthened with all happineſs.

Your Lordſhip's in all duty,

W. SHAKSPEARE.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

The Argument.

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS (for his exceſſive pride ſurnamed Superbus) after he had cauſed his own father-in-law, Servius Tullius to be cruelly murdered, and contrary to the Roman laws and cuſtoms, not requiring or ſtaying for the people's ſuffrages, had poſſeſſed himſelf of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his ſons, and other noblemen of Rome, to beſiege Ardea. During which ſiege, the principal men of the army, meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's ſon, in their diſcourſes after ſupper, every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom Collatinus extolled the incomparable chaſtity of his wife Lucrece. In that pleaſant humour they all poſted to Rome; and intending, by their ſecret and ſudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) ſpinning amongſt her maids, the other ladies were found all dancing and revelling, or in ſeveral diſports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time, Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece's beauty, yet ſmothering his paſſions for the preſent, departed with the reſt back to the camp; from whence he ſhortly after privily withdrew himſelf, and was (according to his ſtate) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The ſame night, he treacherouſly ſtealeth into her chamber, violently raviſhed her, and early in the morning ſpeedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, haſtily diſpatcheth meſſengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cauſe of her ſorrow. She firſt taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal ſuddenly ſtabbed herſelf. Which done, with one conſent, they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins: And bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer, and manner of the vile deed; with a bitter invective againſt the tyranny of the King; wherewith the people were ſo moved, that with one conſent, and a general acclamation, the Tarquins were all exiled; and the State-government changed from Kings to Conſuls.

FROM the beſieg'd Arden all in poſt,
Born by the truſtleſs wings of falſe deſire,
Luſt-breathing Tarquin leaves the Roman hoſt,
And to Collatium bears the lightleſs fire,
Which in pale embers hid, lurks to aſpire,
And girdle with embracing flames, the waſte
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaſte.

Haply that name of chaſte unhaply ſet,
This bateleſs edge on his keen appetite:
When Collatine unwiſely did not let
To praiſe the clear unmatched red and white;
Which triumph'd in that ſky of his delight;
Where mortal ſtar, as bright as heaven's beauties
With pure aſpects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlock'd the treaſure of his happy ſtate:
What priceleſs wealth the heavens had him lent,

In the poſſeſſion of his beauteous mate ;
Reckoning his fortune at ſuch high-proud rate,
That kings might be eſpouſed to more fame,
But king, nor peer, to ſuch a peerleſs dame.

O happineſs enjoy'd but of a few!
And if poſſeſs'd, as ſoon decay'd and done!
As is the morning's ſilver melting dew,
Againſt the golden ſplendor of the ſun :
An expir'd date cancell'd e'er well begun.
Honour and beauty in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortreſt from a world of harms.

Beauty itſelf doth of itſelf perſuade
The eyes of men without an orator ;
What needeth then apology be made,
To ſet forth that which is ſo ſingular ?
Or why is Collatine the publiſher
Of that rich jewel he ſhould keep unknown
From thieviſh ears, becauſe it is his own ?

Perchance his boaſt of Lucrece's ſovereignty
Suggeſted this proud iſſue of a king ;
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be.
Perchance, that envy of ſo rich a thing
Braving compare, diſdainfully did ſting
His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men ſhould vant
The golden hap, which their ſuperiors want.

But ſome untimely thought did inſtigate
His all too timeleſs ſpeed, if none of thoſe,
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his ſtate,
Neglected all, with ſwift intent he goes
To quench the coal, which in his liver glows.
O ! raſh falſe heat wrapt in repentance cold !
Thy haſty ſpring ſtill blaſts, and ne'er grows old.

When at Collatium this falſe lord arriv'd,
Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,
Within whoſe face beauty and virtue ſtriv'd,
Which of them both ſhould underprop her fame,
When Virtue bragg'd, Beauty would bluſh for ſhame ;

When Beauty boaſted bluſhes, in deſpight
Virtue would ſtain that o'er with ſilver white.

But Beauty, in that white intituled,
From Venus doves, doth challenge that fair field;
Then Virtue claims from Beauty beauty's red,
Which Virtue gave the golden age to guild
Her ſilver cheeks, and call'd it then her ſhield;
Teaching them thus to uſe it in the fight,
When ſhame aſſail'd, the red ſhould fence the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece's face was ſeen,
Argu'd by Beauty's red and Virtue's white;
Of either's colour was the other queen,
Proving from world's minority their right;
Yet their ambition makes them ſtill to fight:
The ſov'reignty of either being ſo great,
That oft they interchange each other's ſeat.

This ſilent war of lilies and of roſes,
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
In their pure ranks his traitor eye incloſes,
Where, leſt between them both it ſhould be kill'd,
The coward captive vanquiſhed doth yield
To thoſe two armies, that would let him go,
Rather than triumph in ſo falſe a foe.

Now thinks he, that her huſband's ſhallow tongue,
The niggard prodigal, that prais'd her ſo,
In that high taſk hath done her beauty wrong,
Which far exceeds his barren ſkill to ſhow.
Therefore that praiſe which Collatine doth owe,
Inchanted Tarquin anſwers with ſurmiſe,
In ſilent wonder of ſtill gazing eyes.

This earthly ſaint, adored by this devil,
Little ſuſpected the falſe worſhipper;
For thoughts unſtain'd do ſeldom dream of evil,
Birds never lim'd, no ſecret buſhes fear:
So guiltleſs ſhe ſecurely gives good cheer,
And reverend welcome to her princely gueſt,
Whoſe inward ill no outward harm expreſt.

For that he colour'd with his high eſtate,
Hiding baſe ſin in pleats of majeſty,
That nothing in him ſeem'd inordinate,
Save ſometime too much wonder of his eye:
Which having all, all could not ſatisfy;
But poorly rich ſo wanteth in his ſtore,
That cloy'd with much, he pineth ſtill for more.

But ſhe that never cop'd with ſtranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
Nor read the ſubtle ſhining ſecreſies
Writ in the glaſſy margents of ſuch books.
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks;
Nor could ſhe moralize his wanton ſight
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He ſtories to her ears her huſband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;
And decks with praiſes Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
With bruiſed arms and wreaths of victory.
Her joy with heav'd up hand ſhe doth expreſs,
And wordleſs, ſo greets heaven for his ſucceſs.

Far from the purpoſe of his coming thither,
He makes excuſes for his being there;
No cloudy ſhow of ſtormy bluſt'ring weather,
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear,
Till ſable night, mother of dread and fear,
Upon the world dim darkneſs doth diſplay,
And in her vaulty priſon ſhuts the day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending wearineſs with heavy ſprite;
For after ſupper long he queſtioned
With modeſt Lucrece, and wore out the night,
Now leaden ſlumber with life's ſtrength doth fight,
And every one to reſt themſelves betake,
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds that wake.

As one of which, doth Tarquin lie revolving,
The ſundry dangers of his will's obtaining,

Yet ever to obtain his will reſolving,
Though weak built hopes perſuade him to abſtaining:
Deſpair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining:
And when great treaſure is the meed propos'd,
Though death be adjunct, there's no death ſuppos'd.

Thoſe that much covet are of gain ſo fond,
That what they have not (that which they poſſeſs)
They ſcatter and unlooſe it from their bond,
And ſo by hoping more they have but leſs;
Or gaining more the profit of exceſs
Is but to ſurfeit, and ſuch griefs ſuſtain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurſe the life
With honour, wealth and eaſe, in waining age:
And in this aim there is ſuch thwarting ſtrife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage:
As life for honour in fell battles rage,
Honour for wealth, and oft that wealth doth coſt
The death of all, and altogether loſt.

So that in vent'ring all, we leave to be
The things we are for that which we expect:
And this ambitious foul infirmity,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have: ſo then we do neglect
The thing we have, and all for want of wit,
Make ſomething nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now muſt doting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his luſt:
And for himſelf, himſelf he muſt forſake;
Then where is truth, if there be no ſelf-truſt?
When ſhall he think to find a ſtranger juſt,
When he himſelf, himſelf confounds, betrays
To ſland'rous tongues the wretched hateful lays?

Now ſtole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy ſleep had clos'd up mortal eyes;
No comfortable ſtar did lend his light,

No noiſe but owls, and wolves death-boding cries:
Now ſerves the ſeaſon, that they may ſurpriſe
The ſilly lambs; pure thoughts are dead and ſtill,
While luſt and murder wakes, to ſtain and kill.

And now this luſtful lord leapt from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm,
Is madly toſs'd beeween deſire and dread;
Th' one ſweetly flatters, the other feareth harm:
But honeſt fear, bewitch'd with luſt's foul charms,
Doth too, too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-ſick rude deſire.

His falchion on a flint he ſoftly ſmiteth,
That from the cold ſtone ſparks of fire do fly,
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which muſt be load-ſtar to his luſtful eye,
And to the flame thus ſpeaks adviſedly;
"As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,
"So Lucrece muſt I force to my deſire."

Here pale with fear, he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathſome enterpriſe;
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following ſorrow may on this ariſe:
Then looking ſcornfully, he doth deſpiſe
His naked armour of ſtill ſlaughter'd luſt,
And juſtly thus controls his thoughts unjuſt.

"Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
"To darken her, whoſe light excelleth thine:
"And die unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
"With your uncleanneſs, that which is divine.
"Offer pure incenſe to ſo pure a ſhrine:
"Let fair Humanity abhor the deed,
"That ſpots and ſtains Love's modeſt ſnow-white weed.

"O ſhame to knighthood, and to ſhining arms!
"O foul diſhonour to my houſehold's grave!
"O impious act, including all foul harms
"A martial man to be ſoft fancy's ſlave!
"True valour ſtill a true reſpect ſhould have.

" Then my digreſſion is ſo vile, ſo baſe,
" That it will live engraven in my face.

" Yea, tho' I die, the ſcandal will ſurvive,
" And be an eye-ſore in my golden coat:
" Some loathſome daſh the herald will contrive,
" To cypher me how fondly I did dote:
" That my poſterity, ſham'd with the note,
" Shall curſe my bones, and hold it for no ſin,
" To wiſh that I their father had not been.

" What win I, if I gain the thing I ſeek?
" A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
" Who buys a minute's mirth, to wail a week?
" Or ſells eternity, to get a toy?
" For one ſweet grape, who will the wine deſtroy?
" Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
" Would with the ſceptre ſtrait be ſtrucken down?

" If Collatinus dream of my intent,
" Will he not wake, and in a deſperate rage
" Poſt hither, this vile purpoſe to prevent?
" This ſiege that hath ingirt his marriage,
" This blur to youth, this ſorrow to the ſage,
" This dying virtue, this ſurviving ſhame,
" Whoſe crime will bear an ever-during blame.

" O what excuſe can my invention make,
" When thou ſhalt charge me with ſo black a deed!
" Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints ſhake?
" Mine eyes forego their light, my falſe heart bleed?
" The guilt being great, the fear doth ſtill exceed,
" And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
" But coward-like with trembling terror die.

" Had Collatinus kill'd my ſon or ſire,
" Or lain in ambuſh to betray my life;
" Or were he not my dear friend, this deſire
" Might have excuſe to work upon his wife,
" As in revenge or quital of ſuch ſtrife;
" But as he is my kinſman, my dear friend,
" The ſhame and fault finds no excuſe, nor end.

" Shameful it is, if the fact be known ;
" Hateful it is ; there is no hate in loving.
" I'll beg her love ; but she is not her own :
" The worst is but denial, and reproving.
" My will is strong, past reason's weak removing.
" Who fears a sentence, or an old man's saw,
" Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe."

Thus (graceless) holds he disputation,
'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will ;
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worser sense for vantage still :
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,
That what is vile, shews like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, " she took me kindly by the hand,
" And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,
" Fearing some hard news from the warlike band,
" Where her belov'd Collatinus lies,
" O how her fear did make her colour rise !
" First, red as roses, that on lawn we lay,
" Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

" And now her hand in my hand being lock'd,
" Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear :
" Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
" Until her husband's welfare she did hear ;
" Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,
" That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
" Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

" Why hunt I then for colour or excuses ?
" All orators are dumb, when beauty pleadeth ;
" Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses ;
" Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth.
" Affection is my captain, and he leads ;
" And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
" The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

" Then childish fear avant ! debating die !
" Respect and reason wait on wrinkled age !

" My heart ſhall never countermand mine eye,
" Sad pauſe, and deep regard beſeems the ſage;
" My part is youth, and beats theſe from the ſtage.
" Deſire my pilot is, beauty my prize;
" Then who fears ſinking where ſuch treaſure lies?"

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, ſo heedful fear
Is almoſt choak'd by unreſiſted luſt,
Away he ſteals with open liſt'ning ear,
Full of foul hope, and full of fond miſtruſt;
Both which, as ſervitors to the unjuſt,
So croſs him with their oppoſite perſuaſion,
That now he vows a league, and now invaſion.

Within his thought her heavenly image ſits,
And in the ſelf-ſame ſeat ſits Collatine:
That eye which looks on her, confounds his wit;
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view ſo falſe will not incline:
But with a pure appeal ſeeks to the heart,
Which, once corrupted, takes the worſer part.

And therein heartens up his ſervile powers,
Who flatter'd by their leaders jocund ſhow,
Stuff up his luſt, as minutes fill up hours;
And as their captain ſo their pride doth grow,
Paying more ſlaviſh tribute than they owe.
By reprobate deſire thus madly led,
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforc'd, retires his ward;
But as they open, they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping thief to ſome regard:
The threſhold grates the door to have him heard;
Night-wand'ring weazels ſhriek to ſee him there,
They fright him, yet he ſtill purſues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place,
The wind wars with his torch to make him ſtay,
And blows the ſmoke of it into his face,
Extinguiſhing his conduct in this caſe,

But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch.

And being lighted by the light, he spies
Lucrecia's glove, wherein her needle sticks;
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
And gripping it, the needle his finger pricks:
As who should say, this glove to wanton tricks
Is not inur'd; return again in haste,
Thou seest our mistress' ornaments are chaste.

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him,
He in the worst sense construes their denial:
The doors, the wind, the glove that did delay him,
He takes for accidental things of trial,
Or as those bars, which stop the hourly dial;
Who with a ling'ring stay his course doth let,
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

"So, so," quoth he, "these lets attend the time,
"Like little frosts that sometimes threat the spring,
"To add a more rejoicing to the prime,
"And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing,
"Pain pays the income of each precious thing; [sands,
"Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and
"The merchant fears, e'er rich at home he lands."

Now is he come unto the chamber-door,
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.
So from himself impiety hath wrought;
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited th' eternal power,
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,
And they would stand auspicious to the hour;
Even there he starts: quoth he, "I must deflour!
"The powers to whom I pray, abhor this fact,
"How can they then assist me in the act?

" Then love and fortune be my gods, my guide,
" My will is back'd with reſolution:
" Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be try'd,
" The blackeſt ſin is clear'd with abſolution;
" Againſt love's fire, fear's froſt hath diſſolution.
" The eye of heaven is out, and miſty night
" Covers the ſhame, that follows ſweet delight."

This ſaid, the guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide;
The dove ſleeps faſt, that this night-owl will catch;
Thus treaſon works e'er traitors be eſpy'd.
Who ſees the lurking ſerpent, ſteps aſide;
But ſhe ſound-ſleeping, fearing no ſuch thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal ſting.

Into the chamber wickedly he ſtalks,
And gazeth on her yet unſtained bed:
The curtains being cloſe, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eye-balls in his head,
By their high treaſon in his heart miſled;
Which gives the watch-word to his hand full ſoon,
To draw the cloud that hides the ſilver moon.

Look as the fair, and fiery-pointed ſun,
Ruſhing from forth a cloud, bereaves our ſight;
E'en ſo, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
To wink, being blinded with the greater light:
Whether it is, that ſhe reflects ſo bright,
That dazzleth them, or elſe ſome ſhame ſuppoſed;
But blind they are, and keep themſelves incloſed.

O had they in that darkſome priſon died!
Then had they ſeen the period of their ill;
Then Collatine again by Lucrece' ſide,
In his clear bed might have repoſed ſtill.
But they muſt ope, this bleſſed league to kill;
And holy-thoughted Lucrece, to their ſight
Muſt ſell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her roſy cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiſs;

Who therefore angry, ſeems to part in ſunder,
Swelling on either ſide to want his bliſs:
Between whoſe hills, her head intombed is;
Where like a virtuous monument ſhe lies,
To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was
On the green coverlet, whoſe perfect white
Shew'd like an April daiſy on the graſs,
With pearly ſweat, reſembling dew of night.
Her eyes like marigolds had ſheath'd their light,
And canopy'd in darkneſs ſweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair like golden threads play'd with her breath;
O modeſt wantons! wanton modeſty!
Shewing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality.
Each in her ſleep themſelves ſo beautify,
As if between them twain there were no ſtrife,
But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Her breaſts like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,
Save of their lord, no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honoured.
Theſe worlds, in Tarquin, new ambition bred,
Who like a foul uſurper went about,
From this fair throne to have the owner out.

What could he ſee, but mightily he noted?
What did he note, but ſtrongly he deſir'd?
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his wilful eye he tir'd.
With more than admiration he admir'd
Her azure veins, her alabaſter ſkin,
Her coral lips, her ſnow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conqueſt ſatisfy'd:
So o'er this ſleeping ſoul doth Tarquin ſtay,

His rage of luſt by gazing qualify'd,
Slack'd, not ſuppreſt; for ſtanding by her ſide,
His eye which late this mutiny reſtrains,
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins.

And they, like ſtraggling ſlaves for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vaſſals, fell exploits effecting,
In bloody death and raviſhment delighting,
Nor children's tears, nor mother's groans reſpecting,
Swell in their pride, the onſet ſtill expecting.
Anon his beating heart alarum ſtriking,
Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye;
His eye commends the leading to his hand;
His hand, as proud of ſuch a dignity,
Smoaking with pride, march'd on to make his ſtand
On her bare breaſts, the heart of all her land;
Whoſe ranks of blue veins, as his hand did ſcale,
Left their round turrets deſtitute and pale.

They muſt'ring to the quiet cabinet,
Where their dear governeſs and lady lies:
Do tell her ſhe is dreadfully beſet,
And fright her with confuſion of their cries.
She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes:
Who peeping forth, this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night,
From forth dull ſleep by dreadful fancy waking,
That thinks ſhe hath beheld ſome ghaſtly ſprite,
Whoſe grim aſpect ſets every joint a ſhaking,
What terror 'tis? but ſhe in worſer taking,
From ſleep diſturbed, heedfully doth view
The ſight, which makes ſuppoſed terror true.

Wrapt and confounded in a thouſand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird ſhe trembling lies:
She dares not look, yet winking there appears
Quick-ſhifting antics ugly in her eyes,
Such ſhadows are the weak brain's forgeries;

Who angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
In darkneſs daunts them with more dreadful ſights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breaſt,
(Rude ram! to batter ſuch an ivory wall)
May feel her heart (poor citizen!) diſtreſt,
Wounding itſelf to death, riſe up, and fall,
Beating her bulk that his hand ſhakes withal.
This moves in him more rage, and leſſer pity,
To make the breach, and enter this ſweet city.

Firſt like a trumpet doth his tongue begin
To ſound a parly to his heartleſs foe,
Who o'er the white ſheet peers her whiter chin,
The reaſon of this raſh alarm to know,
Which he by dumb demeanor ſeeks to ſhew;
But ſhe with vehement prayers urgeth ſtill,
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: "The colour in thy face,
"That e'en for anger makes the lily pale,
"And the red roſe bluſh at her own diſgrace,
"Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale.
"Under that colour I am come to ſcale
"Thy never-conquer'd fort, the fault is thine,
"For thoſe thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

"Thus I foreſtal thee, if thou mean to chide:
"Thy beauty hath enſnar'd thee to this night,
"Where thou with patience muſt my will abide;
"My will, that marks thee for my earth's delight,
"Which I to conquer ſought with all my might.
"But as reproof and reaſon beat it dead,
"By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

"I ſee what croſſes my attempt will bring;
"I know what thorns the growing roſe defends;
"I think the honey guarded with a ſting.
"All this before-hand counſel comprehends;
"But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends.
"Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
"And dotes on what he looks, 'gainſt law or duty.

" I have debated even in my ſoul,
" What wrong, what ſhame, what ſorrow I ſhall breed;
" But nothing can affection's courſe control,
" Or ſtop the headlong fury of his ſpeed.
" I know repentant tears inſue the deed,
" Reproach, diſdain, and deadly enmity;
" Yet ſtrive I to embrace mine infamy."

This ſaid, he ſhakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which like a falcon tow'ring in the ſkies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings ſhade,
Whoſe crooked beak threats, if he mount, he dies:
So under the inſulting falchion lies
Harmleſs Lucrecia, marking what he tells,
With trembling fears, as fowls hear falcon's bells.

" Lucrece," quoth he, " this night I muſt enjoy thee,
" If thou deny, then force muſt work my way;
" For in thy bed I purpoſe to deſtroy thee.
" That done, ſome worthleſs ſlave of thine I'll ſlay,
" To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;
" And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
" Swearing I ſlew him, ſeeing thee embrace him.

" So thy ſurviving huſband ſhall remain
" The ſcornful mark of every open eye;
" Thy kinſmen hang their heads at this diſdain,
" Thy iſſue blurr'd with nameleſs baſtardy;
" And thou the author of their obloquy,
" Shalt have thy treſpaſs cited up in rhimes,
" And ſung by children in ſucceeding times.

" But if thou yield, I reſt thy ſecret friend,
" The fault unknown is, as a thought unacted;
" A little harm done to a great good end,
" For lawful policy remains enacted.
" The poiſonous ſimple ſometimes is compacted
" In a pure compound; being ſo apply'd,
" His venom in effect is purify'd.

" Then for thy huſband, and thy children's ſake,
" Tender my ſuit, bequeath not to their lot

" The ſhame, that from them no device can take,
" The blemiſh that will never be forgot,
" Worſe than a ſlaviſh wipe, or birth-hour's blot;
" For marks deſcrib'd in men's nativity,
" Are nature's faults, not their own infamy."

Here with a cockatrice, dead-killing eye,
He rouſeth up himſelf, and makes a pauſe;
While ſhe, the picture of pure piety,
Like a white hind, under the gripe's ſharp claws,
Pleads in a wilderneſs, where are no laws,
To the rough beaſt, that knows no gentle right,
Nor ought obeys but his foul appetite.

Look when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat,
In his dim miſt th' aſpiring mountains hiding,
From earth's dark womb ſome gentle guſt doth get,
Which blow theſe pitchy vapours from their biding,
Hind'ring their preſent fall by this dividing.
So his unhallow'd haſte her words delays,
And moody Pluto wink while Orpheus plays.

Yet foul night-waking cat he doth but dally,
While in his hold-faſt foot the weak mouſe panteth
Her ſad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,
A ſwallowing gulf, that e'en in plenty wanteth.
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining;
Tears harden luſt, tho' marble wear with raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are ſadly fix'd
In the remorſeleſs wrinkles of his face:
Her modeſt eloquence with ſighs is mix'd,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place,
And midſt the ſentence ſo her accent breaks,
That twice ſhe doth begin e'er once ſhe ſpeaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove;
By knighthood, gentry, and ſweet friendſhip's oath;
By her untimely tears, her huſband's love:

By holy human law, and common troth;
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both;
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And ſtoop to honour, not to foul deſire.

Quoth ſhe, "Reward not hoſpitality
"With ſuch black payment as thou haſt pretended;
"Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee,
"Mar not the thing that cannot be amended:
"End thy ill aim, before thy ſuit be ended.
"He is no wood-man that doth bend his bow,
"To ſtrike a poor unſeaſonable doe.

"My huſband is thy friend, for his ſake ſpare me;
"Thyſelf art mighty, for thine own ſake leave me;
"Myſelf a weakling, do not then inſnare me;
"Thou look'ſt not like deceit, do not deceive me,
"My ſighs like whirlwinds labour hence to heave thee.
"If ever man was mov'd with woman's moans,
"Be moved with my tears, my ſighs, my groans.

"All which together, like a troubled ocean,
"Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threat'ning heart,
"To ſoften it with their continual motion;
"For ſtones diſſolv'd to water do convert.
"O! if no harder than a ſtone thou art,
"Melt at my tears, and be compaſſionate!
"Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

"In Tarquin's likeneſs I did entertain thee,
"Haſt thou put on his ſhape to do him ſhame?
"To all the hoſt of heaven I complain me;
"Thou wrong'ſt his honour, wound'ſt his princely name:
"Thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt; and if the ſame,
"Thou ſeem'ſt not what thou art, a god, a king;
"For kings, like gods, ſhould govern every thing.

"How will thy ſhame be ſeeded in thine age,
"When thus thy vices bud before thy ſpring?
"If in thy hope thou dar'ſt do ſuch outrage,
"What dar'ſt thou not, when once thou art a king!
"O! be remember'd no outrageous thing

" From vaſſal actors can be wip'd away,
" Then kings miſdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

" This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear,
" But happy monarchs ſtill are fear'd for love;
" With foul offenders thou perforce muſt bear,
" When they in thee the like offences prove:
" If but for fear of this, thy will remove;
" For princes are the glaſs, the ſchool, the book,
" Where ſubjects eyes do learn, do read, do look.

" And wilt thou be the ſchool where luſt ſhall learn?
" Muſt he in thee read lectures of ſuch ſhame?
" Wilt thou be glaſs wherein it ſhall diſcern
" Authority for ſin, warrant for blame?
" To privilege diſhonour in thy name,
" Thou back'ſt reproach againſt long-living laud,
" And mak'ſt fair reputation but a bawd.

" Haſt thou command? by him that gave it thee
" From a pure heart command thy rebel will:
" Draw not thy ſword to guard iniquity,
" For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
" Thy princely office how canſt thou fulfil,
" When pattern'd by thy fault, foul Sin may ſay,
" He learn'd to ſin, and thou didſt teach the way.

" Think but how vile a ſpectacle it were,
" To view thy preſent treſpaſs in another:
" Men's faults do ſeldom to themſelves appear,
" Their own tranſgreſſions partially they ſmother:
" This guilt would ſeem death-worthy in thy brother.
" O! how are they wrapt in with infamies,
" That from their own miſdeeds aſkance their eyes!

" To thee, to thee, my heav'd up hands appeal,
" Not to ſeducing luſt thy raſh relier;
" I ſue for exil'd majeſty's repeal,
" Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire.
" His true reſpect will priſon falſe deſire,
" And wipe the dim miſt from thy doting eyne,
" That thou ſhalt ſee thy ſtate, and pity mine.

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" Have done," quoth he, " my uncontrolled tide
" Turns not, but ſwells the higher by this let;
" Small lights are ſoon blown out, huge fires abide,
" And with the wind in greater fury fret:
" The petty ſtreams that pay a daily debt
" To their ſalt ſovereign with their freſh falſe haſte,
" Add to his flow, but alter not his taſte."

" Thou art," quoth ſhe, " a ſea, a ſovereign king,
" And lo! there falls into thy boundleſs flood
" Black luſt, diſhonour, ſhame, miſgoverning,
" Who ſeek to ſtain the ocean of thy blood.
" If all theſe petty ills ſhould change thy good,
" The ſea within a puddle's womb is herſed,
" And not the puddle in thy ſea diſperſed.

" So ſhall theſe ſlaves be king, and thou their ſlave;
" Thou nobly baſe, they baſely dignified;
" Thou their fair life, and they their fouler grave;
" Thou loathed in thy ſhame, they in thy pride:
" The leſſer thing ſhould not the greater hide.
" The cedar ſtoops not to the baſe ſhrub's foot,
" But low ſhrubs wither at the cedar's root.

" So let thy thoughts, low vaſſals to thy ſtate,—"
" No more," quoth he, " by heaven I will not hear thee:
" Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,
" Inſtead of love's coy touch, ſhall rudely tear thee:
" That done, deſpitefully I mean to bear thee
" Unto the baſe bed of ſome raſcal groom,
" To be thy partner in this ſhameful doom."

This ſaid, he ſets his foot upon the light,
For light and luſt are deadly enemies:
Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
When moſt unſeen, then moſt doth tyrannize.
The wolf has ſeiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries,
Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd,
Intombs her outcry in her lips ſweet fold.

Fo rwith the nightly linen that ſhe wears,
H epens her piteous clamours in her head,

Cooling his hot face in the chaſteſt tears
That ever modeſt eyes with ſorrow ſhed.
O that prone luſt ſhould ſtain ſo pure a bed!
The ſpots whereof, could weeping purify,
Her tears ſhould drop on them perpetually.

But ſhe hath loſt a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would loſe again;
This forced league doth force a further ſtrife,
This momentary joy breeds months of pain,
This hot deſire converts to cold diſdain.
Pure Chaſtity is rifled of her ſtore,
And Luſt, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look as the full-fed hound, or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender ſmell, or ſpeedy flight,
Make ſlow purſuit, or altogether balk
The prey wherein by nature they delight:
So ſurfeit-taking Tarquin fears this night;
His taſte delicious, in digeſtion ſouring,
Devours his will, that liv'd by foul devouring.

O! deeper ſin, than bottomleſs conceit
Can comprehend in ſtill imagination!
Drunken Deſire muſt vomit his receipt,
E'er he can ſee his own abomination.
While Luſt is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curb his heat, or reign his raſh deſire,
'Till, like a jade, Self-will himſelf doth tire.

And then with lank and lean diſcolour'd cheek,
With heavy eye, knit brow, and ſtrengthleſs pace,
Feeble Deſire, all recreant, poor and meek,
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his caſe:
The fleſh being proud, Deſire doth fight with Grace.
For there it revels, and when that decays,
The guilty rebel for remiſſion prays.

So fares it with this fault-full Lord of Rome,
Who this accompliſhment ſo hotly chas'd;
For now againſt himſelf he ſounds this doom,

That thro' the length of times he ſtands diſgrac'd:
Beſides, his ſoul's fair temple is defac'd;
To whoſe weak ruins muſter troops of cares,
To aſk the ſpotted princeſs how ſhe fares.

She ſays, her ſubjects with foul inſurrection
Have batter'd down her conſecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in ſubjection
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death, and pain perpetual:
Which in her preſcience ſhe controlled ſtill,
But her foreſight could not fore-ſtall their will.

E'en in this thought thro' the dark night he ſtealeth,
A captive victor, that hath loſt in gain:
Bearing away the wound, that nothing healeth,
The ſcar that will, deſpite of cure, remain:
Leaving his ſpoil perplex'd in greater pain.
She bears the load of luſt he left behind,
And he the burden of a guilty mind.

He, like a thieviſh dog, creeps ſadly thence,
She, like a weary'd lamb, lies panting there:
He ſcowls and hates himſelf for his offence,
She, deſperate, with her nails her fleſh doth tear:
He faintly flies, ſweating with guilty fear;
She ſtays, exclaiming on the direful night,
He runs, and chides his vaniſh'd loath'd delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite;
She there remains a hopeleſs caſt away:
He in his ſpeed looks for the morning-light;
She prays ſhe never may behold the day:
"For day," quoth ſhe, "night-ſcapes doth open lay;
"And my true eyes have never practis'd how
"To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

"They think not but that every eye can ſee
"The ſame diſgrace, which they themſelves behold;
"And therefore would they ſtill in darkneſs be,
"To have their unſeen ſin remain untold.
"For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,

" And grave, like water that doth eat in ſteel,
" Upon my cheeks what helpleſs ſhame they feel."

Here ſhe exclaims againſt repoſe and reſt,
And bids her eyes hereafter ſtill be blind:
She wakes her heart, by beating on her breaſt,
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer cheſt to cloſe ſo pure a mind.
Frantic with grief, thus breathes ſhe forth her ſpight
Againſt the unſeen ſecreſy of night.

" O comfort-killing night! image of hell!
" Dim regiſter! and notary of ſhame!
" Black ſtage for tragedies and murders fell!
" Vaſt ſin-concealing Chaos! nurſe of Blame!
" Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour of defame!
" Grim cave of death! whiſpering conſpirator
" With clos'd tongu'd treaſon, and the raviſher!

" O hateful, vaporous, and foggy night!
" Since thou art guilty of my cureleſs crime,
" Muſter thy miſts to meet the eaſtern light,
" Make war againſt proportion'd courſe of time:
" Or if thou wilt permit the ſun to climb
" His wonted height, yet e'er he go to bed,
" Knit poiſonous clouds about his golden head.

" With rotten damps raviſh the morning air,
" Let their exhal'd unwholeſome breaths make ſick
" The life of Purity, the ſupreme fair,
" E'er he arrives his weary noon-tide prick:
" And let thy miſty vapours march ſo thick,
" That in their ſmoaky ranks his ſmother'd light
" May ſet at noon, and make perpetual night.

" Were Tarquin night, as he is but night's child,
" The ſilver ſhining queen he would diſdain;
" Her twinkling handmaids too (by him defil'd)
" Thro' night's black boſom ſhould not peep again.
" So ſhould I have co-partners in my pain:
" And fellowſhip in woe doth woe aſſuage,
" As palmers that make ſhort their pilgrimage.

" Where now? have I no one to bluſh with me?
" To croſs their arms, and hang their heads with mine;
" To maſk their brows, and hide their infamy.
" But I alone, alone muſt ſit and pine;
" Seaſoning the earth with ſhowers of ſilver brine:
" Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
" Poor waſting monuments of laſting moans.

" O Night! thou furnace of foul-reeking ſmoke!
" Let not the jealous day behold that face,
" Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
" Immodeſtly lies martyr'd with diſgrace.
" Keep ſtill poſſeſſion of thy gloomy place,
" That all the faults, which in thy reign are made,
" May likewiſe be ſepulchred in thy ſhade.

" Make me not object to the tell-tale day;
" The light will ſhew character'd in my brow,
" The ſtory of ſweet Chaſtity's decay,
" The impious breach of holy wedlock's vow.
" Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
" To cypher what is writ in learned books,
" Will quote my loathſome treſpaſs in my looks.

" The nurſe, to ſtill her child, will tell my ſtory,
" And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name:
" The orator, to deck his oratory,
" Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's ſhame.
" Feaſt-finding minſtrels, tuning my defame,
" Will tye the hearers to attend each line,
" How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

" Let my good name, that ſenſeleſs reputation,
" For Collatine's dear love be kept unſpotted;
" If that be made a theme for diſputation,
" The branches of another root are rotted,
" And undeſerv'd reproach to him allotted,
" That is as clear from this attaint of mine,
" As I, e'er this, was pure to Collatine.

" O unſeen ſhame! inviſible diſgrace!
" O unfelt ſore! creſt-wounding private ſcar!
" Reproach is ſtampt in Collatinus' face,

" And Tarquin's eye may read the mote afar,
" How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
" Alas! how many bear ſuch ſhameful blows,
" Which not themſelves, but he that gives them, knows?

" If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
" From me, by ſtrong aſſault, it is bereft:
" My honey loſt, and I a drone-like bee,
" Have no perfection of my ſummer left,
" But robb'd and ranſack'd by injurious theft:
" In thy weak hive a wand'ring waſp hath crept,
" And ſuck'd the honey which thy chaſte bee kept.

" Yet am I guiltleſs of thy honour's wreck?
" Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;
" Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
" For it had been diſhonour to diſdain him.
" Beſides, of wearineſs he did complain him,
" And talk'd of virtue: O unlook'd for evil!
" When virtue is profan'd in ſuch a devil!

" Why ſhould the worm intrude the maiden bud?
" Or hateful cuckows hatch in ſparrow's neſt's?
" Or toads infect fair founts with venom'd mud?
" Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breaſts?
" Or kings be breakers of their own beheſts?
" But no perfection is ſo abſolute,
" That ſome impurity doth not pollute.

" The aged man, that coffers up his gold,
" Is plagu'd with cramps, and gouts, and painful fits;
" And ſcarce hath eyes his treaſure to behold:
" But ſtill like pining Tantalus he ſits,
" And uſeleſs bans the harveſt of his wits,
" Having no other pleaſure of his gain,
" But torment, that it cannot cure his pain.

" So then he hath it, when he cannot uſe it,
" And leaves it to be maſter'd by his young,
" Who in their pride do preſently abuſe it:
" Their father was too weak, and they too ſtrong,
" To hold their curſed bleſſed fortune long.

" The ſweets we wiſh for, turn to loathed ſours,
" E'en in the moment that we call them ours.

" Unruly blaſts wait on the tender ſpring;
" Unwholeſome weeds take root with precious flowers;
" The adder hiſſeth where the ſweet birds ſing;
" What virtue breeds, iniquity devours:
" We have no good, that we can ſay is ours:
" But ill-annexed Opportunity,
" Or kills his life, or elſe his quality.

" O! Opportunity! thy guilt is great;
" 'Tis thou that executes the traitor's treaſon;
" Thou ſet'ſt the wolf where he the lamb may get;
" Whoever plots the ſin, thou point'ſt the ſeaſon:
" 'Tis thou that ſpurn'ſt at right, at law, at reaſon;
" And in thy ſhady cell, where none may ſpy her,
" Sits Sin to ſeize the ſouls, that wander by her.

" Thou mak'ſt the veſtal violate her oath;
" Thou blow'ſt the fire when Temperance is thaw'd:
" Thou ſmother'ſt Honeſty, thou murder'ſt Troth;
" Thou foul abettor, thou notorious bawd!
" Thou planteſt Scandal, and diſplaceſt Laud:
" Thou raviſher, thou traitor, thou falſe thief!
" Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief.

" Thy ſecret pleaſure turns to open ſhame;
" Thy private feaſting to a public faſt;
" Thy ſmoothing titles to a ragged name;
" Thy ſugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taſte:
" Thy violent vanities can never laſt.
" How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
" Being ſo bad, ſuch numbers ſeek for thee?

" When wilt thou be the humble ſuppliant's friend,
" And bring him where his ſuit may be obtain'd?
" When wilt thou ſort an hour great ſtrifes to end?
" Or free that ſoul, which wretchedneſs hath chain'd?
" Give phyſic to the ſick, eaſe to the pain'd?
" The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee?
" But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

" The patient dies while the phyſician ſleeps;
" The orphan pines while the oppreſſor feeds:
" Juſtice is feaſting while the widow weeps;
" Advice is ſporting while infection breeds:
" Thou grant'ſt no time for charitable deeds.
" Wrath, Envy, Treaſon, Rape, and Murders rages;
" Thy heinous hours wait on them, as their pages.

" When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
" A thouſand croſſes keep them from thy aid;
" They buy thy help: but Sin ne'er gives a fee;
" He gratis comes, and thou art well apaid,
" As well to hear, as grant what he hath ſaid:
" My Collatine would elſe have come to me,
" When Tarquin did; but he was ſtaid by thee.

" Guilty thou art of murder, and of theft;
" Guilty of perjury and ſubornation;
" Guilty of treaſon, forgery and ſhift;
" Guilty of inceſt, that abomination;
" An acceſſary by thine inclination
" To all ſins paſt, and all that are to come,
" From the creation to the general doom.

" Miſhapen Time, copeſmate of ugly Night;
" Swift ſubtle poſt, carrier of griſly Care;
" Eater of youth, falſe ſlave to falſe Delight, [ſnare:
" Baſe watch of woes, Sin's pack-horſe, Virtue's
" Thou nurſeſt all, and murdereſt all that are.
" O! hear me then, injurious ſhifting Time!
" Be guilty of my death, ſince of my crime.

" Why hath thy ſervant Opportunity
" Betray'd the Hours, thou gav'ſt me to repoſe?
" Cancel'd my fortunes, and enchained me
" To endleſs date of never-ending woes?
" Time's office is to find the hate of foes,
" To eat up Error, by Opinion bred;
" Not ſpend the dowry of a lawful bed.

" Time's glory is to calm contending kings;
" To unmaſk falſhood, and bring truth to light;

" To ſtamp the ſeal of time on aged things ;
" To wake the morn, and centinel the night ;
" To wrong the wronger, till he render right ;
" To ruinate proud buildings, with thy hours,
" And ſmear with duſt their glittering golden towers :

" To fill with worm-holes ſtately monuments ;
" To feed oblivion with decay of things ;
" To blot old books, and alter their contents ;
" To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings ;
" To dry the old oak's ſap, and cheriſh ſprings ;
" To ſpoil antiquities of hammer'd ſteel,
" And turn the giddy round of fortune's wheel :

" To ſhew the beldame daughters of her daughter ;
" To make the child a man, the man a child ;
" To ſlay the tiger, that doth live by ſlaughter ;
" To tame the unicorn, and lion wild ;
" To mock the ſubtle, in themſelves beguil'd ;
" To cheer the plowman with increaſeful crops,
" And waſte huge ſtones with little water-drops.

" Why work'ſt thou michief in thy pilgrimage,
" Unleſs thou could'ſt return to make amends ?
" One poor retiring minute in an age,
" Would purchaſe thee a thouſand thouſand friends ;
" Lending him wit, that to bad debtors lends. [back,
" O ! this dread night ! would'ſt thou one hour come
" I could prevent this ſtorm, and ſhun this wrack.

" Thou ceaſeleſs lacky to Eternity,
" With ſome miſchance croſs Tarquin in his flight ;
" Deviſe extremes beyond extremity,
" To make him curſe this curſed crimeful night :
" Let ghaſtly ſhadows his lewd eyes affright ;
" And the dire thought of his committed evil
" Shape every buſh a hideous ſhapeleſs devil.

" Diſturb his hours of reſt with reſtleſs trances ;
" Afflict him in his bed with bed-rid groans :
" Let there bechance him pitiful miſchances,
" To make him moan ; but pity not his moans :
" Stone him with harden'd hearts harder than ſtones ;

" And let mild women to him lose their mildness;
" Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

" Let him have time to tear his curled hair;
" Let him have time against himself to rave;
" Let him have time of time's help to despair;
" Let him have time to live a loathed slave;
" Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,
" And time to see one, that by alms doth live,
" Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

" Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
" And merry fools, to mock at him resort:
" Let him have time to mark how slow time goes,
" In time of sorrow; and how swift and short
" His time of folly, and his time of sport:
" And ever let his unrecalling crime
" Have time to wail th' abusing of his time.

" O! Time! thou tutor both to good and bad!
" Teach me to curse him, that thou taugh'st this ill;
" At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
" Himself, himself seek every hour to kill:
" Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill.
" For who so base would such an office have,
" As slanderous death's-man to so base a slave?

" The baser is he coming from a king,
" To shame his hope with deeds degenerate;
" The mightier man, the mightier is the thing,
" That makes him honour'd or begets him hate:
" For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
" The moon being clouded presently is mist;
" But little stars may hide them, when they list.

" The crow may bathe his cole-black wings in mire,
" And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away;
" But if the like the snow white swan desire,
" The stain upon his silver down will stay.
" Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day,
" Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
" But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

" Out idle words, ſervants to ſhallow fools!
" Unprofitable ſounds, weak arbitrators!
" Buſy yourſelves in ſkill contending ſchools;
" Debate, where leiſure ſerves, with dull debators:
" To trembling clients be you mediators:
" For me I force not argument a ſtraw,
" Since that my caſe is paſt the help of law.

" In vain I rail at Opportunity,
" At Time, at Tarquin, and unſearchful Night!
" In vain I cavil with mine infamy,
" In vain I ſpurn at my confirm'd deſpight:
" This helpleſs ſmoke of words doth me no right.
" The remedy indeed to do me good,
" Is to let forth my foul defiled blood.

" Poor hand! why quiver'ſt thou at this decree?
" Honour thyſelf to rid me of this ſhame:
" For if I die, my honour lives in thee;
" But if I live, thou liv'ſt in my defame;
" Since thou could not defend thy loyal dame,
" And waſt afraid to ſcratch her wicked foe,
" Kill both thyſelf, and her for yielding ſo."

This ſaid, from her betumbled couch ſhe ſtarteth,
To find ſome deſperate inſtrument of death;
But this no ſlaughter-houſe, no tool imparteth,
To make more vent for paſſage of her breath,
Which thronging through her lips ſo vaniſheth,
As ſmoke from Ætna, that in air conſumes,
Or that which from diſcharged cannon fumes.

" In vain," quoth ſhe, " I live, and ſeek in vain
" Some happy mean to end a hapleſs life:
" I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be ſlain;
" Yet for the ſelf-ſame purpoſe ſeek a knife:
" But when I fear'd I was a loyal wife;
" So am I now: Oh no! that cannot be;
" Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

" Oh! that is gone for which I ſought to live,
" And therefore now I need not fear to die;

" To clear this ſpot by death (at leaſt) I give
" A badge of fame to Slander's livery,
" A dying life to living infamy.
" Poor helpleſs help, the treaſure ſtol'n away,
" To burn the guiltleſs caſket where it lay!

" Well, well, dear Collatine! thou ſhalt not know
" The ſtained taſte of violated troth:
" I will not wrong thy true affection ſo,
" To flatter thee with an infringed oath:
" This baſtard graff ſhall never come to growth.
" He ſhall not boaſt, who did thy ſtock pollute,
" That thou art doating father of his fruit.

" Nor ſhall he ſmile at thee in ſecret thought,
" Nor laugh with his companions at thy ſtate:
" But thou ſhalt know thy intereſt was not bought,
" Baſely with gold, but ſtol'n from forth thy gate.
" For me, I am the miſtreſs of my fate,
" And with my treſpaſs never will diſpenſe,
" Till life to death acquit my firſt offence.

" I will not poiſon thee with my attaint,
" Nor fold my fault in cleanly coin'd excuſes;
" My ſable ground of ſin I will not paint,
" To hide the truth of this falſe night's abuſes:
" My tongue ſhall utter all; mine eyes, like ſluices,
" As from a mountain ſpring that feeds a dale,
" Shall guſh pure ſtreams to purge my impure tale."

By this lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly ſorrow;
And ſolemn Night with ſlow ſad gate deſcended
To ugly hell; when lo! the bluſhing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes, that light will borrow:
But cloudy Lucrece ſhames herſelf to ſee,
And therefore ſtill in night would cloiſter'd be.

Revealing Day through every cranny ſpies,
And ſeems to point her out where ſhe ſits weeping;
To whom ſhe ſobbing ſpeaks, " O! eye of eyes! [ing;
" Why pry'ſt thou through my window? Leave thy peep-

" Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are ſleeping.
" Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light;
" For day hath nought to do what's done by night."

Thus cavils ſhe with every thing ſhe ſees,
True grief is fond, and teſty as a child,
Who way-ward once, his mood with nought agrees.
Old woes, not infant ſorrows bear them mild;
Continuance tames the one, the other wild,
Like an unpractis'd ſwimmer, plunging ſtill,
With too much labour, drowns for want of ſkill.

So ſhe deep-drenched in a ſea of care,
Holds diſputation with each thing ſhe views;
And to herſelf all ſorrow doth compare,
No object but her paſſions ſtrength renews,
And as one ſhifts, another ſtraight enſues.
Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no words;
Sometime 'tis mad, and too much talk affords.

The little birds, that turn their mornings joy,
Make her moans mad with their ſweet melody.
For mirth doth ſearch the bottom of annoy?
Sad ſouls are ſlain in merry company;
Grief beſt is pleas'd with grief's ſociety.
True ſorrow then is feelingly ſurpris'd,
When with like ſemblance it is ſympathis'd.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of ſhore;
He ten times pines, that pines beholding food:
To ſee the ſalve doth make the wound ake more;
Great grief grieves moſt at that will do it good;
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
Which, being ſtopt, the bounding banks o'erflows:
Grief dallied with, nor law, nor limit knows.

" You mocking birds," quoth ſhe, " your tunes intomb
" Within your hollow ſwelling feather'd breaſts;
" And in my hearing be you mute and dumb;
" My reſtleſs diſcord loves no ſtops nor reſts;
" A woeful hoſteſs brooks not merry gueſts.

" Reliſh your nimble notes to pleaſing ears,
" Diſtreſs likes dumps, when time is kept with tears.

" Come Philomel, that ſing'ſt of raviſhment,
" Make thy ſad grove in my diſhevel'd hair:
" As the dank earth weeps at thy languiſhment,
" So I at each ſad ſtrain will ſtrain a tear,
" And with deep groans the diapaſon bear.
" For burden-wiſe I'll hum on Tarquin ſtill,
" While thou on Tercus deſcant'ſt better ſkill.

" And while againſt a thorn thou bear'ſt thy part,
" To keep thy ſharp woes waking; wretched I,
" To imitate thee well, againſt my heart
" Will fix a ſharp knife, to affright mine eye,
" Who if it wink, ſhall thereon fall and die.
" Theſe means, as frets upon an inſtrument,
" Shall tune our heart-ſtrings to true languiſhment.

" And for, poor bird, thou ſing'ſt not in the day,
" As ſhaming any eye ſhould thee behold;
" Some dark deep deſart ſeated from the way,
" That knows not parching heat, nor freezing cold,
" Will we find out; and there we will unfold
" To creatures ſtern, ſad tunes to change their kinds,
" Since men prove beaſts, let beaſts bear gentle minds."

As the poor frighted deer, that ſtands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly;
Or one incompaſs'd with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily:
So with herſelf is ſhe in mutiny,
To live or die, which of the twain were better,
When life is ſham'd, and death reproaches debtor.

" To kill myſelf," quoth ſhe, " alack! what were it,
" But with my body my poor ſoul's pollution?
" They that loſe half, with greater patience bear it,
" Than they whoſe whole is ſwallow'd in confuſion.
" That mother tries a mercileſs concluſion,
" Who having two ſweet babes, when death takes one
" Will ſlay the other, and be nurſe to none.

" My body, or my ſoul, which was the dearer,
" When the one pure, the other made divine?
" Whoſe love of either to myſelf was nearer,
" When both were kept from heaven, and Collatine?
" Ay me! the bark peal'd from the lofty pine,
" His leaves will wither, and his ſap decay;
" So muſt my ſoul, her bark being peal'd away.

" Her houſe is ſack'd, her quiet interrupted;
" Her manſion batter'd by the enemy,
" Her ſacred temple ſpotted, ſpoil'd, corrupted,
" Groſſly ingirt with daring infamy,
" Then let it not be call'd impiety,
" If in this blemiſh'd fort I make ſome hole,
" Through which I may convey this troubled ſoul.

" Yet die I will not, till my Collatine
" Have heard the cauſe of my untimely death;
" That he may vow, in that ſad hour of mine,
" Revenge on him that made me ſtop my breath.
" My ſtained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath.
" Which by him tainted ſhall for him be ſpent,
And as his due, writ in my teſtament.

" My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife,
" That wounds my body ſo diſhonoured:
" 'Tis honour to deprive diſhonour'd life;
" The one will live, the other being dead;
" So of ſhame's aſhes ſhall my fame be bred.
" For in my death I murder ſhameful ſcorn;
" My ſhame ſo dead, my honour is new born.

" Dear lord of that dear jewel I have loſt!
" What legacy ſhall I bequeath to thee!
" My reſolution, love, ſhall be thy boaſt,
" By whoſe example thou reveng'd may'ſt be:
" How Tarquin muſt be us'd, read it in me.
" Myſelf thy friend, will kill myſelf thy foe;
" And for my ſake ſerve thou falſe Tarquin ſo.

" This brief abridgement of my will I make:
" My ſoul and body to the ſkies, and ground;

" My reſolution (huſband) do you take;
" Mine honour be the knife's, that makes my wound:
" My ſhame be his, that did my fame confound;
" And all my fame that lives, diſburſed be
" To thoſe that live, and think no ſhame of me.

" Thou Collatine ſhall overſee this will,
" How was I overſeen that thou ſhalt ſee it?
" My blood ſhall waſh the ſlander of mine ill;
" My life's foul deed, my life's fair end ſhall free it.
" Faint not, faint heart, but ſtoutly ſay, ſo be it;
" Yield to my hand, my hand ſhall conquer thee;
" Thou dead, both die, and both ſhall victors be."

This plot of death when ſadly ſhe had laid,
And wip'd the briniſh pearl from her bright eyes;
With untun'd tongue ſhe hoarſly call'd her maid,
Whoſe ſwift obedience to her miſtreſs hies;
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies,
Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid ſeem ſo,
As winter meads, when ſun doth melt their ſnow.

Her miſtreſs ſhe doth give demure good-morrow,
With ſoft ſlow tongue, true mark of modeſty;
And ſorts a ſad look to her lady's ſorrow,
(For why, her face wore Sorrow's livery)
But durſt not aſk of her audaciouſly,
Why her two ſuns were cloud-eclipſed ſo:
Nor why her fair cheeks over-waſh'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the ſun being ſet,
Each flower moiſten'd like a melting eye:
Even ſo the maid with ſwelling drops 'gan wet
Her circled eyne, enforc'd by ſympathy
Of thoſe fair ſuns ſet in her miſtreſs' ſky;
Who in a ſalt-wav'd ocean quench'd their light,
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while theſe pretty creatures ſtand,
Like ivory conduits coral ciſterns filling:
One juſtly weeps, the other takes in hand

No cauſe, but company, of her drops ſpilling;
Their gentle ſex to weep are often willing;
Grieving themſelves to gueſs at other's ſmarts;
And then they drown their eyes, or break their hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen minds,
And therefore they are form'd as marble will:
The weak oppreſt, th' impreſſion of ſtrange kinds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or ſkill.
Then call them not the authors of their ill,
No more than wax ſhall be accounted evil,
Wherein is ſtampt the ſemblance of a devil.

Their ſmoothneſs, like a goodly Champain plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep;
In men, as in a rough-grown grove remain
Cave-keeping evils, that obſcurely ſleep;
Through chryſtal walls each little mote will peep.
Tho' men can cover crimes with bold ſtern looks,
Poor women's faces are their own faults books.

No man inveighs againſt the wither'd flower,
But chides rough winter, that the flower has kill'd;
Nor that's devour'd, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy blame; O let it not be hild
Poor womens faults, that they are ſo fulfill'd
With men's abuſes; thoſe proud lords to blame,
Make weak-made women tenants to their ſhame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view.
Aſſail'd by night with circumſtances ſtrong
Of preſent death and ſhame that might enſue,
By that her death to do her huſband wrong;
Such danger to reſiſtance did belong,
That dying fear thro' all her body ſpread,
And who cannot abuſe a body dead?

By this mild patience bid fair Lucrece ſpeak
To the poor Counterfeit of her complaining,
"My girl," quoth ſhe, "on what occaſion break
"Thoſe tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are
"If thou doſt weep for grief of my ſuſtaining, [raining?

" Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood ;
" If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

" But tell me, girl, when went," and there she staid
Till after a deep groan, " Tarquin from hence?
" Madam, e'er I was up," reply'd the maid,
" The more to blame my sluggard negligence :
" Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense ;
" Myself was stirring e'er the break of day,
" And e'er I rose was Tarquin gone away.

" But lady, if your maid may be so bold,
" She would request to know your heaviness."
" O peace!" quoth Lucrece, " if it should be told,
" The repetition cannot make it less ;
" For more it is than I can well express :
" And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,
" When more is felt than one has power to tell.

" Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen ;
" Yet save that labour, for I have them here :
" (What should I say ?) one of my husband's men
" Bid thou be ready by and by, to bear
" A letter to my lord, my love, my dear ;
" Bid him with speed prepare to carry it,
" The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ."

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill ;
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight,
What wit sets down is blotted straight with will ;
This is too curious good, this blunt and ill :
Much like a press of people at a door,
Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins : " Thou worthy lord
" Of that unworthy wife, that greeteth thee ;
" Health to thy person, next vouchsafe t' afford
" (If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see)
" Some present speed to come, and visit me.
" So I commend me from our house in grief ;
" My woes are tedious, tho' my words are brief."

Here folds she up the tenor of her woe,
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly:
By this short schedule Colatine may know
Her grief but not her grief's true quality;
She dares not thereof make discovery,
Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
Ere she with blood had stain'd her strain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She hords, to spend when he is by to hear her;
When sighs, and groans, and tears may grace the fashion
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
From that suspicion, which the world might bear her:
To shun this blot she would not blot the letter
With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more, than hear them told;
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion, that it doth behold;
When every part a part of woe doth bear,
'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear.
Deep sounds make lesser noise, than shallow fords;
And sorrow ebbs being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,
At Ardea to my lord with more than haste;
The post attends, and she delivers it,
Charging the sour-fac'd groom to hie as fast
As lagging fowls before the northern blast.
Speed more than speed, but dull and slow she deems;
Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain curtsies to her low,
And blushing on her with a stedfast eye,
Receives the scroll without or yea, or no,
And forthwith bashful innocence doth hie.
But they, whose guilt within their bosom lies,
Imagine every eye beholds their blame;
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame.

When, silly groom (God wot) it was defect
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity;

Such harmleſs creatures have a true reſpect
To talk in deeds, while others ſaucily
Promiſe more ſpeed, but do it leiſurely:
Even ſo this pattern of the worn-out age
Pawn'd honeſt looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her miſtruſt,
That two red fires in both their faces blaz'd.
She thought he bluſh'd as knowing Tarquin's luſt,
And bluſhing with him, wiſtly on him gaz'd;
Her earneſt eye did make him more amaz'd:
The more ſhe ſaw the blood his cheeks repleniſh,
The more ſhe thought he ſpy'd in her ſome blemiſh.

But long ſhe thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vaſſal ſcarce is gone;
The weary time ſhe cannot entertain,
For now 'tis ſtale to ſigh, to weep, and groan;
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
That ſhe her plaints a little while doth ſtay,
Pauſing for means to mourn ſome newer way.

At laſt ſhe calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of ſkilful painting made for Priam's Troy;
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape the city to deſtroy,
Threatning cloud-kiſſing Ilion with annoy;
Which the conceited painter drew ſo proud,
As heaven (it ſeem'd) to kiſs the turrets bow'd.

A thouſand lamentable objects there,
In ſcorn of nature, art gave lifeleſs life:
Many a dire drop ſeem'd a weeping tear
Shed for the ſlaughter'd huſband by the wife.
The red blood reek'd to ſhew the painter's ſtrife,
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their aſhy lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you ſee the labouring pioneer
Begrim'd with ſweat, and ſmeared all with duſt;
And from the towers of Troy there would appear
The very eyes of men thro' loop-holes thruſt,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little luſt.

Such ſweet obſervance in this work was had,
That one might ſee thoſe far-off eyes look ſad.

In great commanders, grace and majeſty,
You might behold triumphing in their faces;
In youth quick-bearing and dexterity:
And here and there the painter interlaces
Pale cowards marching on with trembling paces;
Which heartleſs peaſants did ſo well reſemble
That one would ſwear he ſaw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulyſſes, O! what art
Of phyſiognomy might one behold!
The face of either cypher'd either's heart;
Their face, their manners moſt expreſsly told.
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd.
But the mild glance that ſly Ulyſſes lent,
Shew'd deep regard, and ſmiling government.

There pleading might you ſee grave Neſtor ſtand,
As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight,
Making ſuch ſober action with his hand,
That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the ſight:
In ſpeech it ſeem'd, his beard all ſilver white,
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the ſky.

About him were a preſs of gaping faces,
Which ſeem'd to ſwallow up his ſound advice;
All jointly liſtning, but with ſeveral graces,
As if ſome mermaid did their ears entice;
Some high, ſome low, the painter was ſo nice.
The ſcalps of many almoſt hid behind,
To jump up higher ſeem'd to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His noſe being ſhadow'd by his neighbour's ear;
Here one being throng'd bears black all blown and red;
Another ſmother'd, ſeems to pelt and ſwear;
And in their rage, (ſuch ſigns of rage they bear),
As but for loſs of Neſtor's golden words,
It ſeem'd they would debate with angry ſwords.

For much imaginary work was there ;
Conceit deceitful, ſo compact ſo kind,
That for Achilles' image ſtood his ſpear,
Grip'd in an armed hand, himſelf behind
Was left unſeen, ſave to the eye of mind ;
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of ſtrong-beſieged Troy,
When their brave hope, bold Hector march'd to field,
Stood many Trojan mothers, ſharing joy
To ſee their youthful ſons bright weapons wield ;
And to their hope they ſuch odd action yield,
That thro' their light joy ſeemed to appear,
(Like bright things ſtain'd) a kind of heavy fear.

And from the ſtrond of Dardan, where they fought,
To Simois' reedy banks, the red blood ran ;
Whoſe waves to imitate the battle ſought
With ſwelling ridges ; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled ſhore, and then
Retire again, till meeting greater ranks
They join, and ſhoot their foam at Simois banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come
To find a face where all diſtreſs is ſtell'd.
Many ſhe ſees, where cares have carved ſome,
But none where all diſtreſs and dolour dwell'd,
Till ſhe deſpairing Hecuba beheld,
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pirrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomiz'd
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim cares reign;
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were diſguis'd ;
Of what ſhe was, no ſemblance did remain ;
Her blue blood chang'd to black in every vein.
Wanting the ſpring, that thoſe ſhrunk pipes had fed,
Shew'd life impriſon'd in a body dead.

On this ſad ſhadow Lucrece ſpends her eyes,
And ſhapes her ſorrow to the beldam's woes ;

Who nothing wants to anſwer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes.
The painter was no god to lend her thoſe;
And therefore Lucrece ſwears he did her wrong,
To give her ſo much grief, and not a tongue.

"Poor inſtrument," quoth ſhe, "without a ſound!
"I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue;
"And drop ſweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
"And rail on Pyrrhus, that hath doth him wrong,
"And with my tears quench Troy, that burns ſo long;
"And with my knife ſcratch out the angry eyes
"Of all the Greeks, that are thine enemies.

"Shew me the ſtrumpet, that began this ſtir,
"That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
"Thy heat of luſt, fond Paris did incur
"This load of wrath, that burning Troy did bear;
"Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here:
"And here in Troy, for treſpaſs of thine eye,
"The ſire, the ſon, the dame, and daughter die.

"Why ſhould the private pleaſure of ſome one
"Become the public plague of many moe?
"Let ſin alone committed, light alone
"Upon his head, that hath trangreſſed ſo.
"Let guiltleſs ſouls be freed from guilty woe.
"For one's offence why ſhould ſo many fall,
"To plague a private ſin in general?

"Lo! here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies!
"Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus ſounds!
"Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies!
"And friend to friend gives unadviſed wounds!
"And one man's luſt theſe many lives confounds!
"Had doating Priam check'd his ſon's deſire,
"Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire."

Here feelingly ſhe weeps Troy's painted woes:
For ſorrow, like a heavy hanging bell,
Once ſet on ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little ſtrength rings out the doleful knell.
So Lucrece ſet a work, ſad tales doth tell

To pencil'd penſiveneſs and colour'd ſorrow;
She lends them words, and ſhe their looks doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting round,
And whom ſhe finds forlorn ſhe doth lament.
At laſt ſhe ſees a wretched image bound,
That piteous looks, to Phrygian ſhepherds lent;
His face, tho' full of cares, yet ſhew'd content.
Onward to Troy, with theſe blunt ſwains he goes,
So mild, that patience ſeem'd to ſcorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his ſkill,
To hide deceit, and give the harmleſs ſhow,
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing ſtill,
A brow unbent, that ſeem'd to welcome woe;
Cheeks, neither red nor pale, but mingled ſo,
That bluſhing red no guilty inſtance gave,
Nor aſhy pale, the fair that falſe hearts have.

But, like a conſtant and confirmed devil,
He entertained a ſhow ſo ſeeming juſt;
And therein ſo inſcons'd his ſecret evil,
That jealouſy itſelf could not miſtruſt,
Falſe creeping craft and perjury ſhould thruſt
Into ſo bright a day ſuch black-fac'd ſtorms,
Or blot with hell-born ſin ſuch ſaint-like forms.

The well-ſkill'd workman this mild image drew
For perjur'd Sinon, whoſe inchanting ſtory
The credulous old Priam after ſlew;
Whoſe words like wild-fire burnt the ſhining glory
Of rich-built Ilion, that the ſkies were ſorry.
And little ſtars ſhot from their fixed places,
When their glaſs fell wherein they view'd their faces.

This picture ſhe adviſedly perus'd,
And chid the painter for his wond'rous ſkill:
Saying, ſome ſhape in Sinon's was abus'd,
So fair a form lodg'd not a mind ſo ill.
And ſtill on him ſhe gaz'd, and gazing ſtill,
Such ſigns of truth in his plain face ſhe ſpied,
That ſhe concludes, the picture was belied.

" It cannot be," quoth ſhe, " that ſo much guile,"
She would have ſaid, can lurk in ſuch a look;
But Tarquin's ſhape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue, can lurk, from cannot, took:
It cannot be, ſhe in that ſenſe forſook,
And turn'd it thus, " It cannot be I find,
" But ſuch a face ſhould bear a wicked mind.

" For e'en as ſubtle Sinon here is painted,
" So ſober ſad, ſo weary, and ſo mild,
" (As if with grief or travel he had fainted)
" To me came Tarquin armed, ſo beguil'd
" With outward honeſty, but yet defil'd
" With inward vice; as Priam him did cheriſh,
" So did I Tarquin, ſo my Troy did periſh.

" Look, look how liſtening Priam wets his eyes
" To ſee thoſe borrowed tears that Sinon ſheds!
" Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wiſe?
" For every tear he falls, a Trojan bleeds;
" His eyes drop fire, no water thence proceeds.
" Thoſe round clear pearls of his that move thy pity.
" Are balls of quenchleſs fire to burn thy city.

" Such devils ſteal effects from lightleſs hell;
" For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
" And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell;
" Theſe contraries ſuch unity do hold,
" Only to flatter fools and make them bold:
" So Priam's truſt falſe Sinon's tears doth flatter,
" That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.

Here all enrag'd ſuch paſſion her aſſails,
That patience is quite beaten from her breaſt;
She tears the ſenſeleſs Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy gueſt,
Whoſe deed hath made herſelf, herſelf deteſt.
" At laſt ſhe ſmilingly with this gives o'er, [ſore."
" Fool! fool!" quoth ſhe, " his wounds will not be

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her ſorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complaining,

She looks for night, and then ſhe longs for morrow,
And both ſhe thinks too long with her remaining;
Short time ſeems long, in ſorrows ſharp ſuſtaining.
Tho' woe be heavy, yet it ſeldom ſleeps,
And they that watch, ſee time how ſlow it creeps.

Which all this time hath over-ſlipt her thought,
That ſhe with painted images hath ſpent,
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought,
By deep ſurmiſe of others detriment,
Loſing her woes in ſhews of diſcontent.
It eaſeth ſome, tho' none it ever cur'd,
To think their dolour others have endur'd.

But now the mindful meſſenger comes back,
Brings home his lord, and other company;
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black,
And round about her tear-diſtained eye
Blue circles ſtream'd like rainbows in the ſky.
Theſe watergalls in her dim element,
Foretel new ſtorms to thoſe already ſpent.

Which when her ſad-beholding huſband ſaw,
Amazedly in her ſad face he ſtares:
Her eyes tho' ſod in tears, look red, and raw,
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to aſk her how ſhe fares;
But ſtood like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from hence, wond'ring each other's chance.

At laſt he takes her by the bloodleſs hand,
And thus begins: "What uncouth ill event
"Hath thee befall'n, that thou doſt trembling ſtand?
"Sweet love! what ſpite hath thy fair colour ſpent?
"Why art thou thus attir'd in diſcontent?
"Unmaſk, dear dear! this moody heavineſs,
"And tell thy grief that we may give redreſs."

Three times with ſighs ſhe gives her ſorrows fire,
E'er once ſhe can diſcharge one word of woe:
At length addreſs'd to anſwer his deſire,

She modeſtly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta'en priſoner by the foe;
While Collatine and his conſorted lords
With ſad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale ſwan, in her wat'ry neſt,
Begins the ſad dirge of her certain ending.
" Few words," quoth ſhe, " ſhall fit the treſpaſs beſt,
" Where no excuſe can give the fault amending;
" In me more woes than words are now depending:
" And my laments would be drawn out too long,
" To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

" Then be this all the taſk it hath to ſay,
" Dear huſband in the intereſt of thy bed
" A ſtranger came, and on that pillow lay,
" Where thou waſt wont to reſt thy weary head;
" And what wrong elſe may be imagined
" By foul enforcement might be done to me,
" From that, alas! thy Lucrece is not free.

" For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
" With ſhining falchion in my chamber came
" A creeping creature with a flaming light,
" And ſoftly cry'd, ' Awake thou Roman dame!
' And entertain my love elſe laſting ſhame
' On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
' If thou my love's deſire do contradict.

' For ſome hard favour'd groom of thine,' quoth he,
' Unleſs thou yoke thy liking to my will,
' I'll murder ſtraight, and then I'll ſlaughter thee,
' And ſwear I found you where you did fulfil
' The loathſome act of luſt; and ſo did kill
' The lechers in their deed: this act will be
' My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.'

" With this I did begin to ſtart and cry,
" And then againſt my heart he ſet his ſword,
" Swearing, unleſs I took all patiently,
" I ſhould not live to ſpeak another word:
" So ſhould my ſhame ſtill reſt upon record,

" And never be forgot in mighty Rome,
" Th' adult'rate death of Lucrece, and her groom.

" Mine enemy was ſtrong, my poor ſelf weak,
" (And far the weaker with ſo ſtrong a fear)
" My bloody judge forbad my tongue to ſpeak;
" No rightful plea might plead for juſtice there:
" His ſcarlet luſt came evidence to ſwear,
" That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes;
" And when the judge is robb'd, the priſoner dies.

" O! teach me how to make mine own excuſe,
" Or, at the leaſt, this refuge let me find;
" Though my groſs blood be ſtain'd with this abuſe,
" Immaculate and ſpotleſs is my mind:
" That was not forc'd, that never was inclin'd
" To acceſſary yieldings: but ſtill pure,
" Doth in her poiſon'd cloſet yet endure."

Lo! here the hopeleſs merchant of this loſs,
With head declin'd, and voice damm'd up with woe,
With ſad ſet eyes and wretched arms acroſs,
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away, that ſtops his anſwer ſo,
But wretched as he is, he ſtrives in vain;
What he breathes out, his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
Out-runs the eye, that doth behold his haſte;
Yet in the eddie boundeth in his pride
Back to the ſtrait, that forc'd him on ſo faſt,
In rage ſent out, recall'd in rage being paſt:
Even ſo his ſighs, his ſorrows make a ſaw,
To puſh grief on, and back the ſame grief draw.

Which ſpeechleſs woe of his, poor ſhe attendeth,
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:
" Dear Lord! thy ſorrow to my ſorrow lendeth
" Another power, no flood by raining ſlacketh;
" My woe too ſenſible, thy paſſion maketh
" More feeling painful; let it then ſuffice
" To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes,

" And for my ſake, when I might charm thee ſo,
" For ſhe, that was thy Lucrece—now attend me;
" Be ſuddenly revenged on my foe,
" Thine, mine, his own; ſuppoſe thou doſt defend me
" From what is paſt, the help that thou ſhalt lend me
" Comes all too late; yet let the traitor die;
" For ſparing juſtice feeds iniquity."

" But e'er I name him, you fair Lords," quoth ſhe,
Speaking to thoſe, that came with Collatine,
" Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
" With ſwift purſuit to venge this wrong of mine:
" For 'tis a meritorious fair deſign,
" To chaſe injuſtice with revengeful arms;
" Knights by their oaths ſhould right poor ladies harms.

At this requeſt, with noble diſpoſition,
Each preſent lord began to promiſe aid,
As bound in knighthood to her impoſition,
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd:
But ſhe that yet her ſad taſk hath not ſaid,
The proteſtation ſtops. " O ſpeak!" quoth ſhe,
" How may this forced ſtain be wip'd from me?"

" What is the quality of mine offence,
" Being conſtrain'd with dreadful circumſtance?
" May my pure mind with the foul act diſpenſe,
" My low declined honour to advance?
" May any terms acquit me from this chance?
" The poiſon'd fountain clears itſelf again;
" And why not I from this compelled ſtain?"

With this they all at once began to ſay,
Her body's ſtain her mind untainted clears;
While with a joyleſs ſmile ſhe turns away
The face, that map, which deep impreſſion bears
Of hard misfortune carved in with tears.
" No, no," quoth ſhe, " no dame hereafter living,
" By my excuſe ſhall claim excuſes giving."

Here with a ſigh, as if her heart would break, [ſays:
She throws forth Tarquin's name. " He, he," ſhe

But more than he, her poor tongue could not ſpeak,
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, ſick and ſhort aſſays,
She utters this, " He, he, fair Lord, 'tis he
" That guides this hand to give this wound to me."

E'en here ſhe ſheathed in her harmleſs breaſt
A harmful knife, that hence her ſoul unſheathed;
That blow did bail it from the deep unreſt
Of that polluted priſon where it breathed:
Her contrite ſighs unto the clouds bequeathed
Her winged ſpright, and thro' her wounds doth fly
Life's laſting date from cancel'd deſtiny.

Stone-ſtill, aſtoniſh'd with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew,
Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,
Himſelf on herſelf ſlaughter'd body threw:
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
The murd'rous knife, and as it left the place,
Her blood in poor revenge held it in chaſe.

And bubbling from her breaſt, it doth divide
In two ſlow rivers, that the crimſon blood
Circles her body in on every ſide,
Who like the late ſack'd iſland vaſtly ſtood
Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.
Some of her blood ſtill pure and red remain'd,
And ſome look'd back, and that falſe Tarquin ſtain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood, a watry rigol goes,
Which ſeems to weep upon the tainted place;
And ever ſince, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted blood ſome wat'ry token ſhows,
And blood untainted ſtill doth red abide,
Bluſhing at that which is ſo putrify'd.

" Daughter! dear daughter!" old Lucretius cries,
" That life was mine, which thou haſt here depriv'd;
" If in the child the father's image lies,

" Where ſhall I live, now Lucrece is unliv'd ?
" Thou waſt not to this end from me deriv'd.
" If children predeceaſe progenitors,
" We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

" Poor broken glaſs ! I often did behold
" In thy ſweet ſemblance my old age new-born :
" But now that fair freſh mirror, dim and old,
" Shews me a bare-bon'd death by time out-worn.
" O ! from my cheeks my image thou haſt torn !
" And ſhiver'd all the beauty of my glaſs,
" That I no more can ſee, what once I was.

" O ! Time, ceaſe thou thy courſe, and laſt no longer,
" If they ſurceaſe to be, that ſhould ſurvive ;
" Shall rotten death make conqueſt of the ſtronger,
" And leave the fault'ring feeble ſouls alive ?
" The old bees die, the young poſſeſs the hive :
" Then live ſweet Lucrece, live again, and ſee,
" Thy father die, and not thy father thee."

By this ſtarts Collatine, as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his ſorrow place ;
And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding ſtream
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
And counterfeits to die with her a ſpace ;
Till manly ſhame bids him poſſeſs his breath,
And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward ſoul
Hath ſerv'd a dumb arreſt upon his tongue :
Who mad that ſorrow ſhould his uſe control,
Or keep him from heart-eaſing words ſo long
Begins to talk ; but thro' his lips do throng
Weak words, ſo thick come in his poor heart's aid,
That no man could diſtinguiſh what he ſaid.

Yet ſometime Tarquin was pronounced plain,
But thro' his teeth, as if the name he tore,
This windy tempeſt, till it blow up rain,
Held back his ſorrow's tide to make it more.
At laſt it rains, and buſy winds give o'er :

Then ſon and father weep with equal ſtrife,
Who would weep moſt for daughter, or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his ;
Yet neither may poſſeſs the claim they lay.
The father ſays " ſhe's mine ;"—" O mine ſhe is,"
Replies the huſband ; " do not take away
" My ſorrow's intereſt ; let no mourner ſay,
" He weeps for her ; for ſhe was only mine,
" And only muſt be wail'd by Collatine."

" O !" quoth Lucretius, " I did give that life,
" Which ſhe too early and too late hath ſpill'd."
" Woe ! woe !" quoth Collatine, " ſhe was my wife,
" I owned her, and 'tis mine that ſhe hath kill'd.
" My daughter and my wife with clamours fill'd
" The diſperſt air, who holding Lucrece' life,
" Anſwer'd their cries, my daughter, and my wife."

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' ſide,
Seeing ſuch emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in ſtate and pride,
Burying in Lucrece's wound his folly's ſhew :
He with the Romans was eſteemed ſo,
As ſilly jeering idiots are with kings,
For ſportive words, and uttering fooliſh things.

But now he throws that ſhallow habit by,
Wherein deep policy did him diſguiſe ;
And arm'd his long-hid wits adviſedly,
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
" Thou wronged lord of Rome," quoth he, " ariſe ;
" Let my unſounded ſelf, ſuppos'd a fool,
" Now ſet thy long-experienc'd wit to ſchool.

" Why Collatine, is woe the cure for woe ?
" Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds ?
" Is it revenge to give thyſelf a blow
" For his foul act, by whom thy fair wife bleeds ?
" Such childiſh humour from weak minds proceeds.
" Thy wretched wife miſtook the matter ſo,
" To ſlay herſelf, that ſhould have ſlain her foe.

" Courageous Roman! do not ſteep thy heart
" In ſuch relenting dew of lamentations;
" But kneel wi h me, and help to bear thy part,
" To rouſe our Roman gods with invocations,
" That they will ſuffer theſe abominations
" (Since Rome herſelf in them doth ſtand diſgrac'd)
" By our ſtrong arms from forth her fair ſtreets chas'd.

" Now by the capital that we adore!
" And by this chaſte blood ſo unjuſtly ſtain'd!
" By heaven's fair ſun, that breeds the fat earth's ſtore!
" By all our country's rites in Rome maintain'd,
" And by chaſte Lucrece' ſoul, that late complain'd
" Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife!
" We will revenge the death of this true wife."

This ſaid, he ſtruck his hand upon his breaſt,
And kiſs'd the fatal knife to end his vow;
And to his proteſtation urg'd the reſt,
Who wond'ring at him did him words allow:
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow,
And that deep vow which Brutus made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they ſwore.

When they had ſworn to this adviſed doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence,
To ſhew the bleeding body throughout Rome,
And ſo to publiſh Tarquin's foul offence,
Which being done, with ſpeedy diligence,
The Roman's plauſibly did give conſent,
To Tarquin's everlaſting baniſhment.

SONNETS.

TO THE ONLY BEGETTER OF THESE ENSUING SONNETS

MR. W. H.

ALL HAPPINESS

And that eternity promiſed by our ever-living Poet

WISHETH THE

WELL-WISHING ADVENTURER IN SETTING FORTH,

T. T.*

I.

FROM faireſt creatures we deſire increaſe,
That thereby beauty's roſe might never die,
But as the riper ſhould by time deceaſe,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'ſt thy light's flame with ſelf-ſubſtantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyſelf thy foe, to thy ſweet ſelf too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's freſh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy ſpring,
Within thine own bud burieſt thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'ſt waſte in niggarding.
Pity the world, or elſe this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

II.

When forty winters ſhall beſiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, ſo gaz'd on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of ſmall worth held:
Then being aſk'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treaſure of thy luſty days;
To ſay, within thine own deep-ſunken eyes,
Were an all-eating ſhame, and thriftleſs praiſe.
How much more praiſe deſerv'd thy beauty's uſe,
If thou could'ſt anſwer—"*This fair child of mine*
"*Shall ſum my count, and make my old excuſe*—"
Proving his beauty by ſucceſſion thine.
This were to be new made when thou art old,
And ſee thy blood warm when thou feel'ſt it cold.

* i. e. Thomas Thorpe, in whoſe name the ſonnets were firſt entered in Stationer's Hall.

III.

Look in thy glaſs, and tell the face thou viewest,
Now is the time that face ſhould form another;
Whoſe freſh repair if now thou not reneweſt,
Thou doſt beguile the world, unbleſs ſome mother.
For where is ſhe ſo fair, whoſe un-eard womb
Diſdains the tillage of thy huſbandry?
Or who is he ſo fond, will be the tomb
Of his ſelf-love, to ſtop poſterity?
Thou art thy mother's glaſs, and ſhe in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime:
So thou thro' windows of thine age ſhalt ſee,
Deſpite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die ſingle, and thine image dies with thee.

IV.

Unthrifty lovelineſs, why doſt thou ſpend
Upon thyſelf thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequeſt gives nothing, but doth lend,
And being frank, ſhe lends to thoſe are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why doſt thou abuſe
The bounteous largeneſs given thee to give?
Profitleſs uſurer, why doſt thou uſe
So great a ſum of ſums, yet canſt not live?
For having traffic with thyſelf alone,
Thou of thyſelf thy ſweet ſelf doſt deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canſt thou leave?
Thy unus'd beauty muſt be tomb'd with thee,
Which uſed, lives thy executor to be.

V.

Thoſe hours, that with gentle work did frame,
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very ſame,
And that unfair which fairly doth excel;
For never-reſting time leads ſummer on
To hideous winter, and confounds him there;
Sap check'd with froſt, and luſty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'erſnow'd, and bareneſs every where:
Then, were not ſummer's diſtillation left,

A liquid priſoner pent in walls of glaſs,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was.
But flowers diſtill'd, though they with winter meet,
Leeſe but their ſhew ; their ſubſtance ſtill lives ſweet.

VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy ſummer, e'er thou be diſtill'd :
Make ſweet ſome phial, treaſure thou ſome place
With beauty's treaſure, e'er it be ſelf-kill'd.
That uſe it not forbidden uſury,
Which happies thoſe that pay the willing loan ;
That's for thyſelf to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one ;
Ten times thyſelf were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee :
Then, what could death do if thou ſhould'ſt depart,
Leaving thee living in poſterity ?
Be not ſelf-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conqueſt, and make worms thine heir.

VII.

Lo in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing ſight,
Serving with looks his ſacred majeſty ;
And having climb'd the ſteep-up heavenly hill,
Reſembling ſtrong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty ſtill,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage ;
But when from high-moſt pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract, and look another way :
So thou, thyſelf out-going in thy noon,
Unlook'd on dieſt, unleſs thou get a ſon.

VIII.

Muſic to hear, why hear'ſt thou muſic ſadly ?
Sweets with ſweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lov'ſt thou that which thou receiv'ſt not gladly ?
Or elſe receiv'ſt with pleaſure thine annoy ?

If the true concord of well-tuned ſounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but ſweetly chide thee, who confounds
In ſingleneſs the parts that thou ſhould'ſt bear.
Mark how one ſtring, ſweet huſband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Reſembling ſire and child and happy mother,
Who all in one, one pleaſing note do ſing:
Who ſpeechleſs ſong, being many, ſeeming one,
Sings this to thee, "thou ſingle wilt prove none."

IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,
That thou conſum'ſt thyſelf in ſingle life?
Ah! if thou iſſueleſs ſhalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeleſs wife;
The world will be thy widow and ſtill weep,
That thou no form of thee haſt left behind,
When every private widow well may keep,
By children's eyes, her huſband's ſhape in mind:
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth ſpend,
Shifts but his place for ſtill the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waſte hath in the world an end,
And keep unus'd, the uſer ſo deſtroys it.
No love towards others in that boſom ſits,
That on himſelf ſuch murderous ſhame commits.

X.

For ſhame! deny that thou bear'ſt love to any,
Who for thyſelf art ſo unprovident.
Grant if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,
But that thou none lov'ſt is moſt evident:
For thou art ſo poſſeſſed with murderous hate,
That 'gainſt thyſelf thou ſtick'ſt not to conſpire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,
Which to repair ſhould be thy chief deſire.
O change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love;
Be, as thy preſence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyſelf, at leaſt, kind-hearted prove:
Make thee another ſelf, for love of me.
That beauty ſtill may live in thine or thee.

XI.

As faſt as thou ſhalt wane, ſo faſt thou grow'ſt
In one of thine, from that which thou departeſt;
And that freſh blood which youngly thou beſtow'ſt,
Thou may'ſt call thine, when thou from youth converteſt.
Herein lives wiſdom, beauty, and increaſe;
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:
If all were minded ſo, the times ſhould ceaſe,
And threeſcore years would make the world away.
Let thoſe whom nature hath not made for ſtore,
Harſh, featureleſs, and rude, barrenly periſh:
Look whom ſhe beſt endow'd, ſhe gave thee more;
Which bounteous gift thou ſhould'ſt in bounty cheriſh:
She carv'd thee for her ſeal, and meant thereby,
Thou ſhould'ſt print more, nor let that copy die.

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And ſee the brave day ſunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet paſt prime,
And ſable curls, all ſilver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I ſee barren of leaves,
Which erſt from heat did canopy the herd,
And ſummer's green all girded up in ſheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and briſtly beard;
Then of thy beauty do I queſtion make,
That thou among the waſtes of time muſt go,
Since ſweets and beauties do themſelves forſake,
And die as faſt as they ſee others grow;
And nothing 'gainſt time's ſcythe can make defence,
Save breed, to brave him, when he takes thee hence.

XIII.

O that you were yourſelf! but, love, you are
No longer your's than you yourſelf here live:
Againſt this coming end you ſhould prepare,
And your ſweet ſemblance to ſome other give.
So ſhould that beauty which you hold in leaſe,
Find no determination: then you were
Yourſelf again, after yourſelf's deceaſe,
When your ſweet iſſue your ſweet form ſhould bear.
Who lets ſo fair a houſe fall to decay,

Which huſbandry in honour might uphold
Againſt the ſtormy guſts of winter's day,
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
O! none but unthrifts:—Dear my love, you know
You had a father; let your ſon ſay ſo.

XIV.

Not from the ſtars do I my judgment pluck;
And yet methinks I have aſtronomy,
But not to tell of good, or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or ſeaſons' quality:
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain and wind;
Or ſay, with princes if it ſhall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And (conſtant ſtars) in them I read ſuch art,
As truth and beauty ſhall together thrive,
If from thyſelf to ſtore thou would'ſt convert:
Or elſe of thee this I prognoſticate,
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

XV.

When I conſider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge ſtate preſenteth nought but ſhows
Whereon the ſtars in ſecret influence comment:
When I perceive that men as plants increaſe,
Cheered and check'd even by the ſelf-ſame ſky;
Vaunt in their youthful ſap, at height decreaſe,
And wear their brave ſtate out of memory;
Then the conceit of his inconſtant ſtay
Sets you moſt rich in youth before my ſight,
Where waſteful time debareth with decay,
To change your day of youth to ſullied night;
And, all in war with time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourſelf in your decay
With means more bleſſed than my barren rhime?

Now ſtand you on the top of happy hours;
And many maiden gardens yet unſet,
With virtuous wiſh would bear you living flowers,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit;
So ſhould the lines of life that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourſelf in eyes of men.
To give away yourſelf, keeps yourſelf ſtill;
And you muſt live, drawn by your own ſweet ſkill.

XVII.

Who will believe my verſe in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your moſt high deſerts?
Though yet heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life, and ſhews not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in freſh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would ſay this poet lies,
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.
So ſhould my paper, yellowed with their age,
Be ſcorn'd, like old men of leſs truth than tongue;
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
And ſtretched metre of an antique ſong:
But were ſome child of yours alive that time,
You ſhould live twice;—in it, and in my rhime.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a ſummer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do ſhake the darling buds of May,
And ſummer's leaſe hath all too ſhort a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven ſhines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair ſometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing courſe untrimm'd;
But thy eternal ſummer ſhall not fade,
Nor loſe poſſeſſion of that fair thou oweſt;
Nor ſhall death brag thou wander'ſt in his ſhade,
When in eternal lines to time thou groweſt:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can ſee,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own ſweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-liv'd phœnix in her blood;
Make glad and ſorry ſeaſons as thou fleet'ſt,
And do whate'er thou wilt, ſwift-footed Time,
To the wide world, and all her fading ſweets;
But I forbid thee one moſt heinous crime:
O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy courſe untainted do allow,
For beauty's pattern to ſucceeding men.
Yet, do thy worſt, old Time: deſpite thy wrong,
My love ſhall in my verſe ever live young.

XX.

A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,
Haſt thou, the maſter-miſtreſs of my paſſion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With ſhifting change, as is falſe women's faſhion;
An eye more bright than theirs, leſs falſe in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,
Which ſteals men's eyes, and women's ſouls amazeth.
And for a woman wert thou firſt created;
Till nature, as ſhe wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpoſe nothing.
But ſince ſhe prick'd thee out for women's pleaſure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's uſe their treaſure.

XXI.

So it is not with me as with that muſe,
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verſe;
Who heaven itſelf for ornament doth uſe,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearſe;
Making a couplement of proud compare,
With ſun and moon, with earth and ſea's rich gems,
With April's firſt-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.
O let me, true in love, but truly write,

And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not ſo bright
As thoſe gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:
Let them ſay-more that like of hear-ſay well;
I will not praiſe, that purpoſe not to ſell.

XXII.

My glaſs ſhall not perſuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou art of one date;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days ſhould expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee,
Is but the ſeemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breaſt doth live, as thine in me;
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O therefore, love, be of thyſelf ſo wary,
As I not for myſelf but for thee will;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep ſo chary
As tender nurſe her babe from faring ill.
Preſume not on thy heart when mine is ſlain;
Thou gav'ſt me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the ſtage,
Who with his fear is put beſide his part,
Or ſome fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whoſe ſtrength's abundance weakens his own heart;
So I, for fear of truſt, forget to ſay
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's ſtrength ſeem to decay,
O'er-charg'd with burden of mine own love's might.
O let my books be then my eloquence
And dumb preſagers of my ſpeaking breaſt;
Who plead for love, and look for recompence,
More than that tongue that more hath more expreſs'd.
O learn to read what ſilent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath ſteel'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perſpective it is beſt painter's art.

For through the painter muſt you ſee his ſkill,
To find where your poor image painted lies,
Which in my boſom's ſhop is hanging ſtill,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now ſee what good turns eyes for eyes have done;
Mine eyes have drawn thy ſhape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breaſt, where-through the ſun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
They draw but what they ſee, know not the heart.

XXV.

Let thoſe who are in favour with their ſtars,
Of public honour and proud titles boaſt,
Whilſt I, whom fortune of ſuch triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour'd moſt.
Great princes favourites their fair leaves ſpread,
But as the marigold at the ſun's eye;
And in themſelves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famouſed for fight,
After a thouſand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the reſt forgot for which he toil'd.
Then happy I, that love and am belov'd,
Where I may not remove, nor be removed.

XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vaſſalage
Thy merit hath my duty ſtrongly knit,
To thee I ſend this written embaſſage,
To witneſs duty, not to ſhew my wit.
Duty ſo great, which wit ſo pure as mine
May make ſeem bare, in wanting words to ſhew it;
But that I hope ſome good conceit of thine
In thy ſoul's thought, all naked will beſtow it;
Till whatſoever ſtar that guides my moving,
Points on me graciouſly with fair aſpect,
And puts apparel on my tender loving,
To ſhew me worthy of thy ſweet reſpect.
Then may I dare to boaſt how I do love thee,
Till then, not ſhew my head where thou may'ſt prove me.

XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haſte me to my bed,
The dear repoſe for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expired:
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eye-lids open wide,
Looking on darkneſs which the blind doth ſee.
Save that my ſoul's imaginary ſight
Preſents thy ſhadow to my ſightleſs view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghaſtly night,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
Lo thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myſelf, no quiet find.

XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of reſt?
When day's oppreſſion is not eas'd by night,
But day by night and night by day oppreſs'd?
And each, tho' enemies to either's reign,
Do in conſent ſhake hands to torture me,
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, ſtill farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to pleaſe him, thou art bright,
And doſt him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
So flatter I the ſwart-complexion'd night;
When ſparkling ſtars twire not, thou gild'ſt the even.
But day doth daily draw my ſorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's length ſeem ſtronger.

XXIX.

When in diſgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my out-caſt ſtate,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootleſs cries,
And look upon myſelf, and curſe my fate,
Wiſhing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends poſſeſs'd,
Deſiring this man's art, and that man's ſcope,
With what I moſt enjoy contented leaſt:
Yet in theſe thoughts myſelf almoſt deſpiſing,

Haply I think on thee,—and then my ſtate
(Like to the lark at break of day ariſing
From ſullen earth) ſings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy ſweet love remember'd, ſuch wealth brings,
That then I ſcorn to change my ſtate with kings.

XXX.

When to the ſeſſions of ſweet ſilent thought
I ſummon up remembrance of things paſt,
I ſigh the lack of many a thing I ſought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waſte:
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateleſs night,
And weep afreſh love's long-ſince-cancell'd woe,
And moan the expence of many a vaniſh'd ſight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The ſad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All loſſes are reſtor'd, and ſorrows end.

XXXI.

Thy boſom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have ſuppoſed dead;
And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
And all thoſe friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obſequious tear
Hath dear religious love ſtolen from mine eye,
As intereſt of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
And thou (all they) haſt all the all of me.

XXXII.

If thou ſurvive my well contented day,
When that churl death my bones with duſt ſhall cover,
And ſhalt by fortune once more re-ſurvey
Theſe poor rude lines of thy deceaſed lover,

Compare them with the bettering of the time ;
And tho' they be out-ſtripp'd by every pen,
Reſerve them for my love, not for their rhime,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.'
O then vouchſafe me but this loving thought!
Had my friend's muſe grown with this growing age
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage :
But ſince he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their ſtyle I'll read, his for his love.

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I ſeen
Flatter the mountain tops with ſovereign eye,
Kiſſing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale ſtreams with heavenly alchymy ;
Anon permit the baſeſt clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celeſtial face,
And from the forlorn world his viſage hide,
Stealing unſeen to weſt with this diſgrace :
E'en ſo my ſun one early morn did ſhine,
With all triumphant ſplendour on my brow ;
But out ! alack ! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath maſk'd him from me now,
Yet him for this my love no whit diſdaineth ;
Suns of the world may ſtain, when heaven's ſun ſtaineth.

XXXIV.

Why didſt thou promiſe ſuch a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let baſe clouds o'er-take me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten ſmoke ?
'Tis not enough that thro' the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my ſtorm-beaten face,
For no man well of ſuch a ſalve can ſpeak,
That heals the wound, and cures not the diſgrace :
Nor can thy ſhame give phyſic to my grief ;
Tho' thou repent, yet I have ſtill the loſs :
The offender's ſorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the ſtrong offence's croſs.
Ah ! but thoſe tears are pearl which thy love ſheds,
And they are rich, and ranſom all ill deeds.

XXXV.

No more be griev'd at that which thou haſt done:
Roſes have thorns, and ſilver fountains mud:
Clouds and eclipſes ſtain both moon and ſun,
And loathſome canker lives in ſweeteſt bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authoriſing thy treſpaſs with compare,
Myſelf corrupting, ſalving thy amiſs,
Excuſing thy ſins more than thy ſins are:
For to thy ſenſual fault I bring in ſenſe,
(Thy adverſe party is thy advocate,)
And 'gainſt myſelf a lawful plea commence:
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I am acceſſary needs muſt be
To that ſweet thief, which ſourly robs from me.

XXXVI.

Let me confeſs that we two muſt be twain,
Altho' our undivided loves are one:
So ſhall thoſe blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone,
In our two loves there is but one reſpect,
Tho' in our lives a ſeparable ſpite,
Which tho' it alter not love's ſole effect,
Yet doth it ſteal ſweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Leſt my bewailed guilt ſhould do the ſhame;
Nor thou with public kindneſs honour me,
Unleſs thou take that honour from thy name:
But do not ſo; I love thee in ſuch ſort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.

As a decrepid father takes delight
To ſee his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's deareſt ſpite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of theſe all, of all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned ſit,
I make my love engrafted to this ſtore:
So then I am not lame, poor, nor deſpis'd,

Whilſt that this ſhadow doth ſuch ſubſtance give,
That I in thy abundance am ſuffic'd,
And by a part of all thy glory live.
Look what is beſt, that beſt I wiſh in thee;
This wiſh I have; then ten times happy me!

XXXVIII.

How can my muſe want ſubject to invent,
While thou doſt breathe, that pour'ſt into my verſe
Thine own ſweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearſe?
Oh give thyſelf the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy peruſal, ſtand againſt thy ſight,
For who's ſo dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyſelf doſt give invention light?
Be thou the tenth muſe, ten times more in worth
Than thoſe old nine, which rhymers invocate;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to out-live long date.
If my ſlight muſe do pleaſe theſe curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine ſhall be the praiſe.

XXXIX.

O how thy worth with manners may I ſing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praiſe to mine own ſelf bring?
And what is't but mine own, when I praiſe thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love loſe name of ſingle one,
That by this ſeparation I may give
That due to thee, which thou deſerv'ſt alone.
O abſence, what a torment would'ſt thou prove,
Were it not thy ſour leiſure gave ſweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
Which time and thoughts ſo ſweetly doth deceive,
And that thou teacheſt how to make one twain,
By praiſing him here, who doth hence remain.

XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
What haſt thou then more than thou hadſt before?
No love, my love, that thou may'ſt true love call;
All mine was thine, before thou hadſt this more.

Then if for my love thou my love receiveſt,
I cannot blame thee, for my love thou uſeſt;
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyſelf deceiveſt
By wilful taſte of what thyſelf refuſeſt.
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Altho' thou ſteal thee all my poverty;
And yet love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.
Laſcivious grace, in whom all ill well ſhews,
Kill me with ſpites; yet we muſt not be foes.

XLI.

Thoſe pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am ſometime abſent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For ſtill temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be aſſail'd;
And when a woman woos, what woman's ſon
Will ſourly leave her till ſhe have prevail'd?
Ah me! but yet thou might'ſt, my ſweet forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy ſtraying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forc'd to break a two-fold truth;
Her's, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being falſe to me.

XLII.

That thou haſt her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be ſaid I lov'd her dearly;
That ſhe hath thee, is of my wailing chief
A loſs in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuſe ye:—
Thou doſt love her, becauſe thou know'ſt I love her;
And for my ſake even ſo doth ſhe abuſe me,
Suffering my friend for my ſake to approve her.
If I loſe thee, my loſs is my love's gain,
And loſing her, my friend hath found that loſs;
Both find each other, and I loſe both twain,
And both for my ſake lay on me this croſs:
But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;
Sweet flattery!—then ſhe loves but me alone.

XLIII.

When moſt I wink, then do mine eyes beſt ſee,
For all the day they view things unreſpected ;
But when I ſleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And darkly bright, are bright in dark directed,
Then thou, whoſe ſhadow ſhadows doth make bright,
How would thy ſhadow's form form happy ſhew
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unſeeing eyes thy ſhade ſhines ſo ?
How would (I ſay) mine eyes be bleſſed made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect ſhade
Thro' heavy ſleep on ſightleſs eyes doth ſtay ?
All days are nights to ſee, till I ſee thee, [me.
And nights, bright days, when dreams do ſhew thee

XLIV.

If the dull ſubſtance of my fleſh were thought,
Injurious diſtance ſhould not ſtop my way ;
For then, deſpite of ſpace, I would be brought
From limits far remote, where thou doſt ſtay.
No matter then, altho' my foot did ſtand
Upon the fartheſt earth remov'd from thee,
For nimble thought can jump both ſea and land,
As ſoon as think the place where he would be.
But ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that, ſo much of earth and water wrought,
I muſt attend time's leiſure with my moan ;
Receiving nought by elements ſo ſlow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

XLV.

The other two, ſlight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide ;
The firſt my thought, the other my deſire,
Theſe preſent-abſent with ſwift motion ſlide.
For when theſe quicker elements are gone
In tender embaſſy of love to thee,
My life being made of four, with two alone,
Sinks down to death, oppreſs'd with melancholy ;
Until life's compoſition be re-cured

By thoſe ſwift meſſengers return'd from thee,
Who e'en but now come back again, aſſured
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
I ſend them back again, and ſtraight grow ſad.

XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
How to divide the conqueſt of thy ſight;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's ſight would bar,
Mine heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart doth plead, that thou in him doſt lie,
(A cloſet never pierc'd with cryſtal eyes,)
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And ſays in him thy fair appearance lies.
To 'cide this title is impannelled
A queſt of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's moiety, and the dear heart's part:
As thus; mine eye's due is thy outward part,
And my heart's right thy inward love of heart.

XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other:
When that mine eye is famiſh'd for a look,
Or heart in love with ſighs himſelf doth ſmother,
With my love's picture then my eye doth feaſt,
And to the painted banquet bids my heart:
Another time mine eye is my heart's gueſt,
And in his thoughts of love doth ſhare a part:
So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyſelf away art preſent ſtill with me;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canſt move,
And I am ſtill with them, and they with thee;
Or if they ſleep, thy picture in my ſight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

XLVIII.

How careful was I when I took my way,
Each trifle under trueſt bars to thruſt,
That, to my uſe, it might unuſed ſtay
From hands of falſehood, in ſure wards of truſt

But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Moſt worthy comfort, now my greateſt grief,
Thou, beſt of deareſt, and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lock'd up in any cheſt,
Save where thou art not, tho' I feel thou art,
Within the gentle cloſure of my breaſt,
From whence at pleaſure thou may'ſt come and part;
And even thence thou wilt be ſtolen I fear,
For truth proves thieviſh for a prize ſo dear.

XLIX.

Againſt that time, if ever that time come,
When I ſhall ſee thee frown on my defects,
When as thy love hath caſt his utmoſt ſum
Call'd to that audit by advis'd reſpects,
Againſt that time, when thou ſhalt ſtrangely paſs,
And ſcarely greet me with that ſun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reaſons find of ſettled gravity,
Againſt that time do I enſconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own deſert,
And this my hand againſt myſelf uprear,
To guard the lawful reaſons on thy part:
To leave poor me thou haſt the ſtrength of laws,
Since, why to love, I can alledge no cauſe.

L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I ſeek,—my weary travel's end,—
Doth teach that eaſe and that repoſe to ſay,
Thus far the miles are meaſur'd from thy friend
The beaſt that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by ſome inſtinct the wretch did know
His rider lov'd not ſpeed, being made from thee:
The bloody ſpur cannot provoke him on
That ſometimes anger thruſts into his hide,
Which heavily he anſwers with a groan,
More ſharp to me than ſpurring to his ſide;
For that ſame groan doth put this in my mind,
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

LI.

Thus can my love excuſe the ſlow offence
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I ſpeed :
From where thou art why ſhould I haſte me hence ?
Till I return, of poſting is no need.
O, what excuſe will my poor beaſt then find,
When ſwift extremity can ſeem but ſlow ?
Then ſhould I ſpur, tho' mounted on the wind ;
In winged ſpeed no motion ſhall I know ;
Then can no horſe with my deſire keep pace ;
Therefore deſire, of perfect love being made,
Shall neigh, (no dull fleſh) in his fiery race ;
But love, for love, thus ſhall excuſe my jade ;
Since from thee going he went wilful ſlow,
Towards thee I will run, and give him leave to go.

LII.

So am I as the rich, whoſe bleſſed key
Can bring him to his ſweet up-locked treaſure,
The which he will not every hour ſurvey,
For blunting the fine point of ſeldom pleaſure.
Therefore are feaſts ſo ſolemn and ſo rare,
Since ſeldom coming, in the long year ſet,
Like ſtones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you, as my cheſt,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make ſome ſpecial inſtant ſpecial-bleſt,
By new unfolding his impriſon'd pride.
Bleſſed are you, whoſe worthineſs gives ſcope,
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

LIII.

What is your ſubſtance, whereof are you made,
That millions of ſtrange ſhadows on you tend ?
Since every one hath, every one, one ſhade,
And you, but one, can every ſhadow lend.
Deſcribe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you ;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty ſet,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new :
Speak of the ſpring, and foizon of the year ;

The one doth ſhadow of your beauty ſhew,
The other as your bounty doth appear,
And you in every bleſſed ſhape we know
In all external grace you have ſome part,
But you like none, none you, for conſtant heart.

LIV.

O how much more doth beauty beauteous ſeem,
By that ſweet ornament which truth doth give!
The roſe looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that ſweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,
As the perfumed tincture of the roſes,
Hang on ſuch thorns and play as wantonly
When ſummer's breath their maſked buds diſcloſes:
But, for their virtue only is their ſhew,
They live unwoo'd and unreſpected fade;
Die to themſelves. Sweet roſes do not ſo;
Of their ſweet deaths are ſweeteſt odours made:
And ſo of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that ſhall fade, my verſe diſtills your truth.

LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, ſhall out-live this powerful rhyme;
But you ſhall ſhine more bright in theſe contents
Than unſwept ſtone, beſmear'd with ſluttiſh time.
When waſteful war ſhall ſtatues overturn,
And broils root out the work of maſonry,
Nor Marſis ſword nor war's quick fire ſhall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainſt death and all oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praiſe ſhall ſtill find room,
Even in the eyes of all poſterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So till the judgment that yourſelf ariſe,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not ſaid,
Thy edge ſhould blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow ſharpen'd in his former might:

So, love, be thou ; altho' to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes, e'en till they wink with fullneſs,
To-morrow ſee again, and do not kill
The ſpirit of love with a perpetual dulneſs.
Let this ſad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the ſhore, where two contracted-new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they ſee
Return of love, more bleſt may be the view :
Or call it winter, which being full of care,
Makes ſummer's welcome thrice more wiſh'd, more rare.

LVII.

Being your ſlave, what ſhould I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your deſire ?
I have no precious time at all to ſpend,
Nor ſervices to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,
Whilſt I, my ſovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterneſs of abſence ſour,
When you have bid your ſervant once adieu ;
Nor dare I queſtion with my jealous thought,
Where you may be, or your affairs ſuppoſe,
But, like a ſad ſlave, ſtay and think of nought,
Save, where you are how happy you make thoſe :
So true a fool is love, that in your will
(Tho' you do any thing) he thinks no ill.

LVIII.

That God forbid, that made me firſt your ſlave,
I ſhould in thought control your times of pleaſure,
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
Being your vaſſal, bound to ſtay your leiſure !
Oh let me ſuffer (being at your beck)
The impriſon'd abſence of your liberty,
And patience, tame to ſufferance, bid each check
Without accuſing you of injury.
Be where you liſt ; your charter is ſo ſtrong,
That you yourſelf may privilege your time :
Do what you will, to you it doth belong
Yourſelf to pardon of ſelf-doing crime,
I am to wait, tho' waiting ſo be hell ;
Not blame your pleaſure, be it ill or well.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that, which is,
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,
Which labouring for invention bear amiſs
The ſecond burden of a former child ?
O that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courſes of the ſun,
Shew me your image in ſome antique book,
Since mind at firſt in character was done !
That I might ſee what the old world could ſay
To this compoſed wonder of your frame ;
Whether we are mended, or whe'r better they,
Or whether revolution be the ſame.
O ! ſure I am, the wits of former days
To ſubjects worſe have given admiring praiſe.

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled ſhore,
So do our minutes haſten to their end ;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In ſequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipſes 'gainſt his glory fight,
And time that gave, doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flouriſh ſet on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing ſtands but for his ſcythe to mow.
And yet, to times in hope, my verſe ſhall ſtand,
Praiſing thy worth, deſpite his cruel hand.

LXI.

Is it thy will, thy image ſhould keep open
My heavy eye-lids to the weary night ?
Doſt thou deſire my ſlumbers ſhould be broken,
While ſhadows like to thee, do mock my ſight ?
Is it thy ſpirit that thou ſend'ſt from thee
So far from home, into my deeds to pry ;
To find out ſhames and idle hours in me,
The ſcope and tenor of thy jealouſy ?
O no ! thy love, tho' much, is not ſo great ;

It is my love that keeps mine eyes awake;
Mine own true love that doth my reſt defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy ſake:
For thee watch I, whilſt thou doſt wake elſewhere,
From me far off, with others all-too-near.

LXII.

Sin of ſelf-love poſſeſſeth all mine eye,
And all my ſoul, and all my every part;
And for this ſin there is no remedy,
It is ſo grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face ſo gracious is as mine,
No ſhape ſo true, no truth of ſuch account,
And for myſelf mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths ſurmount.
But when my glaſs ſhews me myſelf indeed,
'Bated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own ſelf-love quite contrary I read,
Self ſo ſelf-loving were iniquity.
'Tis thee (myſelf) that for myſelf I praiſe,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII.

Againſt my love ſhall be, as I am now;
With time's injurious hand cruſh'd and o'erworn;
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's ſteepy night;
And all thoſe beauties, whereof now he's king,
Are vaniſhing or vaniſh'd out of ſight,
Stealing away the treaſure of his ſpring;
For ſuch a time do I now fortify
Againſt confounding age's cruel knife,
That he ſhall never cut from memory
My ſweet love's beauty, tho' my lover's life.
His beauty ſhall in theſe black lines be ſeen,
And they ſhall live, and he in them ſtill green.

LXIV.

When I have ſeen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich-proud coſt of out-worn bury'd age;
When ſometime lofty towers I ſee down-raz'd,
And braſs eternal ſlave to mortal rage;

When I have ſeen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the ſhore,
And the firm ſoil win of the wat'ry main,
Increaſing ſtore with loſs, and loſs with ſtore;
When I have ſeen ſuch interchange of ſtate,
Or ſtate itſelf confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate—
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot chooſe
But weep to have that which it fears to loſe.

LXV.

Since braſs, nor ſtone, nor earth, nor boundleſs ſea,
But ſad mortality o'erſways their power,
How with this rage ſhall beauty hold a plea,
Whoſe action is no ſtronger than a flower?
O how ſhall ſummer's honey breath hold out
Againſt the wreckful ſiege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not ſo ſtout,
Nor gates of ſteel ſo ſtrong, but time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack!
Shall time's beſt jewels from time's cheſt lie hid?
Or what ſtrong hand can hold his ſwift foot back?
Or who his ſpoil of beauty can forbid?
O none, unleſs this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may ſtill ſhine bright.

LXVI.

Tir'd with all theſe, for reſtful death I cry,—
As, to behold deſert, a beggar born,
And needy nothing trim'd in jollity,
And pureſt faith unhappily forſworn,
And gilded honour ſhamefully miſplac'd,
And maiden virtue rudely ſtrumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully diſgrac'd,
And ſtrength by limping ſway diſabled,
And art made tongue-ty'd by authority,
And folly (doctor like) controlling ſkill,
And ſimple truth miſ-call'd ſimplicity,
And captive Good attending captain Ill:
Tir'd with all theſe, from theſe would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXVII.

Ah! wherefore with infection ſhould he live,
And with his preſence grace impiety,
That ſin by him advantage ſhould achieve,
And lace itſelf with his ſociety?
Why ſhould falſe painting imitate his cheek,
And ſteal dead ſeeing of his living hue?
Why ſhould poor beauty indirectly ſeek
Roſes of ſhadow, ſince his roſe is true?
Why ſhould he live now Nature bankrupt is,
Beggar'd of blood to bluſh thro' lively veins?
For ſhe hath no exchequer now but his,
And proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O, him ſhe ſtores, to ſhew what wealth ſhe had,
In days long ſince, before theſe laſt ſo bad.

LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days out-worn,
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
Before theſe baſtard ſigns of fair were borne,
Or durſt inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden treſſes of the dead,
The right of ſepulchres, were ſhorn away,
To live a ſecond life on ſecond head,
E'er beauty's dead fleece made another gay;
In him thoſe holy antique hours are ſeen,
Without all ornament, itſelf, and true,
Making no ſummer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dreſs his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth nature ſtore,
To ſhew falſe art what beauty was of yore.

LXIX.

Thoſe parts of thee that the world's eye doth view,
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend:
All tongues, (the voice of ſouls) gave thee that due,
Uttering bare truth, e'en ſo as foes commend.
Thy outward thus with outward praiſe is crown'd;
But thoſe ſame tongues that give thee ſo thine own,
In other accents do this praiſe confound,
By ſeeing farther than the eye has ſhewn.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,

And that, in gueſs, they meaſure by thy deeds :
Then (churls) their thoughts, altho' their eyes were
To thy fair flower add the rank ſmell of weeds : [kind,
But why thy odour matcheth not thy ſhew,
The ſolve is this,—that thou doſt common grow.

LXX.

That thou art blam'd ſhall not be thy defect,
For ſlander's mark was ever yet the fair ;
The ornament of beauty is ſuſpect,
A crow that flies in heaven's ſweeteſt air,
So thou be good, ſlander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time ;
For canker vice the ſweeteſt buds doth love,
And thou preſent'ſt a pure unſtained prime.
Thou haſt paſs'd by the ambuſh of young days,
Either not aſſail'd, or victor being charg'd ;
Yet this thy praiſe cannot be ſo thy praiſe,
To tie up envy, evermore enlarg'd :
If ſome ſuſpect of ill maſk'd not thy ſhew,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts ſhouldſt owe.

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you ſhall hear the ſurly ſullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vileſt worms to dwell :
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it ; for I love you ſo,
That I in your ſweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then ſhould make you woe.
O if (I ſay) you look upon this verſe,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not ſo much as my poor name rehearſe ;
But let your love e'en with my life decay :
Leſt the wiſe world ſhould look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII.

O, leſt the world ſhould taſk you to recite
What merit liv'd in me, that you ſhould love
After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove ;

Unleſs you would deviſe ſome virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own deſert,
And hang more praiſe upon deceaſed I,
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
O, leſt your true love may ſeem falſe in this,
That you for love ſpeak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to ſhame nor me nor you.
For I am 'ſham'd by that which I bring forth,
And ſo ſhould you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXIII.

That time of year thou may'ſt in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few doth hang
Upon thoſe boughs which ſhake againſt the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the ſweet birds ſang.
In me thou ſeeſt the twilight of ſuch day,
As after ſun-ſet fadeth in the weſt,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's ſecond ſelf, that ſeals up all in reſt.
In me thou ſeeſt the glowing of ſuch fire,
That on the aſhes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it muſt expire,
Conſum'd with that which it was nouriſh'd by.
This thou perceiv'ſt, which makes thy love more ſtrong,
To love that well which thou muſt leave ere long.

LXXIV.

But be contented: when that fell arreſt
Without all bail ſhall carry me away,
My life hath in this line ſome intereſt,
Which for memorial ſtill with thee ſhall ſtay.
When thou revieweſt this, thou doſt review
The very part was conſecrate to thee.
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My ſpirit's thine, the better part of me:
So then thou haſt but loſt the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead;
The coward conqueſt of a wretch's knife,
Too baſe of thee to be remembered.
The worth of that, is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,
Or as ſweet ſeaſon'd ſhowers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold ſuch ſtrife
As 'twixt a miſer and his wealth is found;
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will ſteal his treaſure;
Now counting beſt to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may ſee my pleaſure:
Sometime, all full with feaſting on your ſight,
And by and by clean ſtarved for a look;
Poſſeſſing or purſuing no delight,
Save what is had or muſt from you be took,
Thus do I pine and ſurfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI.

Why is my verſe ſo barren of new pride?
So far from variation or quick change?
Why, with the time, do I not glance aſide
To new-found methods and to compounds ſtrange?
Why write I ſtill all one, ever the ſame,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almoſt tell my name,
Shewing their birth, and where they did proceed?
O know, ſweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are ſtill my argument;
So all my beſt is dreſſing old words new,
Spending again what is already ſpent:
For as the ſun is daily new and old,
So is my love ſtill telling what is told.

LXXVII.

Thy glaſs will ſhew thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waſte;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning may'ſt thou taſte.
The wrinkles which thy glaſs will truly ſhew,
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's ſhady ſtealth may'ſt know
Time's thieviſh progreſs to eternity.
Look, what thy memory cannot contain,

Commit to theſe waſte blanks, and thou ſhalt find
Thoſe children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
Theſe offices, ſo ſoft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII.

So oft have I invok'd thee for my muſe,
And found ſuch fair aſſiſtance in my verſe,
As every alien pen hath got my uſe,
And under thee their poeſy diſperſe.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to ſing,
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
And given grace a double majeſty.
Yet be moſt proud of that which I compile,
Whoſe influence is thine, and born of thee.
In others' works thou doſt but mend the ſtyle,
And arts with thy ſweet graces graced be;
But thou art all my art, and doſt advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX.

Whilſt I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verſe alone had all thy gentle grace;
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my ſick muſe doth give another place.
I grant, ſweet love, thy lovely argument
Deſerves the travail of a worthier pen;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue, and he ſtole that word
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek; he can afford
No praiſe to thee but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that which he doth ſay,
Since what he owes thee thou thyſelf doſt pay.

LXXX.

O how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better ſpirit doth uſe your name,
And in the praiſe thereof ſpends all his might,
To make me tongue-ty'd, ſpeaking of your fame!

But ſince your worth (wide, as the ocean is,)
The humble as the proudeſt ſail doth bear,
My ſaucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your ſhalloweſt help will hold me up afloat,
Whilſt he upon your ſoundneſs deep doth ride;
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthleſs boat,
He of tall building, and of goodly pride:
Then if he thrive, and I be caſt away,
The worſt was this;—my love was my decay.

LXXXI.

Or I ſhall live your epitaph to make,
Or you ſurvive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Altho' in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life ſhall have,
Tho' I, once gone, to all the world muſt die.
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes ſhall lie.
Your monument ſhall be my gentle verſe,
Which eyes not yet created ſhall o'er-read;
And tongues to be, your being ſhall rehearſe,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You ſtill ſhall live (ſuch virtue hath my pen,)
Where breath moſt breathes, e'en in the mouths of men.

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my muſe,
And therefore may'ſt without attaint o'er-look
The dedicated words which writers uſe
Of their fair ſubject, bleſſing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit paſt my praiſe;
And therefore art enforc'd to ſeek anew
Some freſher ſtamp of the time-bettering days.
And do ſo, love; yet when they have devis'd
What ſtrained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly ſympathis'd
In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend;
And their groſs painting might be better us'd
Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abus'd.

LXXXIII.

I never ſaw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting ſet,
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt:
And therefore have I ſlept in your report,
That you yourſelf, being extant, well might ſhew
How far a modern quill doth come too ſhort,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This ſilence for my ſin you did impute,
Which ſhall be moſt my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty being mute,
When others would give life, and bring a tomb.
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes,
Than both your poets can in praiſe deviſe.

LXXXIV.

Who is it that ſays moſt? which can ſay more,
Than this rich praiſe,—that you alone are you?
In whoſe confine immured is the ſtore
Which ſhould example where your equal grew.
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
That to his ſubject lends not ſome ſmall glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, ſo dignifies his ſtory,
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worſe what nature made ſo clear,
And ſuch a counter-part ſhall fame his wit,
Making his ſtyle admired every where.
You to your beauteous bleſſings add a curſe,
Being fond on praiſe, which makes your praiſes worſe.

LXXXV.

My tongue-ty'd muſe in manners holds her ſtill,
While comments of your praiſe, richly compil'd,
Reſerve their character with golden quill,
And precious phraſe by all the muſes fil'd.
I think good thoughts, whilſt others write good words,
And, like unletter'd clerk, ſtill cry *Amen*
To every hymn that able ſpirit affords,
In poliſh'd form of well-refined pen.
Hearing you prais'd, I ſay, *'tis ſo, 'tis true,*

And to the moſt of praiſe add ſomething more ;
But that is in my thought, whoſe love to you,
Tho' words come hind-moſt, holds his rank before.
Then others for the breath of words reſpect,
Me for my dumb thoughts, ſpeaking in effect.

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full ſail of his great verſe,
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearſe,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew ?
Was it his ſpirit, by ſpirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that ſtruck me dead ?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verſe aſtoniſhed.
He, nor that affable familiar ghoſt
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors, of my ſilence cannot boaſt ;
I was not ſick of any fear from thence.
But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
Then lack'd I matter ; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII.

Farewel ! thou art too dear for my poſſeſſing,
And like enough thou know'ſt thy eſtimate :
The charter of thy worth gives thee releaſing ;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting ?
And for that riches where is my deſerving ?
The cauſe of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And ſo my patent back again is ſwerving.
Thyſelf thou gav'ſt, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'ſt it, elſe miſtaking ;
So thy great gift, upon miſpriſon growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In ſleep a king, but waking, no ſuch matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou ſhalt be diſpos'd to ſet me light,
And place my merit in the eye of ſcorn,
Upon thy ſight againſt myſelf I'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, tho' thou art forſworn.

With mine own weakneſs being beſt acquainted,
Upon thy part I can ſet down a ſtory
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted;
That thou, in loſing me, ſhall win much glory;
And I by this will be a gainer too;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myſelf I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I ſo belong,
That for thy right myſelf will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX.

Say that thou didſt forſake me for ſome fault,
And I will comment upon that offence;
Speak of my lameneſs, and I ſtraight will halt;
Againſt thy reaſons making no defence.
Thou canſt not, love, diſgrace me half ſo ill,
To ſet a form upon deſired change,
As I'll myſelf diſgrace: knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance ſtrangle, and look ſtrange;
Be abſent from thy walks; and in my tongue
Thy ſweet beloved name no more ſhall dwell;
Leſt I (too much profane) ſhould do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, againſt myſelf I'll vow debate,
For I muſt ne'er love him whom thou doſt hate.

XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now while the world is bent my deeds to croſs,
Join with the ſpite of fortune, make me bow
And do not drop in for an after-loſs:
Ah! do not, when my heart hath ſcap'd this ſorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me laſt,
When other petty griefs have done their ſpite,
But in the onſet come; ſo ſhall I taſte
At firſt the very worſt of Fortune's might;
And other ſtrains of woe, which now ſeem woe,
Compar'd with loſs of thee, will not ſeem ſo.

XCI.

Some glory in their birth, ſome in their ſkill,
Some in their wealth, ſome in their body's force;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,
Some in their hawks and hounds, ſome in their horſe;
And every humour hath his adjunct pleaſure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the reſt;
But theſe particulars are not my meaſure,
All theſe I better in one general beſt.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' coſt,
Of more delight than hawks or horſes be;
And having thee, of all men's pride I boaſt.
Wretched in this alone, that thou may'ſt take
All this away, and me moſt wretched make.

XCII.

But do thy worſt to ſteal thyſelf away,
For term of life thou art aſſured mine;
And life no longer than thy love will ſtay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worſt of wrongs,
When in the leaſt of them my life hath end.
I ſee a better ſtate to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend.
Thou canſt not vex me with inconſtant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
O what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
But what's ſo bleſſed fair that fears no blot?—
Thou may'ſt be falſe, and yet I know it not:

XCIII.

So ſhall I live, ſuppoſing thou art true,
Like a deceived huſband: ſo love's face
May ſtill ſeem love to me, though alter'd new;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many looks the falſe heart's hiſtory
Is writ, in moods and frowns and wrinkles ſtrange,
But heaven in thy creation did decree,

That in thy face ſweet love ſhould ever dwell;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks ſhould nothing thence but ſweetneſs tell.
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy ſweet virtue anſwer not thy ſhow!

XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they moſt do ſhow,
Who, moving others, are themſelves, as ſtone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation ſlow;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
And huſband nature's riches from expence;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but ſtewards of their excellence.
The ſummer's flower is to the ſummer ſweet,
Though to itſelf it only live and die;
But if that flower with baſe infection meet,
The baſeſt weed out-braves his dignity;
For ſweeteſt things turn ſoureſt by their deeds;
Lillies that feſter, ſmell far worſe than weeds.

XCV.

How ſweet and lovely doſt thou make the ſhame
Which, like a canker in the fragrant roſe,
Doth ſpot the beauty of thy budding name?
O, in what ſweets doſt thou thy ſins incloſe!
That tongue that tells the ſtory of thy days,
Making laſcivious comments on thy ſport,
Cannot diſpraiſe but in a kind of praiſe:
Naming thy name bleſſes an ill report.
O what a manſion have thoſe vices got,
Which for their habitation choſe out thee!
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turns to fair that eyes can ſee!
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
The hardeſt knife ill-us'd doth loſe its edge.

XCVI.

Some ſay thy fault is youth, ſome wantonneſs;
Some ſay thy grace is youth and gentle ſport;
Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and leſs;
Thou mak'ſt faults graces that to thee reſort.

As on the finger of a throned queen
The baſeſt jewel will be well eſteem'd;
So are thoſe errors that in thee are ſeen,
To truths tranſlated, and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the ſtern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks tranſlate!
How many gazers might'ſt thou lead away,
If thou would'ſt uſe the ſtrength of all thy ſtate!
But do not ſo; I love thee in ſuch ſort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCVII.

How like a winter hath my abſence been
From thee the pleaſure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days ſeen?
What old December's bareneſs every where!
And yet this time remov'd was ſummer's time;
The teeming autumn, big with rich increaſe,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' deceaſe:
Yet this abundant iſſue ſeem'd to me
But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit;
For ſummer and his pleaſures wait on thee,
And thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they ſing, 'tis with ſo dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

XCVIII.

From you have I been abſent in the ſpring,
When proud-pied April, dreſs'd in all his trim,
Hath put a ſpirit of youth in every thing;
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the ſweet ſmell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any ſummer's ſtory tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lillies white,
Nor praiſe the deep vermillion in the roſe;
They were but ſweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all thoſe.
Yet, ſeem'd it winter ſtill, and, you away.
As with your ſhadow I with theſe did play:

XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide;—
Sweet thief, whence didſt thou ſteal thy ſweet that ſmells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy ſoft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou haſt too groſſly dy'd.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had ſtolen thy hair:
The roſes fearfully on thorns did ſtand,
One bluſhing ſhame, another white deſpair;
A third, nor red nor white, had ſtolen of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowerls I noted, yet I none could ſee,
But ſweet or colour it had ſtolen from thee.

C.

Where art thou, muſe, that thou forget'ſt ſo long
To ſpeak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'ſt thou thy fury on ſome worthleſs ſong,
Darkening thy power, to lend baſe ſubjects light?
Return, forgetful muſe, and ſtraight redeem
In gentle numbers time ſo idly ſpent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays eſteem,
And gives thy pen both ſkill and argument.
Riſe, reſtive muſe, my love's ſweet face ſurvey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a ſatire to decay,
And make Time's ſpoils deſpiſed every where.
Give my love fame faſter than Time waſtes life;
So thou prevent'ſt his ſcythe and crooked knife.

CI.

O truant Muſe, what ſhall be thy amends,
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So doſt thou too, and therein dignify'd.
Make anſwer, Muſe: wilt thou not haply ſay,
Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd,
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay:
But beſt is beſt, if never intermix'd?—

Becauſe he needs no praiſe wilt thou be dumb?
Excuſe not ſilence ſo; for it lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muſe; I teach the how
To make him ſeem long hence as he ſhows now.

CII.

My love is ſtrengthen'd, though more weak in ſeeming;
I love not leſs, though leſs the ſhow appear:
That love is merchandis'd, whoſe rich eſteeming
The owner's tongue doth publiſh every where.
Our love was new, and then but in the ſpring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in ſummer's front doth ſing,
And ſtops his pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the ſummer is leſs pleaſant now
Than when her mournful hymns did huſh the night,
But that wild muſic burdens every bough,
And ſweets grown common loſe their dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I ſometimes hold my tongue,
Becauſe I would not dull you with my ſong.

CIII.

Alack! what poverty my muſe brings forth,
That having ſuch a ſcope to ſhow her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth,
Than when it hath my added praiſe beſide.
O blame me not if I no more can write!
Look in your glaſs, and there appears a face
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me diſgrace.
Were it not ſinful then, ſtriving to mend,
To mar the ſubject that before was well?
For to no other paſs my verſes tend,
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in my verſe can ſit,
Your own glaſs ſhows you, when you look in it.

CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were, when firſt your eye I ey'd,
Such ſeems your beauty ſtill. Three winters cold

Have from the foreſts ſhook three ſummer's pride;
Three beauteous ſprings to yellow autumn turn'd,
In proceſs of the ſeaſons have I ſeen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since firſt I ſaw you freſh which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd,
So your ſweet hue, which methinks ſtill doth ſtand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd.
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,
Ere you were born was beauty's ſummer dead.

CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol ſhow,
Since all alike my ſongs and praiſes be,
To one, of one, ſtill ſuch, and ever ſo.
Kind is my love to-day, to morrow kind,
Still conſtant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verſe to conſtancy confin'd,
One thing expreſſing, leaves out difference.
Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention ſpent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous ſcope affords.
Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone,
Which three, till now, never kept ſeat in one.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of waſted time
I ſee deſcriptions of the faireſt wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
In praiſe of ladies dead, and lovely knights,
Then in the blazon of ſweet beauty's beſt,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I ſee their antique pen would have expreſs'd
Even ſuch a beauty as you maſter now.
So all their praiſes are but 'prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not ſkill enough your worth to ſing:

For we, which now behold theſe preſent days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praiſe.

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic ſoul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the leaſe of my true love control,
Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipſe endur'd,
And the ſad augurs mock their own preſage;
Incertainties now crown themſelves aſſur'd,
And peace proclaims olives of endleſs age.
Now with the drops of this moſt balmy time
My love looks freſh, and Death to me ſubſcribes,
Since ſpite of him I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he inſults o'er dull and ſpeechleſs tribes.
And thou in this ſhalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' creſts and tombs of braſs are ſpent.

CVIII.

What's in the brain that ink may character,
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true ſpirit?
What's new to ſpeak, what new to regiſter,
That may expreſs my love, or thy dear merit?
Nothing, ſweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I muſt each day ſay o'er the very ſame;
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
E'en as when firſt I hallow'd thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's freſh caſe
Weighs not the duſt and injury of age,
Nor gives to neceſſary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page;
Finding the firſt conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward form would ſhow it dead.

CIX.

O never ſay that I was falſe of heart,
Tho' abſence ſeem'd my flame to qualify.
As eaſy might I from myſelf depart,
As from my ſoul which in thy breaſt doth lie:
That is my home of love: if I have rang'd,
Like him that travails, I return again;
Juſt to the time, not with the time exchang'd,—

So that myſelf bring water for my ſtain.
Never believe, tho' in my nature reign'd
All frailties that beſiege all kinds of blood,
That it could ſo prepoſterouſly be ſtain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy ſum of good ;
For nothing this wide univerſe I call,
Save thou, my roſe ; in it thou art my all.

CX.

Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myſelf a motley to the view,
Gor'd mine own thoughts, ſold cheap what is moſt [dear,
Made old offences of affections new.
Moſt true it is, that I have look'd on truth
Aſkance and ſtrangely ; but, by all above,
Theſe blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worſe eſſays prov'd thee my beſt of love.
Now all is done, ſave what ſhall have no end :
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A God in love, to whom I am confin'd.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the beſt,
E'en to thy pure and moſt moſt loving breaſt.

CXI.

O for my ſake do thou with fortune chide,
The guilty goddeſs of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide,
Than public means, which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almoſt thence my nature is ſubdu'd
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
Pity me then, and wiſh I were renew'd ;
Whilſt, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eyſell, 'gainſt my ſtrong infection ;
No bitterneſs that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I aſſure ye,
E'en that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII.

Your love and pity doth the impreſſion fill
Which vulgar ſcandal ſtamp'd upon my brow ;

For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?
You are my all-the-world, and I muſt ſtrive
To know my ſhames and praiſes from your tongue;
None elſe to me, nor I to none alive,
That my ſteel'd ſenſe or changes, right or wrong.
In ſo profound abyſm I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's ſenſe
To critic and to flatterer ſtopped are.
Mark how with my neglect I do diſpenſe
You are ſo ſtrongly in my purpoſe bred,
That all the world beſides methinks are dead.

CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind,
And that which governs me to go about,
Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
Seems ſeeing, but effectually is out;
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or ſhape, which it doth lack;
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own viſion holds what it doth catch;
For if it ſee the rud'ſt or gentleſt ſight,
The moſt ſweet favour, or deformed'ſt creature,
The mountain or the ſea, the day or night,
The crow, or dove, it ſhapes them to your feature.
Incapable of more, replete with you,
My moſt true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery,
Or whether ſhall I ſay mine eye ſaith true,
And that your love taught it this alcumy,
To make of monſters and things indigeſt,
Such cherubins as your ſweet ſelf reſemble,
Creating every bad a perfect beſt,
As faſt as objects to his beams aſſemble?
O 'tis the firſt; 'tis flattery in my ſeeing,
And my great mind moſt kingly drinks it up:
Mine eye well knows what with his guſt is greeing,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:

If it be poiſon'd, 'tis the leſſer ſin
That mine eye loves it, and doth firſt begin.

CXV.

Thoſe lines that I before have writ do lie,
E'en thoſe that ſaid I could not love you dearer;
Yet then my judgment knew no reaſon why
My moſt full flame ſhould afterwards burn clearer.
But reckoning time whoſe million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings:
Tan ſacred beauty, blunt the ſharp'ſt intents,
Divert ſtrong minds to the courſe of altering things;
Alas! why, fearing of time's tyranny,
Might I not then ſay, *now I love you beſt*,
When I was certain o'er incertainty,
Crowning the preſent, doubting of the reſt,
Love is a babe: then might I not ſay ſo,
To give full growth to that which ſtill doth grow?

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempeſts, and is never ſhaken;
It is the ſtar to every wandering bark,
Whoſe worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though roſy lips and cheeks
Within his bending ſickle's compaſs come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out e'en to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

CXVII.

Accuſe me thus; that I have ſcanted all
Wherein I ſhould your great deſerts repay;
Forgot upon your deareſt love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And given to time your own dear purchas'd right;
That I have hoiſted ſail to all the winds

Which ſhould tranſport me fartheſt from your ſight.
Book both my wilfulneſs and errors down,
And on juſt proof, ſurmiſe accumulate,
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But ſhoot not at me in your waken'd hate:
Since my appeal ſays, I did ſtrive to prove
The conſtancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge;
As, to prevent our maladies unſeen,
We ſicken to ſhun ſickneſs, when we purge;
E'en ſo, being full of your ne'er cloying ſweetneſs,
To bitter ſauces did I frame my feeding,
And, ſick of welfare, found a kind of meetneſs.
To be diſeas'd, ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, to anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults aſſured,
And brought to medicine a healthful ſtate,
Which, rank of goodneſs, would by ill be cured.
But thence I learn, and find the leſſon true,
Drugs poiſon him that ſo fell ſick of you.

CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Syren tears,
Diſtill'd from limbecks foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Still loſing when I ſaw myſelf to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilſt it hath thought itſelf ſo bleſſed never!
How have mine eyes out of their ſpheres been fitted,
In the diſtraction of this madding fever!
O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil ſtill made better;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at firſt, more ſtrong, far greater.
So I return rebuk'd to my content,
And gain by ill thrice more than I have ſpent.

CXX.

That you were once unkind, befriends me now,
And for that ſorrow, which I then did feel,

Needs muſt I under my tranſgreſſion bow,
Were to import forgetfulneſs in me.
For if you were by my unkindneſs ſhaken,
As I by yours, you've paſs'd a hell of time;
And I, a tyrant, have no leizure taken
To weigh how once I ſuffer'd in your crime.
O that our night of woe might have remember'd
My deepeſt ſenſe, how hard true ſorrow hits,
And ſoon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
The humble ſalve which wounded boſom fits!
But that your treſpaſs now becomes a fee;
Mine ranſoms your's, and your's muſt ranſom me.

CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile, than vile eſteem'd,
When not to be receives reproach of being,
And the juſt pleaſure loſt, which is ſo deem'd
Not by our feeling, but by others' ſeeing.
For why ſhould others' falſe adulterate eyes
Give ſalutation to my ſportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer ſpies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No,—I am that I am; and they that level
At my abuſes, reckon up their own:
I may be ſtraight, tho' they themſelves be bevel;
By their rank thoughts my deeds muſt not be ſhown;
Unleſs this general evil they maintain,
All men are bad and in their badneſs reign.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with laſting memory,
Which ſhall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity:
Or at the leaſt ſo long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to ſubſiſt;
Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miſs'd.
That poor retention could not ſo much hold,
Nor need I tallies, thy dear love to ſcore;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To truſt thoſe tables that receive thee more:

To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
Unleſs my nerves were braſs or hammer'd ſteel.

CXXIII.

No! Time, thou ſhalt not boaſt that I do change:
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing ſtrange;
They are but dreſſings of a former ſight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou doſt foiſt upon us that is old,
And rather make them born to our deſire,
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy regiſters and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the preſent nor the paſt;
For thy records and what we ſee doth lie,
Made more or leſs by thy continual haſte:
This I do vow, and this ſhall ever be,
I will be true, deſpite thy ſcythe and thee.

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of ſtate,
It might for fortune's baſtard be unfather'd,
As ſubject to time's love, or to time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.
No, it was builded far from accident;
It ſuffers not in ſmiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thralled diſcontent,
Whereto the inviting time our faſhion calls:
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leaſes of ſhort-number'd hours,
But all alone ſtands hugely politic,
That it not grows with heat, nor drowns with ſhowers.
To this I witneſs call the fools of time,
Which die for goodneſs, who have liv'd for crime.

CXXV.

Were it aught to me I bore thee canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring,
Or lay'd great baſes for eternity,
Which prove more ſhort than waſte or ruining?
Have I not ſeen dwellers on form and favour
Loſe all, and more, by paying too much rent,
For compound ſweet foregoing ſimple ſavou

Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing ſpent ?
No ;—let me be obſequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with ſeconds, knows no art,
But mutual render, only me for thee.
Hence, thou ſuborn'd informer ! a true ſoul,
When moſt impeach'd, ſtands leaſt in thy control.

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Doſt hold time's fickle glaſs, his ſickle, hour ;
Who haſt by waning groan, and therein ſhow'ſt
Thy lovers withering, as thy ſweet ſelf grow'ſt ;
If nature, ſovereign miſtreſs over wrack,
As thou goeſt onwards, ſtill will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpoſe, that her ſkill
May time diſgrace, and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleaſure ;
She may detain, but not ſtill keep her treaſure :
Her audit, tho' delay'd, anſwer'd muſt be,
And her quietus is to render thee.

CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name ;
But now is black beauty's ſucceſſive heir,
And beauty ſlander'd with a baſtard ſhame.
For ſince each hand hath put on nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's falſe borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy hour,
But is profan'd, if not lives in diſgrace.
Therefore my miſtreſs' eyes are raven black,
Her eyes ſo ſuited ; and they mourners ſeem
At ſuch, who not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a falſe eſteem :
Yet ſo they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue ſays, beauty ſhould look ſo.

CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my muſic, muſic play'ſt,
Upon that bleſſed wood whoſe motion ſounds
With thy ſweet fingers, when thou gently ſway'ſt
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,

Do I envy thoſe jacks, that nimble leap
To kiſs the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilſt my poor lips, which ſhould that harveſt reap,
At the wood's boldneſs by thee bluſhing ſtand!
To be ſo tickled, they would change their ſtate
And ſituation with thoſe dancing chips
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more bleſs'd than living lips.
Since ſaucy jacks ſo happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiſs.

CXXIX.

The expence of ſpirit in a waſte of ſhame
Is luſt in action; and till action, luſt
Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to truſt;
Enjoy'd no ſooner, but deſpiſed ſtraight;
Paſt reaſon hunted; and no ſooner had,
Paſt reaſon hated, as a ſwallow'd bait,
On purpoſe laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in purſuit, and in poſſeſſion ſo;
Had, having, and in queſt to have, extreme;
A bliſs in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe;
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream:
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To ſhun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX.

My miſtreſs' eyes are nothing like the ſun;
Coral is far more red than her lips red:
If ſnow be white, why then her breaſts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have ſeen roſes damaſk'd, red and white,
But no ſuch roſes ſee I in her cheeks;
And in ſome perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my miſtreſs reeks.
I love to hear her ſpeak,—yet well I know
That muſic hath a far more pleaſing ſound;
I grant I never ſaw a goddeſs go,—
My miſtreſs, when ſhe walks, treads on the ground;
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any ſhe bely'd with falſe compare.

CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, ſo as thou art,
As thoſe whoſe beauties proudly make them cruel;
For well thou know'ſt to my dear doting heart
Thou art the faireſt and moſt precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, ſome ſay, that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:
To ſay they err, I dare not be ſo bold,
Altho' I ſwear it to myſelf alone.
And, to be ſure that is not falſe I ſwear,
A thouſand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck, do witneſs bear
Thy black is faireſt in my judgment's place.
In nothing art thou black, ſave in thy deeds,
And thence this ſlander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart, torment me with diſdain;
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning ſun of heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the eaſt,
Nor that full ſtar that uſhers in the even,
Doth half that glory to the ſober weſt,
As thoſe two mourning eyes become thy face;
O let it then as well beſeem thy heart
To mourn for me, ſince mourning doth thee grace,
And ſuit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I ſwear beauty herſelf is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII.

Beſhrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
Is't not enough to torture me alone,
But ſlave to ſlavery, my ſweeteſt friend muſt be?
Me from myſelf thy cruel eye, hath taken,
And my next ſelf thou harder haſt engroſs'd;
Of him, myſelf, and thee, I am forſaken;
And torment thrice threefold thus to be croſs'd.
Priſon my heart in thy ſteel boſom ward,

But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canſt not then uſe rigour in my gaol;
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.

So now I have confeſs'd that he is thine,
And I myſelf am mortgag'd in thy will;
Myſelf I'll forfeit, ſo that other mine
Thou wilt reſtore, to be my comfort ſtill:
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous, and he is kind;
He learn'd but, ſurety-like, to write for me,
Under that bond that him as faſt doth bind.
The ſtatue of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou uſurer that put'ſt forth all to uſe,
And ſue a friend, came debtor for my ſake;
So him I loſe thro' my unkind abuſe.
Him have I loſt; thou haſt both him and me,
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wiſh, thou haſt thy will,
And will to boot, and will in overplus:
More than enough am I that vex thee ſtill,
To thy ſweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whoſe will is large and ſpacious,
Not once vouchſafe to hide my will in thine?
Shall will in others ſeem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance ſhine?
The ſea, all water, yet receives rain ſtill,
And in abundance addeth to his ſtore;
So thou, being rich in will, add to thy will
One will of mine, to make thy large will more.
Let no unkind, no fair beſeechers kill;
Think of all but one, and me in that one *will*.

CXXXVI.

If thy ſoul check thee that I come ſo near,
Swear by thy blind ſoul that I was thy will,
And will, thy ſoul knows, is admitted there;
Thus far for love, my love-ſuit, ſweet, fulfil.

Will will fulfil the treaſure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one,
In things of great receipt with eaſe we prove;
Among a number one is reckon'd none.
Then in the number let me paſs untold,
Tho' in thy ſtores' account I one muſt be;
For nothing hold me, ſo it pleaſe thee hold
That nothing me, a ſomething ſweet to thee:
Make but my name thy love, and love that ſtill,
And then thou lov'ſt me,—for my name is Will.

CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what doſt thou to mine eyes,
That they behold, and ſee not what they ſee?
They know what beauty is, ſee where it lies,
Yet what the beſt is, take the worſt to be.
If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
Why of eyes' falſhood haſt thou forged hooks,
Whereto the judgment of my heart is ty'd?
Why ſhould my heart think that a ſeveral plot,
Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?
Or mine eyes ſeeing this, ſay this is not?
To put fair truth upon ſo fool a face?
In things right true my heart and eyes have err'd,
And to this falſe plague are they now transferr'd.

CXXXVIII.

When my love ſwears that ſhe is made of truth,
I do believe her, tho' I know ſhe lies;
That ſhe might think me ſome untutor'd youth,
Unlearned in the world's falſe ſubtilties.
Thus vainly thinking that ſhe thinks me young,
Altho' ſhe knows my days are paſt the beſt,
Simply I credit her falſe-ſpeaking tongue;
On both ſides thus is ſimple truth ſuppreſt.
But wherefore ſays ſhe not, ſhe is unjuſt?
And wherefore ſay not I, that I am old?
O love's beſt habit is in ſeeming truſt,
And age in love loves not to have years told.
Therefore I lie with her, and ſhe with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

CXXXIX.

O call not me to juſtify the wrong,
That thy unkindneſs lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;
Uſe power with power, and ſlay me not by art.
Tell me thou lov'ſt elſewhere; but in my ſight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aſide.
What need'ſt thou wound with cunning, when thy might
Is more than my o'erpreſs'd defence can 'bide?
Let me excuſe thee: ah! my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies;
And therefore from my face ſhe turns my foes,
That they elſewhere might dart their injuries:
Yet do not ſo; but ſince I am near ſlain,
Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

CXL.

Be wiſe as thou art cruel; do not preſs
My tongue-ty'd patience with too much diſdain;
Leſt ſorrow lend me words, and words expreſs
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love to tell me ſo;
(As teſty ſick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their phyſicians know:)
For if I ſhould deſpair, I ſhould grow mad,
And in my madneſs might ſpeak ill of thee:
Now this ill-wreſtling world is grown ſo bad,
Mad ſlanders by mad ears believed be.
That I may not be ſo, nor thou bely'd,
Bear thine eyes ſtraight, though thy proud heart go wide.

CXLI.

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thouſand errors note;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they deſpiſe,
Who in deſpite of view is pleas'd to dote.
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;
Nor tender feeling, to baſe touches prone,
Nor taſte nor ſmell, deſire to be invited
To any ſenſual feaſt with thee alone:
But my five wits, nor my five ſenſes can

Diſſuade one fooliſh heart from ſerving thee,
Who leaves unſway'd the likeneſs of a man,
Thy proud heart's ſlave and vaſſal wretch to be:
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That ſhe that makes me ſin, awards me pain.

CXLII.

Love is my ſin, and my dear virtue hate,
Hate of my ſin, grounded on ſinful loving:
O but with mine compare thou thine own ſtate,
And thou ſhalt find it merits not reproving,
Or if it do, not from thoſe lips of thine,
That have profan'd their ſcarlet ornaments,
And ſeal'd falſe bonds of love as oft as mine;
Robb'd others' beds revenues of their rents.
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'ſt thoſe
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:
Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,
Thy pity may deſerve to pity'd be.
If thou doſt ſeek to have what thou doſt hide,
By ſelf-example may'ſt thou be deny'd!

CXLIII.

Lo as a careful houſe-wife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all ſwift diſpatch
In purſuit of the thing ſhe would have ſtay,
Whilſt her neglected child holds her in chace,
Cries to catch her whoſe buſy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infants diſcontent;
So run'ſt thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilſt I, thy babe, chace thee afar behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiſs me, be kind:
So will I pray that thou may'ſt have thy will,
If thou turn back, and my loud crying ſtill.

CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and deſpair,
Which like two ſpirits do ſuggeſt me ſtill;
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worſer ſpirit a woman, colour'd ill.

To win me ſoon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my ſide,
And would corrupt my ſaint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her fool pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Suſpect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I gueſs one angel is another's hell.
Yet this ſhall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLV.

Thoſe lips that Love's own hand did make,
Breath'd forth the ſound that ſaid, *I hate*,
To me that languiſh'd for her ſake;
But when ſhe ſaw my woeful ſtate,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue, that ever ſweet
Was us'd in giving gentle doom;
And taught it thus a-new to greet:
I hate ſhe alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who like a fiend
From heaven to hell is flown away.
I hate from hate away ſhe threw,
And ſav'd my life, ſaying—*not you*.

CXLVI.

Poor ſoul, the centre of my ſinful earth,
Fool'd by thoſe rebel powers that thee array,
Why doſt thou pine within, and ſuffer dearth,
Painting the outward walls ſo coſtly gay?
Why ſo large coſt, having ſo ſhort a leaſe,
Doſt thou upon thy fading manſion ſpend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this exceſs,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, ſoul, live thou upon thy ſervant's loſs,
And let that pine to aggravate thy ſtore:
Buy terms divine in ſelling hours of droſs;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So ſhalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And, death once dead, there's no more dying then.

CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing ſtill
For that which longer nurſeth the diſeaſe;
Feeding on that which doth preſerve the ill,
The uncertain ſickly appetite to pleaſe.
My reaſon the phyſician to my love,
Angry that his preſcriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I deſperate now approve
Deſire is death, which phyſic did except.
Paſt cure I am, now reaſon is paſt care,
And frantic-mad with evermore unreſt;
My thoughts and my diſcourſe as mad men's are,
At random from the truth vainly expreſs'd;
For I have ſworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII.

O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,
Which have no correſpondence with true ſight?
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That cenſures falſely what they ſee aright?
If that be fair whereon my falſe eyes dote,
What means the world to ſay it is not ſo?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not ſo true as all men's: no,
How can it? O how can Love's eye be true,
That is ſo vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then though I miſtake my view;
The ſun itſelf ſees not, till heaven clears.
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'ſt me blind;
Leſt eyes well ſeeing thy foul faults ſhould find.

CXLIX.

Canſt thou, O cruel! ſay I love thee not,
When I, againſt myſelf, with thee partake!
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
Am of myſelf, all tyrant, for thy ſake?
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'ſt thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay, if thou low'rſt on me, do I not ſpend
Revenge upon myſelf with preſent moan?
What merit do I in myſelf reſpect,

That is ſo proud thy ſervice to deſpiſe,
When all my beſt doth worſhip thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
Thoſe that can ſee thou lov'ſt, and I am blind.

CL.

O from what power haſt thou this powerful might,
With inſufficiency my heart to ſway?
To make me give the lie to my true ſight,
And ſwear that brightneſs doth not grace the day
Whence haſt thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuſe of thy deeds
There is ſuch ſtrength and warrantiſe of ſkill,
That in my mind, thy worſt all beſt exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
The more I hear and ſee juſt cauſe of hate?
O, though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou ſhould'ſt not abhor my ſtate;
If thy unworthineſs rais'd love in me,
More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

CLI.

Love is too young to know what conſcience is;
Yet who knows not, conſcience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiſs,
Leſt guilty of my faults thy ſweet ſelf prove.
For thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my groſs body's treaſon;
My ſoul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; fleſh ſtays no farther reaſon;
But riſing at thy name, doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To ſtand in thy affairs, fall by thy ſide.
No want of conſcience hold it that I call
Her love, for whoſe dear love I riſe and fall.

CLII.

In loving thee thou know'ſt I am foreſworn,
But thou art twice forſworn to me love ſwearing;
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.

But why of two oaths' breach do I accuſe thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjur'd moſt;
For all my vows are oaths to miſuſe thee,
And all my honeſt faith in thee is loſt:
For I have ſworn deep oaths of thy deep kindneſs,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy conſtancy;
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindneſs,
Or made them ſwear againſt the thing they ſee;
For I have ſworn thee fair: more perjur'd I,
To ſwear, againſt the truth, ſo foul a lie!

CLIII.

Cupid lay'd by his brand, and fell aſleep:
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly ſteep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of love
A dateleſs lively heat, ſtill to endure,
And grew a ſeething bath which yet men prove,
Againſt ſtrange maladies a ſovereign cure.
But at my miſtreſs' eye love's brand new-fired,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breaſt;
I ſick withal, the help of bath deſired,
And thither hied, a ſad diſtemper'd gueſt,
But found no cure; the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire; my miſtreſs eyes.

CLIV.

The little love-god lying once aſleep,
Laid by his ſide his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilſt many nymphs that vow'd chaſte life to keep,
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
The faireſt votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd:
And ſo the general of hot deſire
Was ſleeping by a virgin hand diſarm'd.
This brand ſhe quenched in a cool well by,
Which from love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and healthful remedy.
For men diſeas'd; but I my miſtreſs' thrall,
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

I

DID not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainſt whom the world cannot hold argument,
Perſuade my heart to this falſe perjury?
Vows for thee broke deſerve not puniſhment.
A woman I forſwore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddeſs, I forſwore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all diſgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then thou fair ſun, which on my earth doſt ſhine,
Exhal'ſt this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what fool is not ſo wiſe
To break an oath, to win a paradiſe?

II.

Sweet Cytherea, ſitting by a brook,
With young Adonis, lovely, freſh, and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
She told him ſtories to delight his ear;
She ſhew'd him favours to allure his eye:
To win his heart, ſhe touch'd him here and there:
Touches ſo ſoft ſtill conquer chaſtity.
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But ſmile and jeſt at every gentle offer:
Then fell ſhe on her back, fair queen, and toward;
He roſe and ran away; ah fool too froward!

III.

If love make me forſworn, how ſhall I ſwear to love?
O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd:
Though to myſelf forſworn, to thee I'll conſtant prove;
Thoſe thoughts to me like oaks, to thee like oſiers bow'd.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all thoſe pleaſures live, that art can comprehend.

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee ſhall ſuffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend;
All ignorant that ſoul that ſees thee without wonder;
Which is to me ſome praiſe, that I thy parts admire;
Thine eye Jove's lightning ſeems, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which (not to anger bent) is muſic and ſweet fire.
Celeſtial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,
To ſing the heavens' praiſe with ſuch an earthly tongue.

IV.

Scarce had the ſun dried up the dewy morn,
And ſcarce the herd gone to the hedge for ſhade,
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longing tarriance for Adonis made,
Under an oſier growing by a brook,
A brook, where Adon us'd to cool his ſpleen.
Hot was the day; ſhe hotter that did look
For his approach, that often there had been.
Anon he comes and throws his mantle by,
And ſtood ſtark naked on the brook's green brim;
The ſun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not ſo wiſtly, as this queen on him:
He ſpying her, bounc'd in, whereat he ſtood;
"Oh Jove," quoth ſhe, "why was not I a flood!"

V.

Fair is my love, but not ſo fair as fickle,
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor truſty,
Brighter than glaſs, and yet, as glaſs is, brittle,
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, ruſty;
A little pale, with damaſk dye to grace her,
None fairer, nor one falſer to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath ſhe join'd,
Between each kiſs her oaths of true love ſwearing!
How many tales to pleaſe me hath ſhe coin'd,
Dreading my love, the loſs whereof ſtill fearing!
Yet in the midſt of all her pure proteſtings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jeſtings.

She burnt with love, as ſtraw with fire flameth,
She burnt with love, as ſoon as ſtraw out burneth;
She fram'd the love, and yet ſhe foil'd the framing,
She bade love laſt, and yet ſhe fell a turning.
Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
Bad in the beſt, though excellent in neither.

VI.

If muſic and ſweet poetry agree,
As they muſt needs, the ſiſter and the brother,
Then muſt the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Becauſe thou lov'ſt the one, and I the other.
Downland to thee is dear, whoſe heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth raviſh human ſenſe;
Spenſer to me, whoſe deep conceit is ſuch,
As paſſing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lov'ſt to hear the ſweet melodious ſound,
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of muſic, makes:
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd,
When as himſelf to ſinging he betakes.
One god is god of both, as poets feign;
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

VII.

Fair was the morn when the fair queen of love.

* * * * *

Paler for ſorrow than her milk white dove,
For Adon's ſake, a youngſter proud and wild;
Her ſtand ſhe takes upon a ſteep-up hill;
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
She ſilly queen, with more than love's good will,
Forbade the boy he ſhould not paſs thoſe grounds;
"Once," quoth ſhe, "did I ſee a fair ſweet youth
"Here in theſe brakes deep wounded with a boar,
"Deep in the thigh, a ſpectacle of ruth!
"See in my thigh," quoth ſhe, "here was the ſore:"
She ſhewed her's; he ſaw more wounds than one,
And bluſhing fled, and left her all alone.

VIII.

Sweet roſe, fair flower, untimely pluck'd ſoon faded,
Pluck'd in the bud, and faded in the ſpring!

Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely ſhaded!
Fair creature, kill'd too ſoon by death's ſharp ſting!
Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,
And falls, through wind, before the fall ſhould be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cauſe I have;
For why? thou left'ſt me nothing in thy will.
And yet thou left'ſt me more than I did crave;
For why? I craved nothing of thee ſtill:
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee;
Thy diſcontent thou didſt bequeath to me.

IX.

Fair Venus, with Adonis ſitting by her,
Under a myrtle ſhade, began to woo him:
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
And as he fell to her, ſhe fell to him. [me;"
"E'en thus," quoth ſhe, "the warlike god embrac'd
And then ſhe clipt Adonis in her arms: [me,"
"E'en thus," quoth ſhe, "the warlike god unlac'd
As if the boy ſhould uſe like loving charms.
"E'en thus," quoth ſhe, "he ſeized on my lips,"
And with her lips on his did act the ſeizure;
And as ſhe fetched breath, away he ſkips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleaſure.
Ah! that I had my lady at this bay,
To kiſs and clip me till I run away!

X.

Crabbed age and youth,
Cannot live together;
Youth is full of pleaſance,
Age is full of care:
Youth like ſummer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like ſummer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of ſport,
Age's breath is ſhort,
Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;

Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee;
Youth I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young!
Age I do defy thee;
O ſweet ſhepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou ſtay'ſt too long.

XI.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A ſhining gloſs that fadeth ſuddenly;
A flower that dies, when firſt it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glaſs, that's broken preſently:
A doubtful good, a gloſs, a glaſs, a flower,
Loſt, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as good loſt are ſeld or never found,
As faded gloſs no rubbing will refreſh,
As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glaſs no cement can redreſs,
So beauty blemiſh'd once, for ever's loſt,
In ſpite of phyſic, painting, pain, and coſt.

XII.

Good night, good reſt. Ah! neither be my ſhare:
She bade good night, that kept my reſt away;
And daft me to a cabbin hang'd with care,
To deſcant on the doubts of my decay.
"Farewel," quoth ſhe, "and come again to morrow;"
Farewel, I could not, for I ſupp'd with ſorrow.

Yet at my parting ſweetly ſhe did ſmile,
In ſcorn or friendſhip, nill I conſtrue whether:
May be, ſhe joy'd to jeſt at my exile,
May be, again to make me wander thither:
Wander, a word for ſhadows like myſelf,
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

XIII.

Lord how mine eyes threw gazes to the eaſt!
My heart doth charge the watch; the morning riſe
Doth cite each moving ſenſe from idle reſt.
Not daring truſt the office of mine eyes,

While Philomela ſits and ſings, I ſit and mark,
And wiſh her lays were tuned like the lark;

For ſhe doth welcome day-light with her ditty,
And drives away dark diſmal dreaming night:
The night ſo pack'd, I poſt unto my pretty;
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wiſhed ſight;
Sorrow chang'd to ſolace, ſolace mix'd with ſorrow;
For why? ſhe ſighed and bade me come to-morrow.
Were I with her, the night would poſt too ſoon;
But now are minutes added to the hours:
To ſpite me now each minute ſeems an hour;
Yet not for me, ſhine ſun to ſuccour flowers!
Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now borrow;
Short night, to-night, and length thyſelf to-morrow.

XIV.

It was a lordling's daughter, the faireſt one of three,
That liked of her maſter as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Engliſhman, the faireſt that eye could ſee,
Her fancy fell a turning.
Long was the combat doubtful, that love with love did fight,
To leave the maſter loveleſs, or kill the gallant knight:
To put in practice either, alas it was a ſpite
Unto the ſilly damſel.
But one muſt be refuſed more mickle was the pain,
That nothing could be uſed, to turn them both to gain,
For of the two the truſty night was wounded with diſdain;
Alas ſhe could not help it!
Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away;
Then lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay;
For now my ſong is ended.

XV.

On a day (alack the day!)
Love whoſe month was ever May,
Spy'd a bloſſom paſſing fair,
Playing in the wanton air,

Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unſeen, 'gan paſſage find;
That the lover, ſick to death,
Wiſh'd himſelf to heaven's breath:
" Air," quoth he, " thy cheeks may blow;
" Air, would I might triumph ſo!
" But, alas! my hand hath ſworn
" Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
" Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
" Youth, ſo apt to pluck a ſweet.
" Do not call it ſin in me,
" That I am forſworn for thee;
" Thou for whom e'en Jove would ſwear
" Juno but an Ethiope were;
" And deny himſelf for Jove,
" Turning mortal for thy love.

XVI.

" My flocks feed not,
" My ewes breed not,
" My rams ſpeed not,
" All is amiſs.
" Love's denying,
" Faith's defying,
" Heart's denying,
" Cauſer of this.
" All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
" All my lady's love is loſt, God wot:
" Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
" There a nay is plac'd without remove.
" One ſilly croſs
" Brought all my loſs;
" O frowning fortune, curſed fickle dame!
" For now I ſee,
" Inconſtancy
" More in women than in men remain.

" In black mourn I,
" All fears ſcorn I,
" Love hath forlorn me,

" Living in thrall:
" Heart is bleeding,
" All help needing,
" (O cruel ſpeeding!)
" Fraughted with gall.
" My ſhepherds pipe can ſound no deal,
" My wethers' bell rings doleful knell;
" My curtail dog, that wont to have play'd,
" Plays not at all, but ſeems afraid;
" With ſighs ſo deep,
" Procures to weep,
" In howling wiſe, to ſee my doleful plight.
" How ſighs reſound
" Through heartleſs ground,
" Like a thouſand vanquiſh'd men in bloody fight!
" Clear wells ſpring not,
" Sweet birds ſing not,
" Green plants bring not
" Forth; they die:
" Herds ſtand weeping,
" Flocks all ſleeping,
" Nymphs back peeping
" Fearfully.
" All our pleaſure known to us poor ſwains,
" All our merry meetings on the plains,
" All our evening ſport from us is fled,
" All our love is loſt, for love is dead.
" Farewel, ſweet love,
" Thy like ne'er was
" For ſweet content, the cauſe of all my moan:
" Poor Coridon
" Muſt live alone,
" Other help for him I ſee that there is none.

XVII.

" When as thine eye has cloſe the dame,
" And ſtall'd the deer that thou ſhould'ſt ſtrike,
" Let reaſon rule things worthy blame,
" As well as fancy, partial might:
" Take counſel of ſome wiſer head,
" Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'ſt thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,
Leſt ſhe ſome ſubtle practice ſmell;
(A cripple ſoon can find a halt:)
But plainly ſay thou lov'ſt her well,
And ſet her perſon forth to ſale.

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will calm e'er night;
And then too late ſhe will repent,
That thus diſſembled her delight;
And twice deſire, ere it be day,
That which with ſcorn ſhe put away.

What though ſhe ſtrive to try her ſtrength,
And ban and brawl, and ſay thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to ſay;
Had women been ſo ſtrong as men,
In faith you had not had it then.'

And to her will frame all thy ways;
Spare not to ſpend—and chiefly there
Where thy deſert may merit praiſe,
By ringing in thy lady's ear:
The ſtrongeſt caſtle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with aſſured truſt,
And in thy ſuit be humble, true;
Unleſs thy lady prove unjuſt,
Preſs thou never to chooſe anew:
When time ſhall ſerve, be thou not ſlack
To proffer though ſhe put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Diſſembled with an outward ſhow,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them ſhall not know.

Have you not heard it ſaid full oft,
A woman's nay doth ſtand for nought?

Think women ſtill to ſtrive with men,
To ſin, and never for to ſaint:
There is no heaven, by holy then,
When time with age ſhall them attaint.
Were kiſſes all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.

But ſoft; enough—too much I fear,
Leſt that my miſtreſs hear my ſong;
She'll not ſtick to round me i' th' ear,
To teach my tongue to be ſo long:
Yet will ſhe bluſh, here be it ſaid,
To hear her ſecrets ſo bewrayed.

XVIII.

As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleaſant ſhade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beaſts did leap, and birds did ſing,
Trees did grow, and plants did ſpring:
Every thing did baniſh moan,
Save the nightingale alone:
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breaſt up-till a thorn,
And there ſung the dolefull'ſt ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
Fie, fie, fie, now would ſhe cry,
Teru, Teru, by and by:

That to hear her ſo complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, ſo lively ſhewn,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah! (thought I) thou mourn'ſt in vain;
None take pity on thy pain:
Senſeleſs trees, they cannot hear thee;
Ruthleſs beaſts, they will not cheer thee;

King Pandion, he is dead;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead:
All thy fellow birds do ſing,
Careleſs of thy ſorrowing.
Even ſo, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.

Whilſt as fickle fortune ſmil'd,
Thou and I were both beguil'd,
Every one that flatters thee,
Is no friend in miſery.
Words are eaſy like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend,
Whilſt thou haſt wherewith to ſpend;
But if ſtore of crowns be ſcant,
No man will ſupply thy want,
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call;
And with ſuch like flattering,
" *Pity but he were a king.*"

If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
If to women he be bent,
They have him at commandment;
But if fortune once do frown,
Then farewel his great renown:
They that fawn'd on him before,
Uſe his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need;
If thou ſorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot ſleep:
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear thee part.
Theſe are certain ſigns to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

XIX.

Take, oh, take thoſe lips away,
That ſo ſweetly were forſworn;
And thoſe eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do miſlead the morn;
But by my kiſſes bring again,
Seals of love, but ſeal'd in vain.
Hide, oh, hide, thoſe hills of ſnow
Which thy frozen boſom bears,
On whoſe tops the pinks that grow,
Are of thoſe that April wears.
But firſt ſet my poor heart free,
Bound in thoſe icey chains by thee.

XX.

Let the bird of loudeſt lay,
On the ſole Arabian tree,
Herald ſad and trumpet be,
To whoſe ſound chaſte wings obey.

But thou ſhrinking harbinger,
Foul pre-currer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near.

From this ſeſſion interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feathered king
Keep the obſequy ſo ſtrict.

Let the prieſt in ſurplice white,
That defunctive muſic can,
Be the death divining ſwan,
Leſt the *requiem* lack his right.

And thou, treble-dated crow,
That thy ſable gender mak'ſt
With the breath thou giv'ſt and tak'ſt,
'Mongſt our mourners ſhalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence .—
Love and conſtancy is dead ;
Phœnix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd, as love in twain
Had the eſſence but in one ;
Two diſtincts, diviſion none :
Number there in love was ſlain.

Hearts remove, yet not aſunder ;
Diſtance, and no ſpace was ſeen
'Twixt the turtle and his queen ;
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did ſhine,
That the turtle ſaw his right
Flaming in the phœnix' ſight :
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,
That the ſelf was not the ſame ;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reaſon, in itſelf confounded,
Saw diviſion grow together ;
To themſelves yet either neither,
Simple were ſo well compounded,

That it cried, how true a twain,
Seemeth this concordant one !
Love hath reaſon, reaſon none,
If what parts can ſo remain.

Whereupon it made this threne
To the phœnix and the dove,
Co-ſupremes and ſtars of love,
As chorus to their tragic ſcene.

THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all ſimplicity,
Here inclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the phœnix' neſt;
And the turtle's loyal breaſt
To eternity doth reſt,

Leaving no poſterity:
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chaſtity.

Truth may ſeem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not ſhe;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let thoſe repair
That are either true or fair;
For theſe dead birds ſigh a prayer.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

FROM off a hill whoſe concave womb re-worded
A plaintful ſtory from a ſiſtering vale,
My ſpirits to attend this double voice accorded,
And down I lay to liſt the ſad-tun'd tale:
Ere long eſpy'd a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with ſorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of ſtraw,
Which fortify'd her viſage from the ſun,
Whereon the thought might think ſometime it ſaw
The carcaſe of a beauty ſpent and done.
Time had not ſcythed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit; but, ſpite of heaven's fell rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of ſear'd age.

Oft did ſhe heave her napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters,
Laund'ring the ſilken figures in the brine
That ſeaſoned woe had pelleted in tears,
And often reading what contents it bears;
As often ſhrieking undiſtinguiſh'd woe,
In clamours of all ſize, both high and low.

Sometimes her level'd eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the ſpheres intend;
Sometimes diverted their poor balls are ty'd
To the orbed earth; ſometimes they do extend
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and no where fix'd,
The mind and ſight diſtractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor looſe, nor ty'd in formal plait,
Proclaim'd in her a careleſs hand of pride;
For ſome, untuck'd, deſcended her ſheav'd hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beſide;
Some in her threaden fillet ſtill did bide,
And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,
Though ſlackly braided in looſe negligence.

A thouſand favours from a maund ſhe drew
Of amber, cryſtal, and of bedded jet,
Which one by one ſhe in a river threw,
Upon whoſe weeping margent ſhe was ſet,—
Like uſury, applying wet to wet,
Or monarch's hands, that let not bounty fall
Where want cries *ſome*, but where exceſs begs all.

Of folded ſchedules had ſhe many a one,
Which ſhe perus'd, ſigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;
Crack'd many a ring of poſied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their ſepulchres in mud;
Found yet more letters ſadly pen'd in blood,
With ſleided ſilk feat and affectedly
Enſwath'd, and ſeal'd to curious ſecreſy.

Theſe often bath'd ſhe in her fluxive eyes,
And often kiſs'd, and often 'gan to tear;
Cry'd, O falſe blood! thou regiſter of lies,
What unapproved witneſs doſt thou bear!
Ink would have ſeem'd more black and damned here!
This ſaid, in top of rage the lines ſhe rents;
Big diſcontent ſo breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh,
(Sometime a bluſterer, that the ruffle knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The ſwifteſt hours) obſerved as they flew;
Towards this afflicted fancy faſtly drew;
And privileg'd by age, deſires to know
In brief the grounds and motives of her woe.

So ſlides he down upon his grained bat,
And comely-diſtant ſits he by her ſide;
When he again deſires her, being ſat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
If that from him there may be aught apply'd
Which may her ſuffering ecſtacy aſſuage,
'Tis promis'd in the charity of age.

Father, ſhe ſays, though in me you behold
The injury of many a blaſting hour,

LOVERS COMPLAINT.

And, priviledg'd by age, desires to know
In brief, the grounds & motives of her woe.

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Vide Page 217. line 6^th

Painted by T Kirk *Engraved by E Warren*

Let it not tell your judgment I am old:
Not age, but ſorrow, over me hath power:
I might as yet have been a ſpreading flower,
Freſh to myſelf, if I had ſelf-apply'd
Love to myſelf, and to no love beſide.

But woe is me! too early I attended
A youthful ſuit (it was to gain my grace)
Of one by nature's outwards ſo commended.
That maidens' eyes ſtuck over all his face;
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place;
And when in his fair parts ſhe did abide,
She was new lodg'd and newly deified,

His browny locks did hang in crooked curls;
And every light occaſion of the wind
Upon his lips their ſilken parcels hurls.
What's ſweet to do, to do will aptly find:
Each eye that ſaw him did enchant the mind;
For on his viſage was in little drawn,
What largeneſs thinks in Paradiſe was ſawn.

Small ſhew of man was yet upon his chin;
His phœnix down began but to appear,
Like unſhorn velvet, on that termleſs ſkin,
Whoſe bare out-brag'd the web it ſeem'd to wear;
Yet ſhew'd his viſage by that coſt moſt dear;
And nice affections wavering ſtood in doubt,
If beſt 'twere as it was, or beſt without.

His qualities wore beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongu'd he was, and therefore free;
Yet, if men mov'd him, was he ſuch a ſtorm
As oft 'twixt May and April is to ſee,
When winds breathe ſweet, unruly though they be.
His rudeneſs ſo with his authoriz'd youth,
Did livery falſeneſs in a pride of truth.

Well could he ride; and often men would ſay,
"*That horſe his mettle from his rider takes:*
Proud of ſubjection, noble by the ſway,
What rounds, what bounds, what courſe, what ſtop he [makes!"

And controverſy hence a queſtion takes,
Whether the horſe by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by the well-doing ſteed.

But quickly on this ſide the verdict went;
His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accompliſh'd in himſelf, not in his caſe:
All aids, themſelves made fairer by their place,
Came for additions; yet their purpos'd trim
Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him.

So on the tip of his ſubduing tongue
All kind of arguments and queſtion deep,
All replication prompt, and reaſon ſtrong,
For his advantage ſtill did wake and ſleep:
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
He had the dialect and different ſkill,
Catching all paſſions in his craft of will;

That he did in the general boſom reign
Of young, of old; and ſexes both enchanted,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In perſonal duty, following where he haunted:
Conſents bewitch'd, ere he deſire, have granted;
And dialogu'd for him what he would ſay,
Aſk'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

Many there were that did his picture get,
To ſerve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
Like fools that in the imagination ſet
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and manſions, their's in thought aſſign'd;
And labouring in more pleaſures to beſtow them,
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them.

So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly ſuppos'd them miſtreſs of his heart.
My woeful ſelf, that did in freedom ſtand,
And was my own free ſimple, (not in part),
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,

Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reſerv'd the ſtalk, and gave him all my flower.

Yet did I not, as ſome my equals did,
Demand of him, nor being deſired, yielded;
Finding myſelf in honour ſo forbid,
With ſafeſt diſtance I mine honour ſhielded:
Experience for me many bulwarks builded
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil
Of this falſe jewel, and his amorous ſpoil.

But ah! who ever ſhunn'd by precedent
The deſtin'd ill ſhe muſt herſelf aſſay?
Or forc'd examples, 'gainſt her own content,
To put the by-paſs'd perils in her way?
Counſel may ſtop a while what will not ſtay;
For when we rage, advice is often ſeen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

Nor gives it ſatisfaction to our blood,
That we muſt curb it upon others' proof,
To be forbid the ſweets that ſeem ſo good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
O appetite, from judgment ſtand aloof!
The one a palate hath that needs will taſte,
Though reaſon weep, and cry *it is thy laſt*.

For further I could ſay, *this man's untrue*,
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;
Heard where his plants in other's orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were gilded in his ſmiling,
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling,
Thought, characters, and words, merely but art,
And baſtards of his foul adulterate heart.

And long upon theſe terms I held my city,
Till thus he 'gan beſiege me: "Gentle maid,
"Have of my ſuffering youth ſome feeling pity,
"And be not of my holy vows afraid;
"That's to you ſworn, to none was ever ſaid;
"For feaſts of love I have been call'd unto,
"Till now didne'er invite, nor never vow.

" All my offences that abroad you ſee,
" Are errors of the blood, none of the mind:
" Love made them not; with acture they may be,
" Where neither party is nor true nor kind:
" They ſought their ſhame that ſo their ſhame did
" find;
" And ſo much leſs of ſhame in me remains,
" By how much of me their reproach contains.

" Among the many that mine eyes have ſeen,
" Not one whoſe flame my heart ſo much as warm'd,
" Or my affection put to the ſmalleſt teen,
" Or any of my leiſures ever charm'd:
" Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd;
" Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free;
" And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

" Look here what tributes wounded fancies ſent me,
" Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood;
" Figuring that they their paſſions likewiſe lent me
" Of grief and bluſhes, aptly underſtood
" In bloodleſs white and the encrimſon'd mood;
" Effects of terror and dear modeſty,
" Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

" And lo! behold theſe talents of their hair,
" With twiſted metal amouroufly impleach'd,
" I have receiv'd from many a ſeveral fair,
" (Their kind acceptance weepingly beſeech'd)
" With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
" And deep-brain'd ſonnets that did amplify
" Each ſtone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

" The diamond; why 'twas beautiful and hard,
" Whereto his invis'd properties did tend;
" The deep-green emerald, in whoſe freſh regard,
" Weak ſights their ſickly radiance do amend;
" The heaven-hued ſapphire and the opal blend
" With objects manifold; each ſeveral ſtone,
" With wit well blazon'd, ſmil'd, or made ſome moan.

" Lo! all theſe trophies of affections hot,
" Of penſiv'd and ſubdu'd deſires the tender,
" Nature hath charg'd me that I hoard them not,
" But yield them up where I myſelf muſt render,
" That is, to you, my origin and ender;
" For theſe, of force, muſt your oblations be,
" Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

" O then advance of yours that phraſeleſs hand,
" Whoſe white weighs down the airy ſcale of praiſe;
" Take all theſe ſimiles to your own command,
" Hallow'd with ſighs that burning lungs did raiſe;
" What me your miniſter, for you obeys,
" Works under you; and to your audit comes
" Their diſtract parcels in combined ſums.

" Lo! this device was ſent me from a nun,
" Or ſiſter ſanctified of holieſt note,
" Which late her noble ſuit in court did ſhun,
" Whoſe rareſt havings made the bleſſings dote;
" For ſhe was ſought by ſpirits of richeſt coat,
" But kept cold diſtance, and did thence remove,
" To ſpend her living in eternal love.

" But O, my ſweet, what labour is't to leave
" The thing we have not, maſtering what no
" ſtrives?
" Playing the place which did no form receive,
" Playing patient ſports in unconſtrained gyves:
" She that her fame ſo to herſelf contrives,
" The ſcars of battle ſcapeth by the flight,
" And makes her abſence valiant, not her might.

" O pardon me, in that my boaſt is true;
" The accident which brought me to her eye,
" Upon the moment did her force ſubdue,
" And now ſhe would the caged cloiſter fly:
" Religious love put out religion's eye:
" Not to be tempted, would ſhe be enmur'd,
" And now, to tempt all, liberty procur'd.

" How mighty then you are, O hear me tell!
" The broken boſoms that to me belong,
" Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
" And mine I pour your ocean all among:
" I ſtrong o'er them, and you o'er me being ſtrong,
" Muſt for your victory us all congeſt,
" As compound love to phyſic your cold breaſt.

" My parts had power to charm a ſacred ſun,
" Who diſciplin'd and dieted in grace,
" Believ'd her eyes when I the aſſail begun,
" All vows and conſecrations giving place.
" O moſt potential love! vow, bond, nor ſpace,
" In thee hath neither ſting, knot, nor confine,
" For thou art all, and all things elſe are thine.

" When thou impreſſeſt, what are precepts worth
" Of ſtale example? When thou wilt inflame,
" How coldly thoſe impediments ſtand forth
" Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred fame?
" Love's arms are peace, 'gainſt rule, 'gainſt ſenſe,
" 'gainſt ſhame.
" And ſweetens, in the ſuffering pangs it bears,
" The aloes of all forces, ſhocks, and fears.

" Now all theſe hearts that do on mine depend,
" Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine,
" And ſupplicant their ſighs to you extend,
" To leave the battery that you make 'gainſt mine,
" Lending ſoft audience to my ſweet deſign,
" And credent ſoul to that ſtrong-bonded oath,
" That ſhall prefer and undertake my troth."

This ſaid, his watery eyes he did diſmount,
Whoſe ſights till then were levell'd on my face;
Each cheek a river running from a fount
With briniſh current downward flow'd apace:
O how the channel to the ſtream gave grace
Who, glaz'd with chryſtal, gate the glowing roſes
That flame through water which their hue incloſes.

O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the ſmall orb of one particular tear?
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear?
What breaſt ſo cold that is not warmed here?
O cleft effect! cold modeſty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath!

For lo! his paſſion, but an art of craft,
Even there reſolv'd my reaſon into tears;
There my white ſtole of chaſtity I daft,
Shook off my ſober guards and civil fears,
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting; though our drops this difference bore,
His poiſon'd me, and mine did him reſtore.

In him a plenitude of ſubtle matter,
Applied to cautels, all ſtrange forms receives,
Of burning bluſhes, or of weeping water,
Or ſwooning paleneſs; and he takes and leaves,
In either's aptneſs as it beſt deceives,
To bluſh at ſpeeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white, and ſwoon at tragic ſhews.

That not a heart which in his level came,
Could 'ſcape the hail of his all-hurting aim,
Shewing fair nature is both wild and tame;
And veil'd in them did win whom he would maim,
Againſt the thing he ſought, he would exclaim
When he moſt burnt in heart-wiſh'd luxury,
He preach'd pure maid, and prais'd cold chaſtity.

Thus merely with the garment of a grace,
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd,
That the unexperienced gave the temper place,
Which like a cherubim above them hover'd:
Who young and ſimple would not be ſo lover'd?
Ah me! I fell, and yet do queſtion make,
What I ſhould do again for ſuch a ſake.

Oh! that infected moiſture of his eye!
Oh! that falſe fire, which in his cheek ſo glow'd!

Oh! that forc'd thunder, from his heart did fly!
Oh! that ſad breath, his ſpungy lungs beſtow'd!
Oh! all that borrow'd motion ſeeming owed!
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid.

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